THE

LOUNGER.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH

IN THE

YEARS 1785 AND 1786.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE FOURTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

DUBLIN:

Printed by William Porter,

For P. Wogan, P. Byrne, and W. Jones.

M.DCC.XCIII.

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THE

THE

LOUNGER.

N° 1.——SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1785.

J'y goûte avec plaiſir
Les charmes peu connus d'un innocent Loiſir:
Toujours occupè ſans avoir rien à faire.

DESTOUCHES.

NOTHING is perhaps ſo difficult as to find out buſineſs proper for the idle; and though it may appear paradoxical, yet I believe none have ſo much need of it as they. The man who is profeſſionally employed, in whatever department, goes on in the track which habit has marked out for him, at peace with his own thoughts and the world; but he whom every paſſing moment reproaches with doing nothing, muſt often fly for relief to very uſeleſs or very unworthy occupations. He will often be diſſipated without amuſement, and intemperate without pleaſure, merely becauſe diſſipation is preferable to vacancy, and intemperance to liſtleſſneſs.

There is however a kind of men, whom accident has thrown out of the buſineſs of life, and whom temperament, if not virtue, keeps out of the diſſipation of it, who hold a ſtation of leſs deſtructive and more dignified inſolence, whom the company of their own thoughts renders independent of vulgar ſociety, and the vigour and variety of whoſe imagina-

tion frees from the neceſſity of reſorting to frivolous or cenſurable amuſements. Among the firſt ſort, the tranſition is eaſy from the yawn of inanity to the roar of riot and intemperance; but perſons of the latter deſcription, idle in conduct, but of active minds, as they ſeldom experience the uneaſineſs of the one, ſeldom incur the blame of the other.

As far as the freedom from diſſipation extends, the writer of the preſent Paper thinks he may lay claim to the laſt of thoſe characters. It were needleſs, and indeed improper, to trouble his readers with the hiſtory of thoſe incidents in his life which have thrown him out of the number of the profeſſionally buſy: ſome untoward circumſtances in point of fortune, and ſome feelings, perhaps blameable from their nicety, drew him, at an early period of life, out from among the buſtle of mankind; but without the miſanthropy that ariſes from diſguſt, or the deſpondency that is ſometimes the conſequence of diſappointment.

Thoſe incidents, however, did not abridge, but perhaps rather increaſed the extent of his ſociety. Within the pale of a particular profeſſion, a man's companions and aſſociates are chiefly limited to ſome particular claſs with which that profeſſion is connected. But he who is an idler without unſocial diſpoſitions, finds occaſional companions in all characters and profeſſions, who are neither eſtranged from him by the jealouſy of rivalſhip, nor kept at a diſtance by the oppoſite nature of their purſuits and occupations.

The buſy, it muſt be owned, are apt to treat ſuch a man with more kindneſs than deference. This it was not long before I experienced: but of a temper not eaſily offended, I only ſmiled at perceiving it; and it rather ſoothed my indolence, than provoked my ſpleen, when I found that I had acquired a denomination more innocent than reſpectable. I was called a *Lounger* by all my acquaintance, and much the greater part of my friends agreed to the appellation. If at any time I felt the undignified

found

ſound of the name, yet I took credit with myſelf, on the other hand, for not deſerving it. It flattered a ſecret pride to be ſomewhat more than the world thought me.

Of generic names, indeed, people are not always very ſcrupulous in the application, and therefore I could eaſily pardon thoſe who ranked me under the claſs of men which the title of *Lounger* diſtinguiſhes. He whoſe walks are pointed neither to the reſorts of the merchant, the lawyer, the ſoldier, or the churchman, it may fairly be ſuppoſed has no motive for them at all; and the firſt of any of thoſe profeſſions who croſſes him in his way, will accuſe him of being a *Lounger*. He will ſtill more ſeem to deſerve that name, if he frequents their places of meeting without having any buſineſs congenial to thoſe places.

The ſame ſuperiority will be aſſumed by the profeſſedly idle as by the profeſſionally buſy. In the haunts of amuſement and of pleaſure, the man who does not warmly worſhip the deity of the place, will be accounted a ſupernumerary by his votaries. At balls and card-parties I have as frequently heard myſelf called a *Lounger*, as on Change or in Courts of Law.

Abroad, for I was prevailed on by a friend to accompany him for ſome time on his travels, I was not juſt called a *Lounger*, the French and Italian languages not poſſeſſing an exactly ſynonymous term, and thoſe which approach neareſt to it not being reſpectful enough to be applied to a ſtranger. Both nations indeed are idle with ſo much activity, and contrive to do nothing, and to ſay nothing, with ſo much intereſt in their looks, and ſo much movement in their geſtures, that it is no wonder the word ſhould not find a place in their vocabulary: but they too marked ſome traces of my character; though, as is their cuſtom, they tacked a compliment to their draught of it. Monſieur," ſaid the Abbé ——, at a petit ſouper of Madame de V——'s, at Paris, " Monſieur eſt quelquefois *Rêveur*, mais toujours " intereſſant, toujours aimable!"

On all those occasions, however, I was not quite so idle as those around me imagined. Like Alfred in the Danish camp, I harped for them, but observed for myself; and, like him too, enjoyed my observation the more that it was secret and unsuspected. If this resemblance should convey some idea of treachery, of advantage over those with whom I associated, let it be known, at least, that in the use of it I was perfectly inoffensive. The *Lounger* is one of the best-natured characters in the world, even in the sense which I allow the term to apply to myself. 'Tis the player who frets, and scolds, and is angry: the looker on sees more errors in the play; but he applies them only to the theory of the game, and thinks but little of the party who commits them.

As a *Lounger*, I had, from my earliest age, been fond of books, and sometimes ventured to write when I was tired of reading. A *Lounger* of the sort I could wish to be thought, is one, who, even amidst a certain intercourse with mankind, preserves a constant intimacy with himself; it is not therefore to be wondered at, if he should sometimes, if I may be allowed the expression, correspond with himself, and write down, if he can write at all, what he wishes this favourite companion more particularly to remark. Exactly of this sort are the notes and memorandums I have sometimes been tempted to make: transcripts of what I have felt or thought, or little records of what I have read or heard, set down without any other arrangement than what the disposition of the time might prompt. These little papers formed a kind of new society, which I could command at any time, without stirring from my fireside. It was of all sorts of company the most fitted for a *Lounger*; company in which he could be unaccommodating without offence, and inattentive without incivility.

The idea of giving those trifles to the world in the form of periodical essays, is an effort beyond the usual force of my character. Unknown, however, as a Man, and new as an Author, the *Lounger* risks

but

but little either in cenſure or in praiſe. There is a cenſure, indeed, and a ſuffrage, which no man can eſcape, to which one of his diſpoſition is peculiarly liable, I mean that of his own mind. He truſts his publication will be ſuch as to riſk nothing on this ground: it is the only promiſe which he will venture on its behalf. It may be gay without wit, and grave without depth, when its author is diſpoſed to gaiety or to thought: but while it endeavours to afford ſome little amuſement by the one, or ſome little inſtruction by the other, it will at leaſt be harmleſs in both.

Z.

N° 2.——SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1785.

THE precepts of the Moraliſt and Philoſopher are generally directed to guide their diſciples in the great and important concerns of life, to incite to the practice of cardinal virtues, and to deter from the commiſſion of enormous crimes: The advices of Wiſdom and Experience point out the road to ſucceſs and to honour in ſtations of public conſequence, or in nice and important circumſtances of private duty.

In the earlier periods of ſociety, a very ſimple code of morality and of rectitude was all that was neceſſary. To controul the violence of the ſtronger paſſions, to preſcribe the rules of diſtributive juſtice, and to inculcate the duties of active humanity, was the proper and eſſential province of the inſtructor, as well as of the legiſlator. At firſt, indeed, theſe two characters would be nearly the ſame; legiſlation embracing all that was required of morality, and morality having no range beyond that of the laws. And even when man advanced to a certain point, where the doctrine of morals went beyond the legal rules of conduct; yet that would contain incentives

to the exertion only of principal and leading virtues, in certain modes and ſituations, which the law could not foreſee, and for which it could not provide.

In a ſtate of ſociety ſo advanced as ours, (for it is needleſs to trouble my reader with the intermediate gradations), every one will ſee the neceſſity of a nicer and more refined ſyſtem of morality. The family of the ſocial virtues, like the genealogical tree of an extenſive anceſtry, ſpreads with the advancing cultivation of mankind, till it is branched out into a numerous liſt of collateral duties, many of which it needs an acute diſcernment to trace up to their ſource; and ſome acknowledge their connection, without being able to unravel their pedigree.

The ſtudy of thoſe leſſer branches of duty and of excellence is called the ſcience of *Manners*; but our language has no word to diſtinguiſh the teacher of it. As *Moraliſt* is applied to the teacher of the more important obligations, ſo *Manneriſt* ſhould have been the denomination of him who inculcates the leſſer, had not that word been already appropriated to a very different meaning.

But however the profeſſors of the art may be diſtinguiſhed, its importance will not be denied. It is ſeldom that in more eſſential points of duty men of a certain claſs are deficient. In moſt particulars, the obligations of morality are aided by the ties of honour, and the fear of puniſhment enforced by the dread of ſhame. But in the ſmaller offices of ſocial life, men may be wanting in their duty, without incurring either puniſhment or obloquy. The decalogue (if the phraſe may be allowed) of manners, the laws of civility, of gentleneſs, of taſte, and of feeling, are not preciſely ſet down, and cannot eaſily be puniſhed in the breach, or rewarded in the obſervance: And yet their obſervance forms, amidſt the refinement of modern ſociety, an important part of our own happineſs, and of that regard we owe to the happineſs of others. To practiſe them is ſomewhat difficult; to teach them is ſtill more ſo: Yet

'tis

'tis an art which, though difficult, does not always obtain the honours of difficulty. The pictures which it exhibits muſt be drawn in thoſe middle tints which it requires a nice pencil to hit; and yet when attained they acquire but a ſmall portion of that applauſe which ſtronger colouring and deeper ſhades are calculated to procure. It is not eaſy to define that right which our neighbour poſſeſſes to general complacency, or to little attentions; nor to mark with preciſion that injury we do, thoſe wounds we inflict, by a contrary behaviour; and yet the favour in the firſt, and the wrong in the latter caſe, is often as ſtrongly felt as in the ſerious exertions of kindneſs or malevolence. I have known a friend acquired for life by a trifling civility in a crowded theatre; and laſting enmity created by a boiſterous laugh, or a mutilated bow.

Amidſt weighty buſineſs, indeed, and momentous concerns, ſuch things do not eaſily find place. But the number of thoſe who are within their reach more than compenſates for the conſequence of the few who are beyond it. 'Tis but a very ſmall proportion of men who can move in the ſphere of government or of greatneſs; but ſcarce any body is exempted from performing a part in the relations of ordinary life. Even of the firſt claſs, the reward they hope for their labours conſiſts often in the opportunity of coming down with advantage to the region of the latter; like the hero of a pageant, who looks forward to the hour when he ſhall undo his trappings, and enjoy, in his plain apparel, the tale of the day at his family fire-ſide.

A periodical paper, though it may ſometimes liſt its voice againſt a neglect of the greater moralities, yet has for its peculiar province the correction and reform of any breach of the leſſer. For that purpoſe it is perhaps better calculated than more laboured and more extended compoſitions, from its diurnal or weekly appearance. The greater virtues are always the ſame; but many of the leſſer duties of ſocial intercourſe receive much of their complexion

from the daily fluctuating circumſtances of cuſtom and of faſhion. But the creed of Cuſtom is not always that of Right; and it is the privilege of ſuch a work as well as one of its chief uſes, to attack the entrenchments of Faſhion, whenever ſhe is at war with Modeſty or Virtue.

Of this ſtudy of Manners the *Lounger* had early diſcovered the uſe and the neceſſity. He who ſeldom quits the walk of a particular ſcience or occupation, has a determined object in his view, the purſuit of which leaves little time for ſcattering attentions around him, and always affords ſome apology for the neglect of them. But for ſuch neglect the man of no profeſſion cannot ſo eaſily be excuſed, who has neither the hurry of buſineſs to occupy his time, nor its embarraſſments to diſtract his thought. It is not, however, by the etiquette of a court, or the ceremonial of a drawing-room, that this virtue is to be regulated. Genuine excellence here, as every where elſe, ſprings from nature, and is to be cultivated only, not created, by artificial inſtruction. There is more complacency in the negligence of ſome men, than what is called the good breeding of others; and the little abſences of the heart are often more intereſting and engaging than the punctilious attention of a thouſand profeſſed ſacrificers to the Graces.

Idleneſs, or that ſpecies of little occupations which is attached to no particular buſineſs or profeſſion, is a ſtate more difficult to ſupport than is generally imagined. Even the perfect idler, like ſome other harmleſs and inſignificant animals whom naturaliſts are acquainted with, though he can live on air, cannot ſubſiſt *in vacuo*: And the Idler of a higher ſort needs perhaps more ideas, more ſtore of mind about him, than would go to the furniſhing of twenty brains of mere plodding men of buſineſs.

The *Lounger* feels for the family of the idle in all its branches, however diſtant their relation to that of which he owns himſelf deſcended. To them, therefore, his lucubrations will in a particular manner

ner be adapted. To thoſe in whom the want of active employment has not relaxed the power of thought, they may afford ſome opportunity for ſpeculation; and even to that prodigal of mind as well as time, who has forgotten how to think, the few moments required for the peruſal of them, will be at leaſt a ſmall portion of life harmleſsly ſpent, and, it may be, ſaved from leſs innocent employments.

V.

N° 3.——Saturday, February 19, 1785.

Quid refert quantum habeas? multo illud plus eſt quod non habes. Sen.

It is an old and common obſervation, that men are more deſirous to be thought to poſſeſs talents and qualities to which in truth they have no pretenſions, than thoſe in which they excel in an eminent degree. Of this *Cicero* was in ancient times a remarkable example; and the obſervation of every one muſt have furniſhed inſtances as ſtriking in our days. We ſee grave and profound ſtateſmen wiſhing to paſs for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen valuing themſelves upon their knowledge of things of which they are moſt ignorant. If you wiſh to compliment the gay, the elegant *Lothario*, you muſt not mention his taſte in dreſs, his fine figure, or the lively elegance of his converſation: You muſt dwell upon his knowledge of the intereſts of the different ſtates of Europe, his extenſive political information, and his talents for buſineſs. *Camillus* is a barriſter of the firſt eminence, poſſeſſed of great knowledge in his profeſſion, an acute reaſoner, and a powerful pleader.—In external appearance Nature has been leſs bountiful to Camillus: his figure is mean and ungraceful; and from his air and manner a ſtranger would be apt to

take him for any thing rather than a gentleman. With all this, Camillus fancies that there is as an uncommon degree of elegance in his form, and cannot conceal his ambition to be considered as a man of fashion.

But the most amusing instance of this sort I have met with was that of the late Duke of ——. His Grace was undoubtedly possessed of sound judgment, a cultivated understanding, a greater portion of knowledge than usually falls to the share of those of his rank; and though not perhaps calculated to make a brilliant figure in the senate, his talents were admirably adapted for business, and must in any age have intitled their possessor to respect and consideration. Amidst his other studies, the Duke had happened to look into some books of physic; from that moment he commenced a most skilful physician, and, compared to himself, considered the whole faculty as a set of ignorant blunderers. An artful courtier, well acquainted with this whimsey of his Grace's, contrived to let it be known, that he was affected with a particular disorder, in the cure of which the Duke thought himself more than commonly expert. He kindly offered his assistance, which was received with becoming gratitude; and from time to time he was acquainted with the progress of the cure, and the effects of the medicines supposed to have been administered in consequence of his prescriptions. At the end of six weeks, the wily patient had to thank his Noble physician, both for a complete cure, and a considerable employment which he had long in vain solicited.

Among the other sex, though from their situation, and the narrower circle of their acquirements, this weakness has less room to display itself, yet it is not frequently to be found. *Elizabeth* might be quoted as a counterpart to *Cicero*, were it not that the claim to beauty is so natural to a woman, that we do not wonder, when we find even a Queen not superior to that pretension. But there are, in our own

own times, ladies who forget the certain empire of their beauty, and aſpire to the doubtful reputation of knowledge. *Mirtilla* has of late turned her fine eyes from terreſtrial objects to the ſtudy of aſtronomy; and you cannot flatter her ſo much as by aſking her opinion of the laſt new meteor, or the *Georgium Sidus*. And *Euanthe*, ſince ſhe read *Reaumur*, has left her ſociety of beaux for a curious collection of butterflies.

But while people are thus ambitious of being thought to poſſeſs talents and qualities to which they have no pretenſion, it does not thence follow, that they eſtimate at too low a rate thoſe attainments in which they are allowed to excel. In judging at leaſt of thoſe around us, we are, I am afraid, too apt to undervalue ſuch as may be deficient in any particular in which we have acquired eminence, however reſpectable ſuch perſons may otherwiſe be. The man of letters looks down with a conſcious ſuperiority on the man of buſineſs engaged in the ordinary affairs of life: The men of the world, on the other hand, feeling the importance of their own occupations, conſider the purſuits of literature as at beſt but a finer ſpecies of diſſipation, a mere paſtime, leading to no end, and attended with no conſequence.

This ſort of mutual contempt is viſible in every rank and condition of life: and even the beſt, the moſt moderate, and the moſt cultivated minds, are not, perhaps, altogether exempted from it. Mr. *Hume*, in his Hiſtory of England, expreſſes himſelf in the following terms: "Such a ſuperiority do the purſuits of literature poſſeſs above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above thoſe that excel the moſt in the common and vulgar profeſſions." It is not my object at preſent to inquire how far this opinion be well or ill founded: allowing it to be juſt, what muſt Mr. Hume's ſtation be in the ſcale of excellence? That queſtion, I am perſuaded, his gentle modeſty hardly permitted him

him to conſider. It is well known that Mr. Hume, a few years before his death, received a penſion of 200*l.* a-year. It might have been amuſing at the time, to conſider the oppoſite ideas entertained by the givers and the receiver of that penſion. In the pride of preſent power, and amidſt the ſelf-importance foſtered by perpetual adulation, the miniſter and his minions might view with a certain degree of contempt a man on whom they were beſtowing ſo paltry a recompence: on the other hand, the author, while receiving this mark of favour, and expreſſing his gratitude for it, might not be able to check the riſing thought, that his name would live for ever, ranked with thoſe whoſe envied lot it had been, to inform, to enlighten, to delight mankind; while his patrons, diſtinguiſhed only by rank or ſtation, were buried in oblivion with the common herd of kings, miniſters, and ſtateſmen, whoſe names poſterity reads with the moſt perfect indifference, of whom little more is commonly known, than that they lived and died at ſuch and ſuch a period. Of this idea Mr. Hume himſelf gives a fine illuſtration. Talking of the little regard paid to *Milton* when alive, "*Whitlocke*," ſays he, "mentions *one* Milton, as he calls him, a "blind man, who was employed in tranſlating a "treaty with Sweden into Latin. Theſe forms of "expreſſion are amuſing to us, who conſider how "obſcure Whitlocke himſelf, though Lord Keeper "and Ambaſſador, and indeed a man of great "abilities and merit, has become in compariſon of "Milton."

When Lord Keeper Whitlocke expreſſed himſelf in thoſe terms, he muſt have felt a conſcious ſuperiority over *one Milton*, employed to tranſlate the Swediſh treaty into Latin. But if we may gueſs at what paſſed in the mind of Milton while employed in that humble ſervice, it is not improbable, that if ever he was led to eſtimate his own merit in compariſon with that of Whitlocke, a juſt ſenſe of his own ſuperior excellence might teach him, that, though

though conſtrained by ſituation to ſubmit to a drudgery ſo unworthy of him, yet ſtill he was by nature intitled to a place in the Temple of Fame far above his employer; and he might perhaps enjoy, by a ſort of anticipation, that ample juſtice which poſterity has done him. Such examples may convey a uſeful leſſon to the great, may teach them to ſmooth ſomewhat of their "creſted pride," and to treat with more obſervance and regard than they are often diſpoſed to do, men equal to them by nature, perhaps ſuperior in Nature's beſt and choiceſt gifts.

Of the laſt ſpecies of weakneſs taken notice of in this Paper, the credit we take for the talents we poſſeſs, the reaſon ſeems obvious enough, that partiality to ourſelves, and our own poſſeſſions, which runs through every circumſtance of life. Of the firſt, our deſire to be remarked for talents to which we have no proper claim, the reaſon may, I think, be drawn from the period of life at which it commonly takes its riſe. Our real endowments were ours, or began to be attained, at an early age, when we were but little liable to the impreſſions of vanity or ſelf-conceit; but the new and imperfect acquirements on which men are apt very abſurdly to plume themſelves, begin after the habit of vanity is formed, which appropriates to itſelf every acquiſition, however trifling, which its poſſeſſor may happen to make.

But whatever may be the cauſe of ſuch weakneſſes, no doubt will be entertained of their exiſtence. It will readily be acknowledged, that men are apt to fall into thoſe two oppoſite and ſeemingly contradictory extremes, when they think of themſelves and of others. On one hand, the childiſh vanity of new acquirements leads us to overlook thoſe talents which in reality we poſſeſs, and to value ourſelves on thoſe to which we have little or no pretenſion; yet when we come to form a judgment of our neighbours, we are apt to deſpiſe every perſon who is deficient in any one particular in which we excel. We ought, however, to recollect, that to aim at univerſal

ſal excellence is a vain and fruitleſs attempt, which ſeldom fails to expoſe even men of the moſt ſuperior talents to deſerved ridicule: and, if this be allowed, it muſt follow, that it is no leſs unjuſt than ungenerous, to deſpiſe others for the want of a particular quality or accompliſhment which we may happen to poſſeſs; becauſe it is extremely probable that we may be equally deficient in ſome article, perhaps more important and more uſeful to mankind, in which they have attained a high degree of excellence.

R.

N° 4.——Saturday, February 26, 1785.

Laudator temporis acti. Juvenal.

"GET thee a place, for I muſt be idle," ſays *Hamlet* to *Horatio* at the play. It is often ſo with me at public places: I am more employed in attending to the ſpectators than to the entertainment; a practice which, in the preſent ſtate of ſome of our entertainments, I frequently find very convenient. In me, however, it is an indolent, quiet ſort of indulgence, which, if it affords ſome amuſement to myſelf, does not diſturb that of any other body.

At an aſſembly at which I happened to be preſent a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman with what is called a freſh look for his age, dreſſed in a claret-coloured coat with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waiſtcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited, (that looked however as if the faſhion had come to them rather than that they had been made for the faſhion); his white-ſilk ſtockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his ſhoes with high inſteps, buckled with ſmall round

round gold buckles. His ſword, with a ſilver hilt ſomewhat tarniſhed, I might have thought only an article of his dreſs, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was ſome time before I was able to find out who he was, till at laſt my friend Mr. S—— informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice theſe forty years; that an accidental piece of buſineſs had lately brought him from his houſe in the country, and he had been prevailed on to look on the ladies of Edinburgh at two or three public places before he went home again, that he might ſee whether they were as handſome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and ſquired to plays and concerts, near half a century ago. "He was," continued my friend, "a profeſſed admirer and votary of "the ſex.; and when he was a young man fought "three duels for the honour of the ladies, in one "of which he was run through the body, but "luckily he eſcaped with his life. The lady, how-"ever, for whom he fought, did not reward her "knight as ſhe ought to have done, but ſoon after "married another man with a larger fortune; upon "which he foreſwore ſociety in a great meaſure, "and though he continued for ſeveral years to do "his duty in the army, and actually roſe to the rank "of Lieutenant-Colonel, mixed but little in the "world, and has for a long ſpace of time reſided "at his eſtate a determined bachelor, with ſome-"what of miſanthropy, and a great deal of good "nature about him. If you pleaſe I will introduce "you to him.—Colonel Cauſtic, this is a very par-"ticular friend of mine, who ſolicits the honour of "being known to you."——The Colonel kiſſed me on both cheeks; and ſeeming to take a liking to my face, we appeared mutually diſpoſed to be very ſoon acquainted.

Our converſation naturally began on the aſſembly, which I obſerved to be a full one. "Why, yes," ſaid the Colonel, "here is crowd enough, and o-"ſpar[t]e;

" ſpare; and yet your ladies ſeem to have been at " a loſs for partners. I ſuppoſe the greateſt part of " the men, or rather boys, whom I ſee now ſtand- " ing up to dance, have been brought in to make " up a ſet, as people in the country ſometimes fill " up the places in a dance with chairs, to help " them to go through the figure. But as I came " too late for the minuets, I preſume the dreſſed " gentlemen walked up ſtairs after they were ended." " Why, Sir, there are now-a-days no minuets."— " No minuets!—(looking for a while at the com- " pany on the floor)—I don't wonder at it."— " Why perhaps, Colonel," ſaid I, " theſe young " gentlemen have not quite an aſpect ſerious " enough for the *pas grave*; and yet yonder is one " ſtanding with his back to the fire."—" Why, " yes, there is ſomething of gravity, of almoſt " melancholy on his face."—" Yes, *melancholy and* " *gentlemen like*," ſaid I, " as *Maſter Stephen* in the " play has it."—" Why, that young man, Sir— " now that I have obſerved him cloſer—with that " roll of handkerchief about his neck, his ſquare- " cut ſtriped veſt, his large metal buttons and nan- " keen breeches—Why, Sir, 'tis a ſtable-boy out " of place!"

" Pray, who are thoſe gentlemen," ſaid Colonel Cauſtic, " who have ranged themſelves in a ſort of " phalanx at the other end of the room, and ſeem, " like the devil in Milton, to carry ſtern defiance " on their brow?"—" I have not the honour of " their acquaintance," I replied: " but ſome of " them I preſume from the cockades in their hats" " —You do not ſay ſo," interrupted the Colonel.— " Is that the military air of the preſent day? But " you muſt be miſtaken; they cannot be real ſol- " diers: Militia, or train-band ſubalterns, believe " me, who, having neither ſeen ſervice nor good " company, contrive to look fierce, in order to " avoid looking ſheepiſh. I remember indeed of " old, ſome of our *boys* uſed to put on that fierce " air in coffeehouſes and taverns; but they could ne-

" ver

" ver dream of wearing it before the ladies."—" I " think, however," ſaid Mr. S—— ſmiling, " the " ladies don't ſeem much afraid of them."—" Why, " your ladies," anſwered the Colonel, " to ſay " truth, have learned to look people in the face.— " During the little while I have been in town, I " have met with ſome in my walks, in great coats, " riding hats, and rattans, whom I could not ſhew " an eye to: but I am newly come from the coun- " try; I ſhall keep a better countenance by and " by."

At that moment a lady and her party, for whoſe appearance the dancers were waiting, were juſt entering the room, and ſeemed in a great hurry to get forward. Their progreſs however was a good deal impeded by a tall ſtout young man, who had taken his ſtation juſt at the threſhold, and leaning his back againſt one of the door-poſts, with his right foot placed firm on the end of a bench, was picking his teeth with a perfect *nonchalance* to every thing around him. I ſaw the Colonel faſten a very angry look on him, and move his hand with a ſort of involuntary motion towards my cane. The ladies had now got through the defile, and we ſtood back to make way for them. " Was there ever " ſuch a brute?" ſaid Colonel Cauſtic. The young gentleman ſtalked up to the place where we were ſtanding, put up his glaſs to his eye, looked hard at the Colonel, and then—put it down again. The Colonel took ſnuff.

" Our ſex," ſaid I, " Colonel, is not perhaps " improved in its public appearance; but I think " you will own the other is not leſs beautiful than " it was" He caſt his eye round for a few minutes before he anſwered me. " Why, yes," ſaid he, " Sir, here are many pretty, very pretty girls— " That young lady in blue is a very *pretty girl*. I " remember her grandmother at the ſame age; ſhe " was a *fine woman*."—" But the one next her, " with the fanciful cap, and the *panache* of red and " white feathers, with that elegant form, that

" ſtrikin-

" ſtriking figure, is not ſhe a fine woman?"—"Why, " no, Sir, not quite a fine woman; not quite " ſuch a woman, as a man, (raiſing his cheſt as he " pronounced the word *man*, and preſſing the " points of his three unemployed fingers gently on " his boſom), as a man would be proud to ſtake his " life for."

" But in ſhort, Sir," continued he—" I ſpeak " to you becauſe you look like one that can un- " derſtand me.—There is nothing about a woman's " perſon merely, (were ſhe formed like the *Venus* " *de Medicis*), that can conſtitute a *fine woman*.— " There is ſomething in the look, the manner, the " voice, and ſtill more the ſilence, of ſuch a one as " I mean, that has no connection with any thing " material; at leaſt no more than juſt to make one " think ſuch a ſoul is lodged as it deſerves.—In " ſhort, Sir, a fine woman—I could have ſhewn " you ſome examples formerly.—I mean, however, " no diſparagement to the young ladies here; none, " upon my honour; they are as well made, and if " not better dreſſed, at leaſt more dreſſed than their " predeceſſors: and their complexions I think are " better. But I am an old fellow, and apt to talk " fooliſhly."

" I ſuſpect, Cauſtic," ſaid my friend Mr. S—— " you and I are not quite competent judges of this " matter. Were the partners of our dancing days " to make their appearance here, with their humble " foretops and brown unpowdered ringlets"— " Why, what then, Mr. S——?"—" Why, I " think thoſe high heads would overtop them a " little, that's all."—" Why, as for the *panache*," replied the Colonel, " I have no objection to the " ornament itſelf; there is ſomething in the waving " movement of it that is graceful, and not undig- " nified; but in every ſort of dreſs there is a cer- " tain character, a certain relation which it holds " to the wearer. Yonder now, you'll forgive me, " Sir, (turning to me), yonder is a ſet of girls, I " ſuppoſe from their looks and their gigling, but

" a few

" a few weeks from the nurſery, whoſe feathers are " in ſuch agitation, whiſked about, high and low, " on this ſide and on that." " Why, Sir, 'tis like " the Counteſs of *Caſſowar's* menagerie ſcared by " the entrance of her lap dog."

" As to dreſs indeed in general," continued the Colonel, " that of a man or woman of faſhion " ſhould be ſuch as to mark ſome attention to ap- " pearance, ſome deference to ſociety. The young " men I ſee here, look as if they had juſt had time " to throw off their boots after a fox-chace. But " yet dreſs is only an acceſſory, that ſhould ſeem " to belong to the wearer, and not the wearer to " it. Some of the young ladies oppoſite to us are " ſo made up of ornaments, ſo ſtuck round with " finery, that an ill-natured obſerver might ſay, their " milliner had ſent them hither, as ſhe places her " doll in her ſhop-window, to exhibit her wares to " the company."

Mr. S—— was going to reply, when he was ſtopped by the noiſe of a hundred tongues, which approached like a gathering ſtorm from the card-room. 'Twas my Lady *Rumpus*, with a crowd of women and a mob of men in her ſuite. They were people of too much conſequence to have any of that deference for ſociety which the Colonel talked of.—My nerves, and thoſe of my friend S——, though not remarkably weak, could barely ſtand their approach; but Colonel Cauſtic's were quite overpowered.—We accompanied him in his retreat out of the dancing-room; and after drinking a diſh of tea, by way of ſedative, as the phyſicians phraſe it, he called for his chair, and went home.

While we were ſitting in the tea-room, Mr. S—— undertook the apology of my Lady Rumpus and her followers. " We muſt make allowance," ſaid he, " for the faſhion of the times. In theſe " days, preciſion of manners is exploded, and eaſe " is the mode."—" Eaſe!" ſaid the Colonel, wiping his forehead. " Why, in your days," ſaid Mr. S——, " and I may ſay in mine too, for I believe

" there

" there is not much betwixt us, were there not " ſometimes fantaſtic modes, which people of rank " had brought into uſe, and which were called gen- " teel becauſe ſuch people practiſed them, though " the word might not juſt apply to them in the ab- " ſtract?"—" I underſtand you, S——," ſaid the Colonel, " there were ſuch things; ſome irregu- " larities that broke out now and then. There " were mad-caps of both ſexes, that would ven- " ture on ſtrange things; but they were in a " ſtyle ſomewhat above the canaille: ridiculous " enough, I grant you, but not perfectly abſurd: " coarſe, it might be, but not downright vulgar.— " In all ages, I ſuppoſe, people of condition did " ſometimes entrench themſelves behind their titles " or their high birth, and committed offences " againſt what leſſer folks would call decorum, and " yet were allowed to be well bred all the while; " were ſometimes a little groſs, and called it witty; " and a little rude, and called it raillery: but 'twas " falſe coinage, and never paſſed long. Indeed, I " have generally remarked, that people did ſo only " becauſe they could not do better; 'tis the plead- " ing privilege for a debt which a man's own funds " do not enable him to pay. A great man may " perhaps be well bred in a manner which little people " do not underſtand; but, truſt me, he is a greater " man who is well bred in a manner that every bo- " dy underſtands."

Z.

N° 5.——SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1785.

Hiſtoriæ decus eſt, et quaſi anima, ut cum eventis cauſæ copulentur.

BACON, *De Augm. Scient.*

OF the various kinds of literary compoſition there is hardly any which has been at all times more

more cultivated than that of HISTORY. A desire to recount remarkable events, and a curiosity to hear the relation of them, are propensities inherent in human nature; and hence historians have abounded in every age, in the rudest and simplest, as well as in the most polished and refined. The first poets were historians; and Homer and Ossian, "when "the light of the song arose," but recounted the virtues and exploits of their countrymen.

From poetic numbers, History at length descended to prose; but she was still of the family of the Muses, and long retained many features of the race from whence she sprung. *Historia*, says Quintilian, *est proxima poetis, et quodammodo carmen solutum.* She professed, indeed, that her purpose was to instruct not less than to please; yet such was her hereditary propensity, that for many successive ages she continued more studious to cultivate the means of *pleasing*, than anxious to gather the materials of *instruction*. But when all her arts of pleasing had been exhausted; when the charms of novelty and the bloom of youth were gone, she began to feel the decay of her power. In her distress she looked around for aid, and wisely embraced an union with PHILOSOPHY, who taught her the value of the rich field of *instruction* she had so long neglected, shewed her how she might add new graces to her powers of giving delight, how she might not only recover but extend her empire, and be crowned with honours that should never fade.

To drop the allegory: The truth is, that although to afford pleasure and to convey instruction have been ever the professed ends of History, yet they have not always been mingled in due proportion.—The former has been the object of the greater part of historians; and their aim of instruction has seldom gone farther, than to illustrate some moral precept, and to improve the heart by exhibiting bright and illustrious examples of virtue. It is of late only that History, by taking a wider range, has assumed a different form; and with the relation

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of ſplendid events uniting an inveſtigation of their cauſes, has exhibited a view of thoſe great circumſtances in the ſituation of any people, which can alone yield ſolid inſtruction.

Hiſtorians may therefore be divided into two kinds, according to the methods they have followed, and the ends they have chiefly had in view in their compoſition. The *firſt* claſs, and which is by far the moſt numerous, conſiſts of thoſe who have confined themſelves to the mere relation of civil tranſactions; who have made it their principal aim to intereſt the affections; and who, in aſſigning any cauſes of events, have ſeldom gone beyond thoſe immediately connected with the particular characters of the perſons whoſe actions they deſcribe.—The *ſecond* claſs comprehends the very few hiſtorians who have viewed it as their chief buſineſs to unfold the more remote and general cauſes of public events, and have conſidered the giving an account of the riſe, progreſs, perfection, and decline of government, of manners, of arts and of ſcience, as the only true means of rendering Hiſtory inſtructive.

In the former of theſe claſſes we muſt rank all the celebrated hiſtorians of ancient Greece and Rome. They merely relate diſtinguiſhed events; but to ſearch out and reflect upon the general cauſes of them, they never attempt; and to mark the ſtate of government, of laws, manners, or of arts, ſeem not to have been thought of by them as falling within the province of Hiſtory. To delight the imagination ſeems to have been their favourite; and accordingly, from the ſuperior effects of recent events in intereſting the paſſions, we find that many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed hiſtorians of this claſs have choſen for their ſubjects, either tranſactions of which they were themſelves witneſſes, or that were very near their own times. *Thucydides* and *Xenophon* record little but the events of their own day, and in which they themſelves bore a part; *Cæſar* gives us nothing but memoirs of his own exploits; and *Ta-*

citus confines himſelf very nearly to his own times. Even *Herodotus*, who takes a larger range, is in general, only a relater of facts which he either ſaw himſelf, or reports on the teſtimony of others; and *Livy*, who commences his hiſtory with the foundation of Rome, ſcarce thinks of any thing beyond a mere detail of wars and revolutions, and ſeems only careful to embelliſh his ſtory by intereſting narrative and flowing language.

When ſuch were the limited bounds of this ſpecies of writing, Hiſtory was an ART, the deſign of which was to pleaſe; not a SCIENCE, the purpoſe of which was to inſtruct. It was, as Quintilian ſays, *proxima poetis*; and critical rules were laid down for its compoſition, ſimilar to thoſe for the ſtructure of an Epic poem. To ſelect a ſubject, the recital of which might be intereſting; to arrange and diſtribute the ſeveral parts with ſkill; to embelliſh by forcible and pictureſque deſcription; to enliven by characteriſtic and animated ſpeeches, and to clothe the whole in beautiful and flowing language, formed all the neceſſary and eſſential parts of the compoſition. In theſe the ancients held the higheſt excellence and perfection of Hiſtory to conſiſt; and ſo little did their views reach any farther, that *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, a critic of taſte and acuteneſs, ſays, that the firſt object of a perſon about to write Hiſtory ought to be, "to ſelect a "ſubject ſtriking and pleaſing, and ſuch as may "not only affect but overpower the minds of the "readers with pleaſure." And he condemns *Thucydides* for his choice of the Peloponneſian war; "becauſe it was neither honourable nor proſperous, "nor ever ſhould have been engaged in, or at leaſt "ſhould have been buried in ſilence and oblivion, "that poſterity might be ignorant of it."

Thus confined were the ideas of the ancients with regard to the objects of Hiſtory. But while we may regret this, we are not to aſcribe it to any defect of genius: It aroſe from cauſes which a little reflection may render ſufficiently obvious, and from the

the circumſtances in which they were unavoidably placed.

In ancient times, mankind had before their eyes but a very limited field of obſervation, and but a ſhort experience of the revolutions of nations.—Their memorials of former events too were ſcanty and imperfect, being little more than traditions, involved in uncertainty, and diſfigured by fable. They poſſeſſed not that extenſive experience, nor that large collection of facts, which can alone lead to general reaſonings, or can ſuggeſt the idea of *Philoſophical Hiſtory*. Nothing farther could occur to them as the object of hiſtory, but to delight the imagination, and improve the heart; and accordingly they choſe ſubjects that made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion on their own minds, and might moſt intereſt the paſſions of others. To explain the *immediate* motives and ſprings of actions, was neceſſary even for connecting their narrative; but to proceed farther, and trace the remote cauſes, and to perceive how much public events were affected by the degree of advancement which a nation had reached in government, in manners, and in arts, were diſcoveries yet hid from their view.

The ancient world wanted that communication and intercourſe of one nation with another, which of all circumſtances, has the greateſt effect in generalizing and enlarging the views of an hiſtorian.—It is with nations as with individuals; no family knowledge, no domeſtic ſtudy, can ever afford that large and extended information which mixing with other men, which commerce with the world, will beſtow. In the time of the Grecian republics, man conſiſted but of two diviſions Greeks, and Barbarians; though the ſubdiviſion of the former into ſmaller ſtates promoted that ſpirit of philoſophic reſearch conſiderably more than when to the name of Roman was confined every ſcience, every art, every privilege and dignity of man. In modern times, the nearly equal rank and cultivation of different European kingdoms, gives much more opportunity than

than was enjoyed by the ancient world, for the compariſon of facts, and the conſtruction of ſyſtem in the hiſtory of mankind; while, at the ſame time, the literary intercourſe of thoſe different kingdoms gives to ſuch reſearches, at once the force of union and the ſpur of emulation.

In ſhort, the oppoſite ſituation and circumſtances of the preſent age have beſtowed on Hiſtory its moſt ſignal improvement, and have given it a form before unknown. The many and various revolutions which an experience of more than three thouſand years has exhibited to mankind, and the contemplation of the riſe, progreſs, and decline of ſucceſſive empires, have led to the diſcovery, that all human events are guided and directed by certain general cauſes which muſt be every where the ſame. It has come to be perceived, that nations, like individuals, have their infancy, maturity, decline, and extinction; and that in their gradual eſtabliſhment and various revolutions, immediate cauſes ſpringing from the actions and characters of individuals, and even all the wiſdom and foreſight of man, have had but a very ſlender ſhare, in compariſon of the influence of general and unavoidable circumſtances.

Theſe reflections, which the experience of many ages could alone ſuggeſt, and to which the great improvements of the preſent age in reaſoning and philoſophy have much contributed, have led men to view the hiſtory of Nations in a new light. To inveſtigate the general cauſes and the true ſources of the advancement, the proſperity, and the fall of empires, has become the uſeful and important object of the hiſtorian. While he relates the memorable tranſactions of each different period, and deſcribes the conduct and characters of the perſons principally engaged in them, he at the ſame time unfolds the remote as well as immediate cauſes of events, and imparts the moſt valuable knowledge and information. He marks the advancement of mankind in ſociety, the riſe and progreſs of arts in ſcience, the

ſucceſſive improvements of law and government, and the gradual refinement of manners; all of them not only curious objects of contemplation, but intimately connected with a narration of civil tranſactions, and without which the events of no particular period can be fully accounted for.

The few who have treated Hiſtory in this manner form the *ſecond* of the two claſſes into which I have divided hiſtorians; and it is to the preſent age we owe this union of *Philoſophy* with *Hiſtory*, and the production of a new and more perfect ſpecies of hiſtorical compoſition. Preſident *Monteſquieu* was perhaps the firſt who attempted to ſhew how much the hiſtory of mankind may be explained from great and general cauſes. Mr. *de Voltaire's* Eſſay on General Hiſtory, with all its imperfections, is a work of uncommon merit: with the uſual vivacity of its author, it unites great and enlarged views on the general progreſs of civilization and advancement of ſociety. The ſame track has been purſued by other writers of reputation, particularly by the late Mr. *Hume*, who, in his *Hiſtory of England*, has gone farther in inveſtigating general cauſes, and in marking the progreſs of laws, government, arts, and manners, than any of his predeceſſors. Much however, yet remains to be done; for it is a field but juſt begun to be cultivated: and if it be true, as the laſt mentioned hiſtorian has obſerved, that the world is ſtill too young to fix many general truths in politics, we have to fear that it is reſerved for ſome diſtant age to ſee *Philoſophical Hiſtory* attain its higheſt perfection.

Y.

No 6.——Saturday, March 12, 1785.

A FEW mornings ago I was agreeably ſurpriſed with a very early call from my newly acquired friend *Colonel Cauſtic*. "'Tis on a fooliſh piece of buſi-"neſs," ſaid he, "I give you the trouble of this "viſit. You muſt know I had an appointment "with your friend S—— to go to the play this "evening, which a particular affair that has come "acroſs him will prevent his keeping; and as a "man, after making ſuch an arrangement, feels it "irkſome to be diſappointed, (at leaſt it is ſo with "an old methodical fellow like me), I have "taken the liberty of calling, to aſk if you will "ſupply his place: I might have had one or two "other conductors; but it is only with certain "people I chuſe to go to ſuch places. Seeing a "Play, or indeed any thing elſe, won't do at my "time of life, either alone, or in company not "quite to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle "of claret; the liquor is ſomething; but nine-"tenths of the bargain is in the companion with "whom one drinks it." As he ſpoke this, he gave me his hand with ſuch an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted theſe forty years; I took it with equal warmth, and aſſured him, truly, it would give me infinite pleaſure to attend him.

When we went to the Theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box-liſt, to determine where we ſhould endeavour to find a place, a Lady of the Colonel's acquaintance happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a ſituation where I thought he could moſt conveniently command a view both of the company and of the ſtage. He had never been in our preſent houſe before, and allowed, that in ſize and convenience it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant ſo much as the Lady and I demanded on that ſcore. "I know," ſaid he, "you

" are in the right; but one don't eaſily get rid of " firſt impreſſions: I can't make you conceive what " a Play was to me ſome fifty years ago, with what " feelings I heard the laſt muſic begin, nor how my " heart beat when it ceaſed."—" Why, it is very " true, Colonel," ſaid the Lady, " one can't re- " tain thoſe feelings always."—" It is ſomething," ſaid I, " to have had them once."—" Why, if I " may judge from the little I have ſeen," replied the Colonel, " your young folks have no time for " them now-a-days; their pleaſures begin ſo early, " and come ſo thick."——" 'Tis the way to make " the moſt of their time."——" Pardon me, Ma- " dam," ſaid he, " I don't think ſo: 'tis like the " difference between your hot-houſe aſparagus and " my garden ones; the laſt have their green and " their white; but the firſt is taſteleſs from the very " top." The Lady had not time to ſtudy the al- luſion; for her company began to come into the box, and continued coming in during all the firſt act of the Comedy. On one ſide of Colonel Cauſ- tic ſat a Lady with a *Lunardi* hat; before him was placed one with a feathered head-dreſs. Lunardi and the Feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I ſat quite behind, as is my cuſtom, and betook my- ſelf to meditation. The Colonel was not quite ſo patient: he tried to ſee the ſtage, and got a flying vizzy now and then; but in the laſt attempt, he got ſuch a whiſk from Miſs Feathers on one cheek, and ſuch a poke from the wires of Miſs Lunardi on t'other, that he was fain to give up the matter of ſeeing;—as to hearing, it was out of the queſ- tion.

" I hope, Colonel, you have been well entertain- " ed," ſaid the miſtreſs of the box at the end of the act. " Wonderfully well," ſaid the Colonel.—— " That *La Maſh* is a monſtrous comical fellow!" " Oh! as to that, Madam, I know nothing of the " matter: in your Ladyſhip's box one is quite in- " dependent of the Players."—He made a ſign to me:

me: I opened the box-door, and ſtood waiting for his coming with me. "Where are you going, Co-"lonel?" ſaid the Lady, as he ſtepped over the laſt bench. "To the Play, Madam," ſaid he, bowing and ſhutting the door.

For that purpoſe we went to the pit, where, though it was pretty much crowded, we got ourſelves ſeated in a very centrical place. There is ſomething in Colonel Cauſtic's look and appearance, ſo much not of the form only, but the ſentiment of good breeding, that it is not eaſy to reſiſt ſhewing him any civility in one's power. While we ſtood near the door, a party in the middle of one of the rows beckoned to us, and let us know that we might find room by them; and the Colonel, not without many ſcruples of complaiſance, at laſt accepted the invitation.

We had not long been in poſſeſſion of our place before the ſecond act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the Play, as, though the converſation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced by ſeveral new performers, was about as loud as that of the Players, we were nearer to the talkers in front than to thoſe behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——'s interrogatory as to the Colonel's entertainment. "I begin," ſaid he, putting his ſnuff-box to his noſe, "to find the "inattention of my former box-fellows not quite ſo "unreaſonable."—"Our Company of this ſeaſon," ſaid a brother officer who ſat near us to Colonel Cauſtic, "is a very numerous one; they can get up "any Play in a week."—"I am not ſo much ſur-"priſed, Sir," replied the Colonel, "at the num-"ber of your Players, as I am at the num-"ber of the audience."—"Moſt of the new per-"formers are *draſts* from the Engliſh and Iriſh "ſtage."—"From the *aukward diviſions* of them "I preſume."——"You are a ſevere critic, Sir," returned the officer; "but the houſe has been as full "as you ſee it every night theſe three weeks."—"I "can eaſily believe it," ſaid the Colonel.

As the Play went on, the Colonel was aſked his opinion of it by this gentleman and one or two more of his neighbours. He was ſhy of venturing his judgment on the piece; they were kind enough to direct him how to form one. "This is a very fa-"vourite Comedy, Sir, and has had a great run "at Drury-Lane."—"Why, gentlemen," ſaid he, "I have no doubt of the Comedy being an excel-"lent Comedy, ſince you tell me ſo; and to be ſure "thoſe gentlemen and ladies who make up the *dra-*"*matis perſonæ* of it, ſay a number of good things, "ſome of them not the worſe for having been ſaid "laſt century by *Joe Miller*; but I am often at a "loſs to know what they would be at, and wiſh "for a little of my old friend *Bayes's* inſinuation to "direct me"—"You mean, Sir, that the plot is "involved."—"Pardon me, Sir, not at all; 'tis "a perfectly clear plot, 'as clear as the ſun in the "cucumber,' as Anthonio in *Venice Preſerv'd* ſays. "The hero and heroine are to be married, and they "are at a loſs how to get off till the fifth act."—"You will ſee, Sir, how the laſt ſcene will wind "it up."—"Oh! I have no doubt, Sir, that it "will end at the dropping of the curtain."

Before the dropping of the curtain, however, it was not eaſy to attend to that winding up of the plot which was promiſed us. Between gentlemen coming into the houſe from dinner parties, and ladies going out of it to evening ones, the diſorder in the boxes, and the calling to order in the pit, the buſineſs of the Comedy was rather ſuppoſed than followed; and the actors themſelves ſeemed inclined to ſlur it a little, being too well bred not to perceive that they interrupted the arrangements of ſome of the genteeleſt part of their audience.

When the curtain was down, I ſaw Colonel Cauſtic throw his eye round the houſe with a look which I knew had nothing to do with the Comedy. After a ſilence of two or three minutes, in which I did not chuſe to interrupt him, "Amidſt the vari-"ous calculations of lives," ſaid he, "is there any "table for the life of a *Beauty*?"—"I believe not," ſaid

ſaid I, ſmiling; "there is a fragility in that, which "neither *Price* nor *Maſeres* ever thought of apply-"ing figures to."—"'Tis a ſort of mortality," continued the Colonel, "which at ſuch a time as "this, at the ending of ſome public entertainment, "I have often thought on with a very melancholy "feeling. An old Bachelor like me, who has no "girls of his own, except he is a very peeviſh fel-"low, which I hope I am not, looks on every one "of theſe young creatures in ſome meaſure as a "daughter; and when I think how many children "of that ſort I have loſt—for there are a thouſand "ways of a Beauty's dying—it almoſt brings tears "into my eyes. Then they are ſo ſpoiled while "they do live. Here I am as ſplenetic as before "I was melancholy. Thoſe flower-beds we ſee, ſo "fair to look on—What uſeleſs weeds are ſuffered "to grow up with them!"—"I do not think, "Colonel, that the mere *flower* part is left uncultivated."—"Why, even as to that, 'tis artificially "forced before its time. A woman has a character "even as a Beauty. A Beauty, a toaſt, a fine "woman, merely conſidered as ſuch, has a ſort of "profeſſional character, which it requires ſome "ſenſe and accompliſhments to maintain. Now-a-"days, there are ſo many irregulars who practiſe "at fifteen, without a ſingle requiſite except mere "outſide!—If we go a little farther, and conſider "a woman as ſomething more than a Beauty; when "we regard the ſex as that gentle but irreſiſtible power "that ſhould mould the world to a finer form; that "ſhould teach benignity to wiſdom, to virtue grace, "humanity to valour; when we look on them in "leſs eminent, but not leſs uſeful points of view, "as thoſe *dii penates*, thoſe houſehold deities, from "whom man is to find comfort and protection, who "are to ſmooth the ruggedneſs of his labours, the "irkſomeneſs and cares of buſineſs; who are to "blunt the ſting of his ſorrows, and the bitterneſs "of his diſappointments!—You think me a fool

" for declaiming thus."—" No, upon my ſoul, " don't I; I hope you think better of me than to " ſuppoſe ſo."—" But I may come down from my " declamation. Yonder are a ſet, fluttering in that " Box there—young to be ſure, but they will never " be older, except in wrinkles—I don't ſuppoſe " they have an idea in their heads beyond the colour " of a ribbon, the placing of a feather, or the ſtep " of a cotillion!—And yet they may get huſbands." " If it pleaſe God," ſaid I—And be the mothers " of the next generation."—" 'Tis to be hoped." " —Well, well, old Cauſtic will be in his grave by " that time!"

There was what Shakeſpeare calls " a humourous " ſadneſs" in the thought, at which I did not well know whether to ſmile or be ſorrowful. But on the whole it was one I did not chuſe to preſs too cloſe on. I feel that I begin to love this old man exceedingly; and having acquired him late, I hope I ſhall not loſe him ſoon.

Z.

N° 7.—SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Παρὰ τὰ δεινα χρησιμωτερος. Anon.

SIR,

THE art of knowing ourſelves has been recommended by the moraliſts of all ages; and its attainment inculcated with that earneſtneſs which implies both a conviction of its high value, and a ſenſe of its difficulty. The great obſtacle to the acquiſition of this moſt deſirable ſpecies of inſtruction,

tion, is acknowledged to be that ſelf-deceit by which the ſame vices or defects which we keenly note in the character of others, and judge of with rigour and ſeverity, are viewed in ourſelves through a medium of partial indulgence. Though unable to reſiſt the ſeductions to a deviation from duty, we cannot endure the avowal of our own depravity. We are anxious to hide our weakneſs from ourſelves, as well as from others; and our ingenuity is exerted to deviſe ſpecious apologies and ſubterfuges. "Reaſon panders Will;" and thus it may be ſaid, though paradoxically, yet truly, that the love of virtue itſelf is a ſecondary cauſe of our continuance in the practice of vice.

The effectual removal of this veil of ſelf-deceit is what the weakneſs of our nature perhaps prevents us to hope can never be accompliſhed: yet, though not completely removed, it may be partially withdrawn. I have often thought, that ſhould a man be really in earneſt in the deſire of attaining a knowledge of his own character, there are times and circumſtances which lay it open before him: there are ſituations which diſſipate for a while that miſt of errors which hides him from his own eyes, and force an acknowledgment of many defections from virtue, many a deſertion to vice, which he would bluſh to be ſuſpected of by others.

In eſtimating the characters of men, we are often ſenſible of great revolutions in our opinions. The ſame perſon who at one time poſſeſſed our approbation or eſteem, at another is perhaps become the object of our averſion. The man whom formerly perhaps we diſregarded as of a weak underſtanding, we afterwards diſcover to poſſeſs conſiderable abilities. He whom ſome unfavourable circumſtances have led us to ſuſpect of a deficiency in moral rectitude, may afterwards, on a more intimate acquaintance, be found of the moſt ſcrupulous integrity. The frequent experience of thoſe errors in judgment, will evince to us the folly and danger of an implicit re-

liance on our own opinions; will inculcate a ſalutary diſtruſt of their foundation, and a conviction of the perverting influence of our ruling paſſions and prejudices. And this, Sir, is no inconſiderable advance in the ſcience of ſelf-knowledge.

In the peruſal of hiſtory, or of the more limited pictures which biography preſents to us, there is no reader who does not take a warm intereſt in every thing that regards a truly deſerving character; who does not feel a ſenſible pleaſure in thoſe inſtanees where the benevolent purpoſes of ſuch a perſon have been attended with ſucceſs, or his virtuous actions followed by reward. This approbation paid to virtue is a tribute of the heart, which is given with eaſe, which is beſtowed even with pleaſure. But in life itſelf, it is unhappily found, that virtue has not the ſame concomitant approbation. The ſame inſtances of generoſity, of humanity, of candour, temperance, and humility, which we applaud in thoſe records of the dead, we ſlightly regard in our intercourſe with the living. The jealouſy of a competitor is an inſuperable obſtacle to eſteem. But of the competition of the dead we have no jealouſy: for they arrogate no ſubſtantial rewards; their reputation anticipates no promotions which we ſeek, no emoluments which we covet; and therefore their praiſe is heard without the pang of envy, or the fear of rivalſhip.

This contraſt of opinions, of which we have daily experience in our own breaſts, is an important object of attention to him who truly deſires to attain a knowledge of his own character. It furniſhes that ſpecies of proof which is attended with direct conviction, and which it is impoſſible to reſiſt. We are compelled to acknowledge the depravity of our hearts: for where the ſame objects create oppoſite perceptions, the error muſt be in him who perceives them.

The effect of this change in our opinions in ſubſtantiating (if I may ſo ſay) our defects, is never ſo perceptible

perceptible as when, on the death of a perſon who was well known to us, we compare the idea we formed of his character when alive, with that which we now entertain of him. His excellencies and defects are now more impartially eſtimated. On the former, the memory dwells with peculiar ſatisfaction, and indulges a melancholy pleaſure in beſtowing its tribute of approbation. On the latter, we kindly throw the veil of charitable alleviation: we reflect on our own imbecillity; we find apologies for another in the weakneſs of our own nature, and impute the error of the individual to the imperfection of the ſpecies.

But above all, ſhould it happen that the perſon thus removed by death was one who had approved himſelf our friend, and whoſe kind affections we had repeatedly experienced, the difference we now perceive in our eſtimate of ſuch a character, is apt to ſtrike the mind with the moſt forcible conviction of our own unworthineſs. Memory is induſtrious to torment us with the recollection of numberleſs inſtances of merit we have overlooked, of kindneſs we have not returned, of ſervices repaid with cold neglect. The injury we have done is aggravated by the reflection that it cannot be repaired; for he whoſe life was perhaps embittered by our ingratitude, is now inſenſible to our contrition.

Ah, Sir! the man who now writes to you bears witneſs himſelf to the miſery of that feeling which he deſcribes. He who now addreſſes you was once bleſſed with the affection of the beſt, the moſt amiable of women. When I married my *Maria*, engaged to her by that eſteem which an acquaintance almoſt from infancy had produced, I knew not half her worth. The ſituation in which ſhe was now placed, brought to my view many points of excellence which were before undiſcovered. Muſt I own to my ſhame, that the poſſeſſion of this treaſure diminiſhed its value. Fool that I was! I knew not my own happineſs till I had for ever loſt it. Six

years

years were the ſhort period of our union: Would to Heaven that term were yet to live again! I loved *Maria*:—Severely as I am now diſpoſed to review my paſt conduct, I cannot reproach myſelf with a failure in affection. But what human being could have been inſenſible to lovelineſs, to worth, to tenderneſs like hers: Poor was that affection which often preferred the moſt trivial ſelfiſh gratification to her wiſhes or requeſts; and of ſmall value was that regard, which a ſudden guſt of paſſion could, at times, entirely obliterate.

It was my character, Sir, as that of many, to ſee the path of duty and propriety, but to have the weakneſs to be for ever deviating from it. Educated in a reſpectable ſphere of life, but poſſeſſing a narrow income, which with ſtrict œconomy was barely ſufficient to maintain with decency that ſtation which we occupied, it was the care of my *Maria* to ſuperintend herſelf the minuteſt article of our domeſtic concerns, and thus to retrench a variety of the ordinary expences of a family, from her own perfect ſkill in every uſeful accompliſhment of her ſex. Though fond of ſociety, and formed to ſhine in it; though not inſenſible to admiration, (and what woman with her graces of perſon could have been inſenſible to it); though poſſeſſing the becoming pride of appearing among her equals with equal advantages of dreſs and ornament; ſhe ſparingly indulged in gratifications which ill accorded with our limited fortune. She weighed with admirable diſcretion the greater againſt the leſſer duties of life, and made no ſcruple to ſacrifice the one, when they interfered ever ſo little with the performance of the other.

Shall I own, that to me, thoughtleſs, extravagant, and vain, the conduct of this excellent woman appeared oftner to merit blame than approbation! Regardleſs of conſequences, and careleſs of the future while I enjoyed the preſent, I cenſured that moderation, which was a continual reproach to my own profuſeneſs.

profuſeneſs. Incapable of imitating her example, I denied that it was meritorious; and what in her was real magnanimity, I, with equal weakneſs and ingratitude, attributed to poorneſs of ſpirit. How ſhall I deſcribe to you, Sir, her mild and gentle demeanor, the patience with which ſhe bore the moſt unmerited reproofs, the tender ſolicitude and endearing efforts which ſhe uſed, to wean me from thoſe ruinous indulgences to which vanity or appetite was continually prompting me! Too often were theſe efforts repaid by me with ſplenetic indifference, or checked at once by ſarcaſm or by anger.

'Tis but a poor alleviation of the anguiſh I feel from theſe reflections, to remember, that, even while my *Maria* lived, the eſteem which I ſincerely felt for her virtue, the affection which I really bore her, and the ſenſe I had of her tenderneſs, wrung my heart at times with the deepeſt remorſe, and prompted me to atone for my injuſtice, by the warmeſt expreſſions of kindneſs and regard. Many a time, Sir, in thoſe tranquil moments when no wayward inclination or peeviſh humour overpowered my bettter feelings, have I firmly reſolved, that my future conduct ſhould make ample reparation for the offences of the paſt. Nor were theſe reſolutions altogether fruitleſs; for while under the influence of this ſalutary conviction of my errors, I have ſo far amended them as to feel for a time a genuine reliſh for calm and domeſtic happineſs. But how ſhort this dawning of amendment! A new temptation preſented itſelf, and my weak reſolution yielded to the force of returning paſſion. With my former errors I reſumed the deſpicable pride of juſtifying them, and every deviation from duty was aggravated by harſhneſs and ill-humour.

Ever offending, and ever purpoſing to atone for my offences, I have now irretrievably loſt the opportunity. That beſt of women is now no more. I have received her lateſt breath, and heard her laſt ſupplication, which was a prayer to Heaven to pour its bleſſing on the moſt unworthy of men!

Here

Here let me end this letter.——No words can expreſs the feelings which theſe reflections convey to the breaſt of

LUCILUS.

Nº 8.——Saturday, March 26, 1785.

Edinburgh, March 2.

I AM greatly pleaſed, Mr. Lounger, with your account of yourſelf, and your innocent and uſeful manner of ſliding through the buſtle of life. I ſincerely wiſh that many of my friends and viſitors would follow your example, and learn to be idle without diſturbing thoſe who are obliged, from their ſituation, to be buſy. I ſuffer daily ſo much from the intruſion of a ſet of Female Loungers (forgive me for uſing your title), that it has prompted me to addreſs myſelf to you, in hopes that you will, in ſome of your future Eſſays, teach my unfortunately idle friends how to employ their tedious forenoons, without obliging me to be as idle as themſelves.—But to make you, Sir, fully ſenſible how much I ſuffer from Ladies who cannot kill time at home, I muſt inform you, that I am the wife of a gentleman whoſe fortune has been made by a ſteady application to a branch of buſineſs that obliges both him and me to be extremely attentive to thoſe who employ him. A family of ſeven children makes it neceſſary for him ſtill to continue in buſineſs. Our ſons are attending ſuch branches of education as will fit them for the different employments they have choſen. Our three daughters I am attempting to educate under my own eye, as the preſent boarding ſchools and governeſſes are much too expenſive for people of our moderate fortune. I find ſo much pleaſure in ſuperintending every part of my daughters educa-

tion,

tion, that not an hour of the day is unemployed, or can hang heavy on my hands: But, alas, Sir, how cruelly teasing is it, when I am set down to hear my youngest girl read, with Eliza and Mary at their work seated by me, to be broke in upon by Miss *Flounce*, who comes to tell me, how charmingly she has improved upon Lady *Chenille*'s new trimming, and assures me her bottle-green sattin was the sweetest and most admired dress at last Assembly. Then, without observing that she interrupts me by her stay, she proceeds to give me an account of all the different dresses that she took hints from, to convince me how much her superior taste has improved upon that of her companions. When I am just expecting the conclusion of her uninteresting narration, her cousin Miss *Feathers* swims into the room, assures us she is happy to find us together, that she may tell us how Mrs. *Panache* had almost fainted away on seeing her new *Figaro* hat, with a plume of feathers in a much higher taste than her own. This introduces a smart dispute between the Ladies, whether plain or Figaro feathers are the most elegant and becoming. They at last agree to refer their dispute to Miss *Tastey*, and leave me in haste to obtain her decision.

I glady resume my pleasing task, but find that Eliza has misplaced the colours in shading a violet, and Mary broke her needle, by attending too much to the Ladies conversation. I have perhaps got matters adjusted, and little Anne has read half a page, when in totters Mrs *Qualm*. This Lady, though always sick, is still able to come abroad every day, and wearies her acquaintance with the detail of her numberless complaints. A whole hour is lost to me by this new intrusion; and thus a forenoon is spent without improvement either to my daughters or myself: and I am sorry to say, few days pass in which I have not cause to regret, that there is no pleasure to be found for Idlers at home. Were I a woman of quality, or perfectly independent, I might rid

rid myſelf of theſe intruders, by being not at home; but in my ſituation I dare not ſhut my doors, leſt I ſhould give offence to people who are able to hurt my huſband's buſineſs. In this diſtreſſed ſituation I hope Mr. Lounger will forgive me in offering a hint to him, which if he would dreſs out in his ſenſible perſuaſive manner, I think I ſhould ſoon be freed from the fatigue of entertaining Lounging Ladies, and they would be much more ſuitably amuſed than in my working parlour. My hint, Sir, is, that you would recommend a forenoon's *converſation*, or place of meeting, for Ladies and Gentlemen who muſt be in any company rather than their own.—There, I think, if you would have the goodneſs to preſide, and direct them how to amuſe each other till the time of dreſſing for dinner, you would confer a high obligation on them, and ſtill greater on thoſe who, like me, ſuffer now from the heavy burden of their inſipid company. You, my good Sir, who have lounged about to ſuch good purpoſe as to be able to improve others, will, I hope, take your weaker brothers and ſiſters under your direction; and if you will make *Dunn*'s Rooms a Lounging Hall inſtead of a Chapel, I think I may venture to aſſure you it will be better attended in the one character than in the other; and if your Lectures can make the forenoons paſs eaſily, and without the trouble of thinking to thoſe Idlers, by drawing them together under your direction, and freeing the more employed part of the world from their unwelcome intruſion, you will greatly oblige many of your readers, particularly your admirer,

M. CAREFUL.

There is ſuch an air of goodneſs in Mrs. *Careful*'s letter, and I conſider her morning's employment as of

of ſo very important a kind, that I would do much to afford her relief; but really that branch of our family of which ſhe complains is ſo numerous, and ſo difficult to deal with, that I am afraid the attempts of any individual for their better regulation or diſpoſal would be fruitleſs. With regard to our ſex, ſome benevolent young gentlemen have already tried ſeveral projects ſimilar to that ſuggeſted by Mrs. Careful, but apparently without ſucceſs. They ſet afoot a *cock-pit* to give play to our minds, and, in the froſt, a *drag-hunt* to give exerciſe to our bodies: but the only effect thoſe paſtimes produced, was to furniſh additional ſubjects for the idle to talk of, and to plague the buſy with hearing them.

The ſet of people of whom my correſpondent complains, are a ſort of vagrants, or ſturdy beggars, whom, like others of the tribe, idleneſs ſets afloat, to the diſquiet of the induſtrious part of the community, and whom it ſhould be a matter of public police not to ſuffer to moleſt our houſes. A ſhort clauſe in the new *bill for the improvement Edinburgh*, might provide a *work-houſe* for thoſe faſhionable mumpers, who ſo importunately ſolicit a ſhare of our time and attention, and whom unluckily, as Mrs. Careful obſerves, thoſe doors only can ſhut out whoſe owners would ſuffer leaſt from their getting in. None but people of a certain rank can always prevent thoſe unwelcome viſitors from "*beſtowing* (as *Dogberry* in the play ſays) *all their* "*tediouſneſs upon their honours.*"

Such an inſtitution as I hint at would be of great uſe both to the community and to the objects of it, who might be aſſembled in the different wards, as in the *Spin-houſe* of Amſterdam, each employed in the occupation moſt congenial to their former manner of living. For young Ladies *Poupées* might be provided, on which to practiſe the invention of caps, the ſuiting of ribbands, the poſition and ſize of curls, and the grouping of feathers. Ladies a little more advanced might be employed in the working up of

Novels,

Novels, or the weaving of Rebuſes and Enigmas — At a ſtill maturer age, they could be employed in making matches; and at the inner end of that ward, there might be a cloſe one, for the fabrication of Scandal.

The *male* Idlers might have another wing of the building, where the places of reception and employment ſhould be analogous to the female. The ſame genius that goes to the dreſſing of a female figure, would ſuffice for the *undreſſing* of a male one; —for inventing the buſhy club and whiſkers, the knotted handkerchief round the neck, the powdered back, the colours for three or four under waiſtcoats, the ſhort bludgeon, and the hanging boot. Certain Magazines and Novels, with the *Sportſman's Kalendar*, might ſupply the literary wants of the ſecond claſs; *Hazard* and *Pharo* might employ the third; and Politics would be the natural occupation of the fourth. For Ladies like Mrs. *Qualm*, mentioned in Mrs. Careful's letter, and for gentlemen of ſimilar temperaments, a *ſick ward* muſt be provided, where the nervous, the rheumatic, and the bilious, might find names and conſolation for their diſorders. But as their chief comfort ariſes from having patient liſteners to their complaints, I would propoſe their being accommodated with attendants from the *Academy for the deaf and dumb*.

As to what the players call the *property* of the Houſe, ſeveral articles would ſerve indiſcriminately for both diviſions. Snuff-boxes, tooth-picks, and mirrors, would be of equal uſe in both; lap-dogs might be diſtributed in one, pointers and ſpaniels in the other; the crack of fans might enliven the female, and that of whips the male ward. At battledore and ſhuttlecock they might meet, like the two houſes of Parliament in the *Painted Chamber*, and make a noiſe in conjunction. Tea would of courſe be furniſhed to the Ladies, and wine to the Gentlemen.

Such

Such an inſtitution would ſerve both as an hoſpital and a ſchool—both as a place of retreat for paſt ſervices, and of inſtruction for ſervices to come.—Here, from the lower orders, great men might find cork-drawers, butts, and hearers; great ladies might procure humble companions, tea-makers, and tale-bearers. If from the higher ranks any one ſhould chuſe a wife, or huſband, they would at leaſt have the advantage of chuſing them under their real and undiſguiſed characters, and, like dealers at open market, would know their bargain before they purchaſed it.

V.

N° 9.——Saturday, April 2, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I AM the deſcendant of an ancient and reſpectable family. The eſtate which I inherit was once reckoned a good one; but it has, comparatively, ſunk much in its value by the late inundation of fortunes from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies. My father beſtowed upon me the beſt education which this country could afford; and it was his plan, after I had finiſhed my ſtudies at the Univerſity, and had arrived at that age when I could ſee and judge for myſelf, that I ſhould make the Tour of Europe.—The period deſtined for this purpoſe approached, and I was taking meaſures to prepare for it. Almoſt the only diſagreeable feeling I had in leaving my native country for a few years, was the taking leave of a young Lady for whom I had formed the moſt ſincere and warm attachment. *Aſpaſia* was beautiful in her perſon,

perſon, and not leſs lovely in her mind. Endowed with the moſt tender ſenſibility, ſhe poſſeſſed at the ſame time a purity and an ingenuouſneſs of character, which to me was moſt enchanting. There was a ſimplicity and innocence in all her thoughts and actions, which ſeemed to realiſe thoſe pictures the poets have given us of the golden age. Warmly intereſted as I felt myſelf in her, and attentive as I was to her every word and action, I at times thought I could diſcover that I had alſo created an intereſt in her mind, though perhaps even ſhe herſelf was not conſcious of it.

I heſitated long, before I ſet out on my travels, whether I ſhould diſcloſe to her the ſentiments of my heart. The reaſons for this ſtep were ſo obvious, that they need not be mentioned; but, on the other hand, ſtrong motives diſſuaded me againſt it. It was impoſſible for me to ſettle in life till my return from abroad; and though I was reſolved to conſider myſelf as moſt ſtrictly engaged to her, yet it ſtruck me as a want of generoſity and confidence, to bring her under any obligation, or to reſtrain the ſubſequent freedom of her choice by any tie that looked only to futurity. This motive prevailed with me. Our laſt parting was inexpreſſibly tender; and though not a word eſcaped me which could indicate the ſituation of my heart, yet ſhe muſt have been blind indeed if ſhe did not diſcover how dear ſhe was to me.

During the time I was abroad I heard repeatedly concerning Aſpaſia. The laſt accounts I received of her gave me much uneaſineſs. I was informed, that ſhe had of late been much in public places; that ſhe diſcovered a fondneſs for dreſs, a vanity and love of admiration unworthy of her, and unlike her former deportment. I trembled at thoſe reports: unſuitable as they were to her former character, I began to think that the very purity and ſimplicity of ſoul which I had ſo much admired in her, might when ſhe came to mingle in the world, put her off her guard,

guard, and render her more a prey, than one of a leſs pure mind, to the ſeductions of vanity and folly. I recollected a remark which I had ſomewhere met with, that the fineſt natures are the moſt apt to be hurt, as the fineſt plants are the ſooneſt nipped by the froſt; and that, like thoſe plants, they require to be ſheltered and guarded to prevent their being blaſted.

In a ſtate of anxiety which cannot eaſily be deſcribed, I ſhortened the remaining period of my being abroad, and returned home as ſoon as I poſſibly could. On my arrival I learned that Aſpaſia had fallen a prey to the ſeductions of vanity, and to that warmth of mind which made her the dupe of appearances, alas! I fear, the martyr of deception!—The ſtory is too long for my recital at preſent; nor can I yet eaſily bear its recollection—let me only tell you, that ſhe had forgotten *Hortenſius*, and ſix weeks before my arrival had married a young coxcomb, who in reality had nothing but faſhion and a pair of colours to recommend him.

Upon my return home, I found parliament was on the eve of a diſſolution, and that different candidates had already declared themſelves for the next election. My father, who had died while I was abroad, had, in a former parliament, repreſented the county in which our principal family-eſtate was ſituated; my friends now propoſed to me to ſtart candidate. To this propoſal I felt a good deal of reluctance; and the late ſevere ſhock I had met with increaſed my unwillingneſs. Nevertheleſs, the very weakneſs of mind which that affliction had created, made me the more eaſily put myſelf under the direction of my friends; and I yielded to their ſolicitations. On looking over the liſt of voters, I found, that a conſiderable part of them were particularly connected with myſelf; and others were young men who had been my ſchool companions, and had ſince remained my intimate acquaintances. From many of them I had meſſages welcoming my return to the country,

country, and giving at the ſame time oblique hints of the propriety of my ſetting up as candidate, and of the certainty of my meeting with ſucceſs. Encouraged by ſuch hopes, I began my canvas; and where-ever I went I was favourably received. I was repeatedly adviſed to perſiſt; and though I did not obtain promiſes from many, was conſtantly flattered with aſſurances that I ſhould not be diſappointed. My opponent was a man new and unknown in the country, but who had lately purchaſed an eſtate in it, and had brought home an immenſe fortune from India, which, it was ſaid, gave him conſiderable influence in the direction of affairs in that quarter of the world. I was repeatedly told, that one ſo well known, and ſo much eſteemed in the county as I was, whoſe family has been ſo long, and ſo much reſpected there, had nothing to fear from a ſtranger. The day of election, however, was drawing nigh; and I now made another round of the county, expecting to have ſomething more than general good wiſhes, and flattering aſſurances of ſucceſs. Though I ſtill heard thoſe good wiſhes and recommendations to continue my canvas as ſtrongly expreſſed as ever, yet I found in thoſe friends and well-wiſhers a ſtill greater backwardneſs than before to bind themſelves by engagements. On expreſſing my aſtoniſhment at this to *Atticus*, one of the few friends who had from the firſt engaged himſelf to me in the warmeſt manner, he expreſſed himſelf as follows. "Be not ſurpriſed, my Hortenſius; the longer a man lives in "the world, he will find leſs reaſon to be ſurpriſed "at any thing. I have for ſome time ſeen how "matters were going. Thoſe friends in whom "you truſted the moſt, who were the warmeſt in "puſhing you to ſtand candidate, neither mean "now, nor ever meant to ſerve you; their only "object was to ſerve themſelves. They wiſhed you "to ſtand, not that you might gain your election, "but that there might be a conteſt in the county. "Before you appeared they knew that *Sir Thomas*

"*Booty*

" *Booty* was to be candidate; they knew his great " influence, and they were reſolved he ſhould be " their repreſentative. But they wiſhed not to diſ- " poſe of their votes too cheaply; they wiſhed to " have their value enhanced by the dread of a com- " petitor. Your family, your connections, the re- " ſpectableneſs of your character, made you be " conſidered as a perſon from whom Sir Thomas " might expect a powerful oppoſition, and to pre- " vail over whom promiſes and favours would be " thought neceſſary: ſuch promiſes and favours have " not been wanting. In a word, his fortune and " intereſt at Court is greater than yours, and that " private friendſhip you ſo much relied on has been " found light in the balance."

Theſe words of Atticus made a deep impreſſion on me. I now recollected a thouſand circumſtances which proved their truth. I at once took my reſolution, and immediately declared that I gave up the competition, and left the field to Sir Thomas. No ſooner was this known, than my good and truſty friends came all flocking to me, and expreſſed their aſtoniſhment at the ſtep I had taken. They aſſured me, that I had given up the canvas with a moſt improper precipitation. I now too well underſtood their conduct; I gave them a civil anſwer, and deſpiſed them.

Thus diſappointed in the two great objects of the human heart, in love and ambition, I formed the reſolution of quitting the promiſcuous ſociety of the world, of abandoning a town life, and betaking myſelf to ſolitude and retirement in the country. I now remembered to have read at college, that the goods of life were of two kinds, thoſe which were external, and thoſe which were internal; that the firſt were tranſient, uncertain, and derived from the will of others; that the laſt were durable, certain, and ſelf-derived; that the perſon who made the laſt his choice, placed his happineſs on a ſure foundation, on a rock above the rage of the fighting elements, and

inacceſſible

inacceſſible to all the attacks of fortune. On this foundation I now reſolved to build my happineſs.

Beſides the family-eſtate in the county where my unfortunate project of ambition had taken place, I was poſſeſſed of a ſmall property, ſituated in a remote part of the kingdom, but amidſt the moſt beautiful and romantic ſcenery. Here I reſolved to take up my reſidence for the future days of my life, to enter no more into the buſy and ambitious purſuits of the world, but to enjoy the innocent, the undiſturbed, the elegant pleaſures of ſolitude and retirement. In the ſcene of my intended reſidence there was a ſmall manſion-houſe, but the fields around it were left in the ſtate in which Nature had formed them. I knew that by the ſkilful hand of Art, the romantic ſcenes of Nature might be much aided and improved; and I already enjoyed, by anticipation, the happineſs I expected to derive from the beauty of the place, and the ornaments I propoſed to add to it. I purchaſed alſo a conſiderable library of books, and propoſed to reap much pleaſure from the peruſal of them, and from the renewal of the ſtudies of my early days, which had for ſome time been interrupted. In ſhort, I pictured out to myſelf an elyſium of enjoyment, a life of philoſophic eaſe and happineſs; and notwithſtanding my preſent contempt of the world, and my idea of the vanity of its purſuits, I confeſs I had ſtill ſo much of the world in me, as to feel ſome ſecret pleaſure from the thought that I ſhould be conſidered as a moſt accompliſhed pattern of taſte and elegance in a retired and ſolitary life.

But I proceed to inform you, that I put my plan in execution, and retired from the world and its cares to my little paradiſe at B——. For ſome years of my reſidence there, I found my happineſs come up to my expectations. I paſſed my time moſt delightfully, as I thought, in improving the appearance of my grounds, in beautifying the landſcape, in planting a ſhrub, or directing the current of a

brook.

brook. My reading alſo gave me much amuſement; it lay almoſt entirely in works of taſte, the claſſics, and the beſt modern books of belles lettres. I felt a vanity in thinking my taſte was every day improving, and that my natural ſenſibility of mind became more and more delicate.

But I did not long remain in this ſtate. I began, at times, to feel a languor, a littleſſneſs, which ſeemed to grow ſtronger at every return. I now found my *ferme ornée* gave me little amuſement; the charm of novelty was worn off, and I grew tired of always having under my eye the ſame objects, however beautiful; there was not a tree the ſhape of which I was not acquainted with, nor a walk which I had not a thouſand times meaſured with my ſteps. My books, too, had loſt their charm. My reading, as I have already ſaid, lay almoſt entirely in books of taſte; but I now found, inſtead of relieving my mind, this ſort of reading fatigued and exhauſted it. The enjoyment which I received was of a kind which reſted in itſelf, and led to no farther purſuit; ſo that I became more and more languid, weakened, and inactive. This I have experienced to be the caſe with all pleaſure ariſing from inanimate beauties, and from every thing that may be termed an object merely of taſte; they all terminate in themſelves, and lead to wearineſs and ſatiety, unlike the exerciſe of the ſocial affections, where every enjoyment multiplies itſelf, and leads to ſtill fuller and more endearing ſources of delight. Many a time have I felt a craving void in my heart, and how to fill it up I knew not. The very indolence which this ſtate of mind created, heightened the evil, by depriving me of the power of trying to baniſh it. When the morning came, I have been unwilling to get out of bed, becauſe I knew not what to do when I ſhould get up; and at night I have been afraid to lie down, becauſe I knew, that when the night was ſpent, it would only lead to the nothingneſs of the next day. Many a ſummer-afternoon have I ſpent, ſtretched on

a ſopha, and looking through a window, with a book in my hand, unable either to read the book, or to venture forth into the fields; and many a winter-night has been employed in doing little more than ſitting in an eaſy chair, and gazing at the fire. In this ſtate I have been ſometimes tempted to wiſh for the perfect torpor of patient dullneſs. Without the activity of thought, I was liable to the reproach of thinking; and, inſtead of the quiet in which vacant ſouls are rocked by Indolence, I found her ſlumbers, like the broken ſleep of a fever, weary, inſtead of refreſhing me. I frequently felt twitches of mind from a ſenſe of my own inactive uſeleſſneſs; and the accounts I ſometimes received of the ſucceſs in projects of ambition of others whom I knew, and once thought my inferiors, added poignancy to my ſelf-reproach.

I made an effort to diſpel my ſorrows, by keeping company with my neighbours. Moſt of them were indeed diſtant; but diſtance in that part of the country is no bar to viſits. In the ſociety of my neighbours, however, I found no amuſement; the inhabitants of the country had no converſation which could afford me any pleaſure; and the company of ſome *bucks*, who came from town to reſide a few months for the ſake of ſport, was ſtill more intolerable. The only connection I had with them aroſe from their abuſing my ſervants, and breaking down my fences.

I ſometimes received a viſit from *Atticus*, and a few other friends, with whom I had always kept up a correſpondence, and for whom I ſtill entertained the moſt ſincere regard. But even their viſits did not yield me much enjoyment. Every year I found growing more and more upon me a ſhyneſs, a reſerve, and an aukwardneſs, which diminiſhed my pleaſure even in the company of thoſe who had been my moſt intimate friends. When they came to ſee me, I felt myſelf different from them; I wiſhed to hide myſelf from their ſight. In their uſeful talents,

talents, in the activity of their minds, there was a reproof to my ſituation which I could not eaſily bear; when they were gone, I felt a greater blank than ever, and upbraided myſelf for prizing ſo little their excellent company.

Such now is, and ſuch for many years paſt has been, the tenor of my life. I could picture it out more fully by a variety of other particulars; but I muſt have already tired you, and I haſten to a concluſion.

It may perhaps be aſked, To what purpoſe this ſo long detail? I anſwer, To caution others, who have not had my experience, againſt the errors I have committed. There is a certain delicacy of mind which is not incompatible with the higheſt ambition; but when that ambition receives a check in its early beginning, when that delicacy is hurt by ſome unexpected and ſore misfortune, a perſon of ſuch a character is apt to quarrel with the world, and to ſeek for happineſs without its range. But let your readers, Sir, particularly thoſe of a warm and romantic caſt, be aſſured, that happineſs is not thus to be found. Men were born to live in ſociety; and from ſociety only can happineſs be derived. Let them not, therefore, in a moment of diſguſt, give up the ordinary cares and projects of the world, and indulge in ideas of that viſionary bliſs which exiſts only in romantic pictures and deluſive repreſentations of ſolitude and retirement. Let not one diſappointment, nor even a ſeries of diſappointments, induce them to abandon the common road of life.—'Tis only a pettiſh child, when it is croſſed, that is intitled to ſpurn from it its toy of happineſs.

I remember to have read in a letter, of *Shenſtone's*, if I miſtake not, ſomething to the following purpoſe: "You and I, my friend, left happineſs "when we deviated from the turnpike-road of "life. Wives, children, alliances, viſits, the ordi-"nary employments of the world, are neceſſary in-"gredients of happineſs. A man with them may,

" from a variety of cauſes, be abundantly miſerable;
" but without them he cannot be happy."——From long experience, I can bear a full teſtimony to the truth of this remark.——I am, &c.

HORTENSIUS.

P.

Nº 10.——Saturday, April 9, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago, I retired to a family-ſeat in a remote part of Scotland, where I have paſſed my time ever ſince. There the management and improvement of my eſtate, the ſociety of a few friends, and a good collection of books, enabled me to paſs my days in a manner much to my ſatisfaction; and there I experienced more happineſs than you, Sir, accuſtomed to great cities, will perhaps readily believe.

Some weeks ago, a piece of important family buſineſs brought me to town. The morning after I arrived, I ſent for a tailor, wiſhing to make a decent appearance in your city; which, by the way, I found ſo much changed ſince I had left it, that till I got into what is now called the *Old Town*, I did not know where I was, and could not recognize the ancient duſky capital of Caledonia. As I was at no time very attentive to dreſs, and as now I only wiſhed to comply ſo far with the faſhion of the times, as not to offend thoſe with whom I was to mingle in ſociety, I deſired my tailor to make me a plain ſuit of clothes, leaving the choice of the colour,

&c.

&c. entirely to him. Next day, he brought me home a blue frock, a ſcarlet waiſtcoat, with gold buttons, and a pair of black ſilk breeches. I could not help obſerving, that I ſhould have preferred a plain ſuit, all of a piece, to the party-coloured garment in which he had decked me. But he ſhut my mouth, by ſaying, that it was quite the faſhion; that every body wore it; that he had made a ſuit of the ſame kind for Mr. ——, one of his beſt cuſtomers, who informed him that at London nothing elſe was worn.

Being engaged to dine at the houſe of a gentleman high in office, I dreſſed myſelf in my new ſuit; and when I joined the company, which was numerous, I found that my tailor had done me juſtice, almoſt every body being preciſely in the ſame dreſs; and ſome of the gueſts were of the firſt diſtinction.

After the uſual compliments were over, the converſation turned upon the excellence of the preſent adminiſtration. Above all the virtues and the talents of the firſt miniſter were mentioned in the warmeſt terms of approbation. One talked of his eloquence in public debate, and in that particular gave him the preference to all his cotemporaries: another dwelt upon his wiſdom and ſagacity in counſel, ſo aſtoniſhing at his early years: a third expatiated upon his pure and unblemiſhed character, and mentioned the happineſs the country might expect from a miniſter who carried into office every virtue which could adorn private life. Although no politician or party-man, I, as a good citizen, and a well-wiſher to my country, felt a real ſatisfaction from this flattering account of our preſent ſituation: yet I at length began to wiſh that the converſation would take ſome other turn, and become a little more general. There were in company men of diſtinguiſhed name in the literary world, and I longed to hear them on ſome ſubject of literature. In this view, though naturally ſhy in the company of ſtrangers, I endeavoured to in-

troduce ſome topics of that kind: but all my attempts proved fruitleſs, and the converſation immediately recurred to its original channel. In a word, Sir, we parted as we met, reſounding the praiſes of the miniſter, and of the meaſures of the preſent adminiſtration.

Next day I went to dine at the houſe of Lord ——, to whom I have the honour of being related. I found aſſembled a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Soon after I entered the room we were called to dinner; and at table I had the good fortune to be placed next to the beautiful and ſprightly Lady ——. As upon the former day, ſo here, the converſation ſoon turned upon the preſent adminiſtration; but, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, the opinion of every perſon preſent was in every particular directly oppoſite to every opinion I had heard the day before. I was now told that in the hands of a *preſumptuous boy*, (for ſo the miniſter was termed), the nation muſt go to ruin;—that nothing could ſave us but placing at the head of affairs a man of diſtinguiſhed abilities, of a bold and vigorous mind, capable of planning and executing ſuch meaſures as could alone reſtore the empire to its priſtine glory. After canvaſſing the public character of the miniſter, they proceeded to an inveſtigation of his private deportment, in which they did not ſeem diſpoſed to allow him thoſe virtues and good qualities which, on the former day, I had heard ſo highly extolled. In this converſation the Ladies bore a part, and ſeemed to be as warmly intereſted as the men.

I ventured to aſk Lady —— what objection ſhe had to Mr. Pitt? "O, I can't bear him," ſaid ſhe, "he does not like us; and the only mark of atten-"tion he ever paid us, was impoſing an odious "burden upon our ruffs and aprons." At that inſtant I happened to unbutton my coat, and Lady —— immediately exclaimed, "Lord, Sir, "are you a Pittite? I took you for one of us."—

I, though

I, though ſurpriſed at the queſtion, anſwered gravely, that I was no more a *Pittite* than a *Hittite*. "Then, Sir, why do you wear a red waiſtcoat? "I am ſick at the very ſight of it. Why are you "not in *Buff?* I would not give a farthing for a "man but in Buff."

This obſervation called my attention to the dreſs of the gentlemen at table, and I found that all of them were dreſſed in buff waiſtcoats, to which ſome of them, who appeared to be moſt zealous in their political principles, had added buff breeches. I then proceeded to examine the dreſs of the Ladies, and found that moſt of them wore a fox's tail by way of decoration in their head-dreſs. My neighbour Lady —— teſtified her attachment to the ex-miniſter, by another piece of dreſs, which I own I found a little offenſive. She wore a large *muff*, made of the ſkin of our common red fox, which, from ſome error, I preſume, in the method of preparing it, had a perfume not the moſt agreeable in the world. I could not help remarking this to Lady ——, who, with great good humour, admitted that my obſervation was juſt; but added, turning round her muff upon a beautiful well-turned arm, "that were it ten times worſe, ſhe would "wear it for the ſake of her dear *Carlo*."

In ſhort, Sir, I now find that the good people of your town are divided into two oppoſite parties, and that a ſpirit of faction univerſally prevails. Amidſt thoſe zealots by whom I am ſurrounded, I find myſelf in an aukward and unpleaſant ſituation. I am a plain man, and though I love my king and country, and have as high a veneration for the Britiſh conſtitution as any man in the iſland, I have ever been an enemy to faction, and have always thought that men in a private ſtation, like me, were not called upon, and indeed not intitled to take a violent concern in affairs of ſtate, or the government of the nation. With theſe principles I find, that I am not acceptable to either party. My *red* waiſt-

coat, which, now that I have got it, I am unwilling to throw aſide, gives me at firſt ready acceſs to the *Pittites*; but when they find that I cannot enter into all their ideas, they conſider me either as an enemy in diſguiſe, or what is perhaps ſtill worſe in their eyes, as a lukewarm friend. On the other hand, the *Foxites*, who, from my dreſs, conſider me as attached to the oppoſite faction, ſeemed to be diſpleaſed with me for not taking part againſt them with ſufficient keenneſs and ſpirit; they talk of me as a *Trimmer*, and plainly inſinuate, that my only object is to keep well with both parties, and avoid giving offence to either.

In this hard ſituation, I have reſolved to apply to you for advice. In my own name then, and in the name of all thoſe who, like myſelf, have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from either of the contending parties, be ſo good as point out what conduct one ought to purſue, who, though intereſted in the general welfare of his country, feels no inclination to connect himſelf with either of the parties who are now ſtruggling for the government of it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

NEUTER.

I am the better qualified to adviſe my correſpondent *Neuter*, from having experienced the ſame diſtreſs myſelf. About a year ago, when the conteſt between the oppoſite parties was at its greateſt height, I was a good deal puzzled how to act. A friend to whom I communicated my diſtreſs, adviſed me to get both a red and a buff waiſtcoat, and to wear them alternately. But it occurred to me, that wearing the diſtinguiſhing badge of both parties, might have the appearance of ſomething deceitful, and might expoſe me to a worſe appellation than that of *Trimmer*.

mer. After due deliberation, therefore, I equipped myſelf in a ſuit of *black*, which I reſolved to wear till the preſent diſſentions ſhould ſubſide. I have adhered rigidly to this reſolution, except that ſometimes when I wiſh to make a ſmarter figure than common, I enliven my dreſs by putting on a brown or a grey frock over my black waiſtcoat. Partly by this prudent caution, and partly by my known indolence of character, I have continued to ſteer tolerably well between the contending factions, without giving offence even to the zealots of either.

In Britain we enjoy the moſt perfect ſyſtem of freedom that ever exiſted in any ſociety. But from the very nature of our government, we muſt neceſſarily be expoſed to the violence of faction; and when the ſpirit of party runs high, when the fever is at the height, it naturally breaks out into external appearances, always ridiculous, and ſometimes whimſical to the laſt degree.

The little extravagancies of which I complain, are not confined to thoſe who may be conſidered as belonging in ſome meaſure to the party whoſe livery they wear. We daily ſee men poſſeſſing no political influence, and equally incapable of ſupporting adminiſtration as of aiding oppoſition, engaging keenly in party; and, like the fabled fly upon the wheel, fondly imagining that the machine of government is accelerated or retarded by them. Even the loweſt and moſt inſignificant of mankind take upon them to inliſt under the banners of a Pitt or a Fox, and to aſſume the badges of that party to which they hope to be drawn from their own natural inſignificance.

Were this fully confined to the men, I ſhould regret it leſs. But unhappily a ſpirit of party prevails with equal, if not greater violence among the ladies. My illuſtrious predeceſſor, the Spectator, juſtly obſerves, that "party-rage is a male vice, "made up of many angry and cruel paſſions, that are "altogether repugnant to the ſoftneſs, the modeſty,

" and thoſe other endearing qualities which are " natural to the fair ſex." After recording the *party-patches* by which the ladies of thoſe days marked their political principles, Mr. Addiſon expreſſes himſelf in theſe words: " This account of party-" patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to " thoſe who live at a diſtance from the faſhionable " world: but as it is a diſtinction of a very ſingu-" lar nature, and what, perhaps, may never meet " with a parallel, I think I ſhould not have diſ-" charged the office of a faithful *Spectator*, had not " I recorded it."

Every one who attends to the progreſs and change of manners muſt be ſtruck with this paſſage. The enormity of which Mr. Addiſon here complains, and which he ſeems to ſuppoſe would hardly be believed by thoſe who had not ſeen it, conſiſted in this, that at the Opera and Playhouſe, a *Whig* beauty wore her patches on one ſide of her forehead, while a *Tory* toaſt patched upon the other. Had the fair of the preſent times diſtinguiſhed their political principles in the ſame inoffenſive manner, had they gone no farther than wearing thoſe tails and muffs mentioned by my correſpondent, I, who am ever averſe to find fault with their conduct, might have been diſpoſed to wink at the abſurdity of placing the tail of a fox on the head of a fine woman; and it is with pleaſure I remark, that the Ladies of *Edinburgh* have contented themſelves with ſuch little eccentricities of appearance, and never indulged in thoſe exceſſes which prevailed in other parts of the iſland, particularly in the capital. There, I am ſorry to ſay, our female politicians have gone much farther, and have exerted themſelves in ſupport of their party, in a manner much more decided and more vigorous. We have ſeen " the firſt and faireſt of " our Britiſh dames" marching under the banners of the " Man of the People," or of " Pitt and " Conſtitution," expoſing their charms to the view and to the inſults of a lewd rabble, mingling in

ſcenes

ſcenes in which nothing but neceſſity and a ſenſe of duty could engage any *man* of delicacy and taſte to bear a part. If Mr. Addiſon thought that the party-patches of his fair cotemporaries might appear improbable, what would he have ſaid had he lived to ſee what we have ſeen! To check the little improprieties of his day, he employed his delicate ſatire, his fine and elegant raillery: But had he witneſſed the enormities of which I complain, he perhaps might have thought that the keen cauſtic of a Juvenal would not have been too ſevere.

Perhaps it may be thought that I have ſaid more than was neceſſary, upon a temporary ebullition of party-zeal, which it is to be hoped has now ſubſided. But I own I am always ſenſibly hurt with any thing which affects the purity and delicacy of the ſex.—Beſides, the contagion of ſuch an example ſpreads far and wide: it is not confined to one place, or to the preſent time; it taints the manners of the riſing generation, who, by ſeeing and hearing of ſuch enormities, may become familiariſed with them, may in their time be led to imitate their mothers, and, if poſſible, to indulge in ſtill greater exceſſes. Indeed, if our Ladies go on improving as politicians, and as tools of a party, I ſhall not be ſurpriſed, if, in a few years, duels, which ſeem now to be going out of faſhion among the men, ſhould become faſhionable among the women. We may then read in the papers ſuch paragraphs as the following:

"Yeſterday a duel was fought in Hyde-Park be-
"tween the Counteſs of —— and Lady ——.
"The Counteſs received a ſhot in her left curl, and
"Lady —— eſcaped a dangerous wound by means
"of a large black buſhy muff, in which the ball of
"her antagoniſt happily lodged. The ſeconds then
"interpoſed, and the combatants were parted with-
"out further miſchief. We are told the quarrel
"between theſe celebrated beauties was occaſioned
"by ſome high words which paſſed between them
"on the huſtings in Covent-Garden, where the

"Counteſs

" Counteſs appeared in ſupport of Sir H. W. the " miniſterial candidate, and Lady —— in ſupport " of Mr. J. R. the popular candidate."

" We hear Lady —— has, at the earneſt de- " ſire of her huſband, and of all the friends of that " ancient family, declined to fight Mrs. —— till " after ſhe is brought to bed; ſo that the duel can- " not take place for ſome months. The quarrel " took its riſe from ſomething that dropped from " Mrs. —— in preſſing into the gallery of the " Houſe of Commons, to hear the debate on Mr. " ——'s motion for regulating trade and naviga- " tion."

As however, I would not wiſh to part with my fair readers (for whom I entertain the trueſt reſpect and regard) in bad humour, I muſt aſſure them, that I make theſe remarks, that I venture this remonſtrance, not with the ſeverity of a cenſor, but with the anxiety of a friend. I know both the extent and the importance of their power; and, for the ſake of our ſex as much as theirs, I wiſh them not to forfeit it, by a departure from that modeſty, that gentleneſs, thoſe feminine graces, which are the ſupports of an influence ſo eſſential to the manners and to the happineſs of ſociety.

R.

Nº 11.——Saturday, April 16, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

Occupatus nihil agendo.

SIR,

As I have the honour of being your namesake, and descended from an ancient race of Loungers, I rejoiced when I was informed, that one of our illustrious name and family began to make a figure in the literary world, and to publish his lucubrations weekly in the capital of Scotland. I have spent a great part of my life in studying the genealogies, histories, and characters of the several branches of our flourishing family. With this view, I have visited every city, town, and village in the kingdom, and have had the happiness to meet with near relations in every place, except Paisley, Kilmarnock, and a few dirty manufacturing towns. From the observations I have made in my travels, I am fully convinced, that, if all the members of our family take in your paper, you will be the most popular and successful writer of the present age, and your works will pass through more editions than either the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Robinson Crusoe*.

The chief object of all my travels has been, to collect materials for a great work, in which I have been engaged about fifty years. It is one of the peculiar excellencies of our family to do nothing in haste. This famous work will be intitled, *Biographia Loungeriana Scotica*, or, The Lives of the most eminent Loungers of Scotland, from the reign of Fergus I. to the present times. It will make two ponderous volumes in folio, to be published by subscription. The price to subscribers will be *only* six guineas; but to those unfortunate gentlemen who neglect to subscribe, the price may be, I know not how

how much. The firſt volume will contain the Lives of the *Strenuous* Loungers, and the ſecond, the Lives of the *Indolent* Loungers. Theſe are the two great branches into which our family is divided. Each volume will be adorned with twenty copper-plates, engraved by the moſt eminent artiſts, repreſenting the eaſieſt and moſt graceful poſtures for lounging in coaches, coffee-houſes, taverns, drawing-rooms, play-houſes, aſſembly-rooms, churches, colleges, courts of juſtices, &c. &c. Theſe plates will be of great utility, not only to fine ladies and fine gentlemen, but alſo to politicians, preachers, profeſſors, ſtudents, lawyers, judges, and many others of all ranks. The frontiſpiece will be an elegant drawing of the outer Parliament-houſe in the middle of the ſeſſion. To engage gentlemen to do themſelves the honour to ſubſcribe, I ſend you a ſhort article, which I beg you will publiſh in your entertaining Paper, as a ſpecimen of this excellent work.

" My late couſin, *Sir Thomas Lounger*, of *Loiterhall*, in *Lingerdale*, was the eldeſt ſon of my good uncle Sir Timothy, and his Lady *Mrs. Suſan Dowdy*, of the *Slatterington* family. Sir Timothy died of a lethargy, with which he had been long afflicted; and Sir Thomas came to the poſſeſſion of the eſtate and honours of his anceſtors in the twenty-ſecond year of his age. But the eſtate was then in a very bad condition in all reſpects. Two-thirds of the rents would hardly pay the intereſt of the debts—the manſion-houſe was an old, cold, damp, ruinous caſtle, in the middle of a great moraſs—the farms were almoſt in a ſtate of nature, the rents ſmall and ill paid; the extenſive moors and hills yielded little or nothing.

Sir Thomas was then a ſtrong, healthy, young man; and as he had been two winters at the college of Aberdeen, and thought himſelf much wiſer and cleverer than any of his forefathers, he determined to retrieve the ruined fortunes and revive the faded honours

honours of his family, by paying off all his debts, repairing or rebuilding his caſtle, draining his moraſs, improving his farms, cultivating his moors, and planting his hills. But he determined to do all this in the wiſeſt, moſt cautious, and prudent manner; and never to engage in any undertaking till he had examined every circumſtance, and provided againſt every obſtacle and difficulty.

Sir Thomas ſpent ſeveral years in forming plans for the payment of his debts, which he found not ſo eaſy a matter as he had imagined. At length he hit upon one which he believed would do the buſineſs effectually. He propoſed to go to the Eaſt Indies, to dethrone half a dozen *Rajahs*, cut the throats of half a million of their ſubjects, and come home with three or four hundred thouſand pounds in his pocket. This project pleaſed him mightily for ſome time, until he began to reflect on the great diſtance of the Eaſt Indies, the danger of his being drowned in going or returning, and the ſtill greater danger of being damned, if he deſtroyed ſo many of his fellow-creatures, to enrich himſelf; which made him give up all thoughts of becoming a Nabob. The next ſcheme Sir Thomas formed for the payment of his debts pleaſed him better, as it was not attended with ſo much danger either to his ſoul or body.—When he was about fifty years of age, he came to a reſolution to marry ſome beautiful young lady, of an honourable ancient family, with a prodigious fortune, that would enable him to pay all his debts, and execute all his projects. He ſpent ſeveral years in ſearching for ſuch a lady, and at length fixed on Miſs Betty Plum. It is true, Miſs Betty was neither young nor handſome, and her grandfather had been a cobler, but ſhe had a great fortune; and after a violent ſtruggle between poverty and pride, he reſolved to ſtoop and make his addreſſes. But while he was meditating on the moſt effectual method of doing this, he received the unwelcome news, that his intended bride had married an Iriſh fortune-hunter.

hunter. My couſin behaved very much like a gentleman on this occaſion. He called Miſs Betty all the bad names he had ever heard, curſed the whole ſex, and foreſwore matrimony for ever.

While Sir Thomas was forming ſchemes for the payment of his debts, he was not unmindful of his old caſtle, and got many plans, ſome for repairing, and ſome for rebuilding it, for draining the moraſs, and laying it into a lawn, with gardens, orchards, walks, villas, &c. But at laſt he found that this would be more expenſive than building a new ſeat in the modern taſte; and he very wiſely determined to build a moſt elegant convenient manſion, for the future reſidence of his family. But he as wiſely reſolved not to lay one ſtone, until he had found the moſt healthy, pleaſant, and commodious ſpot in his whole eſtate. Many a long day did he wander in ſearch of this ſpot, but never could find one to his mind. One was too high, another too low; one too damp, another too dry; the proſpect from one was too confined, from another too extenſive.

Sir Thomas never forgot the improvement of his farms. That was his favourite taſte and ſtudy. He choſe the moſt proper places for building ſubſtantial convenient farm-houſes; he traced and marked the line of all the hedges, ditches, and walls, that would be neceſſary for incloſing his fields, gardens, and orchards; he carefully examined the ſoil of every field, and ſettled the methods of cultivation that would be moſt proper for each, to bring it to the higheſt poſſible degree of fertility: in this he was much aſſiſted by the painful peruſal of ſeveral excellent ſyſtems of agriculture, compoſed in the garrets of Grub-ſtreet. When he had got all in readineſs, he aſſembled his tenants in the great hall of his caſtle, laid his plans before them, and in a long elaborate diſcourſe, explained how they were to be carried into execution, concluding with a demand of two guineas a-year of rent for every acre. This harangue, particularly the concluding ſentence, produced

duced various ſtrong emotions in the audience. Some grinned, others groaned; ſome laughed, others cried; ſome curſed, others prayed: but all declared that they would not give one farthing more rent, nor change their methods of huſbandry in the leaſt. Sir Thomas was greatly enraged at the obſtinacy of his tenants, and diſcharged a dreadful volley of oaths and threats upon them; but when his paſſion ſubſided, and he began to reflect that they were all of his own clan, deſcended from the younger brothers and baſtards of the family, he could not find in his heart to turn any of them out of their farms.

My couſin was equally induſtrious, and as unſucceſsful, in his ſchemes for cultivating his moors.—For when he had, by long thought and ſtudy, formed one of the moſt beautiful plans in the world for that purpoſe, he never could find any perſon who would execute any part of it.

But ſtill the planting of his hills promiſed every thing. By long and laborious inveſtigations, he found, that they would admit ten millions of trees, and that theſe trees, when forty years old, would be worth ten millions Sterling, which would make him the richeſt ſubject in Europe. Tranſported with joy at this proſpect, he determined to loſe no time. He actually collected ten buſhels of beech-maſt, and an equal quantity of acorns, and wanted nothing but a proper place for a nurſery, to begin his operations; but ſtaying abroad too late, one evening in April, in ſearch of ſuch a place, he got a violent cold, which threw him into a fever, of which he died, in the ſeventy-fifth year of his age, in the ſame tattered bed and ruinous caſtle in which he was born; his debts unpaid, his moraſs undrained, his farms unimproved, his moors uncultivated, and his hills unplanted."

With a heavy heart, I attended the precious remains of my dear couſin to his grave, and ſaw a ſtone laid upon it, with this inſcription:

" Hic

" Hic jacet
Illuſtriſſimus Dominus *Thomas Lounger*
de Loiterhall, Baronettus.
Dum vixit,
Multa propoſuit,
Nihil perfecit,
Secundum morem
Loungeriorum."

I am, &c.

L. I.

No. 12.——Saturday, April 23, 1785.

Hippocrates——in his chapter of Hats.

Mock Doctor.

It has often been remarked, that men are apt to diſplay more of their real character in circumſtances apparently ſlight and unimportant, than in the greater and more momentous actions of life. Our behaviour, or even the remark we may drop upon ſome ſeemingly trifling occurrence, will often ſtrongly denote the real complexion of our mind; and it is upon this account that we admire ſo much the happy talent of thoſe writers who, by a well choſen circumſtance, contrive at once to paint and make us acquainted with the character of the perſons whom they wiſh to deſcribe.

The great paſſions which actuate men in the purſuits of life, preſent little diverſity of features to afford any juſt diſcrimination of character. Beſides, in conducting the purſuits to which theſe paſſions incite, men are taught to be upon their guard: they are reſtrained by the cuſtoms and opinions of the world, and, under a kind of diſguiſe, are conſtantly acting

acting an artificial part. But in the more trifling circumſtances of manner and behaviour, and in the more ordinary occurrences of life, which tend to no particular object, and in which therefore men are leſs upon their guard, any diſguiſe is forgot to be aſſumed, and we give way to the natural caſt of our mind and diſpoſition. It is there we are apt to betray thoſe peculiar features of character, and thoſe often nice ſhades of diſtinction, that difference and diſcriminate us from one another.

I have often amuſed myſelf with thinking, that, even in what may be deemed very ſlight circumſtances of outward deportment and manner, I could diſtinctly trace ſomething of the peculiar character of the man. There are particulars in our ordinary demeanor and appearance which are more connected with our turn of mind than we are apt to ſuſpect, and more eſpecially when they are ſuch as from conſtant and daily repetition neceſſarily become familiar to us. I remember that a friend of mine, who was a great obſerver of thoſe ſmaller traits which eſcaped others, aſſured me, that in the circle of his acquaintance he could, in the pace and manner of walking of each, mark out ſomething which indicated its ariſing from the particular temper and diſpoſition of the man. Nay, even where the manner of walking was the reſult, not of nature, but of affectation, he uſed to ſay, he could thence alſo diſcover the character; and that, independent of the meanneſs of affectation in ſo frivolous a circumſtance, we might be certain that the affected pace was aſſumed to give the appearance of ſome quality which the perſon wiſhed to poſſeſs, and knew himſelf to want. "La gravité," ſays Rochefoucault, "eſt un myſtere du corps, in-"venté pour cacher les defauts de l'eſprit." In confirmation of this, I remember that I once knew a Noble Lord who affected on all occaſions a very ſlow and ſolemn pace, walking even acroſs the room, or from one room to another, with all the leiſurely ſolemnity of an uſher at a funeral; but no one had ſat at table with

with his Lordſhip for a ſingle hour, without being ſufficiently convinced, from his coarſe jokes and horſe-laugh, that real dignity was no feature of his mind, and that he wiſhed to ſupply the want, by what he fancied a very dignified gait, and manner of walking.

I happened, not long ſince, to be at an election-dinner, where, as is uſually the caſe, the company was very numerous, very noiſy, and very dull. In taking our places at table, I chanced, unfortunately, to be ſeparated from ſome friends whom I had wiſhed to ſit by; and finding none near me from whoſe converſation I could derive much entertainment, I was left to amuſe myſelf with my own reflections on the crowd, and noiſe, and confuſion, which ſurrounded me. I happened at laſt to caſt my eyes upon the oppoſite ſide of the room, where I perceived that every one ſeated in that row had hung up his hat on the wall behind him. Upon ſurveying theſe hats, and remarking that each had ſomething particular, which, to an attentive obſerver, differenced it from its neighbour, I began next to indulge my imagination, in fitting the hat to the head of its owner, and in trying if the diſtinguiſhing figure of each hat did not correſpond with ſomething in the manner and character of the perſon to whom it appertained.

From the military hat and the navy hat, I could learn nothing; theſe, like their owners, being too much under regulation and diſcipline to admit of any diverſity. It was amongſt the other hats only that I could expect a field for obſervation. The firſt which attracted my attention was a very new and gloſſy hat, made up and cocked in the very extremity of the faſhion. Had it been graced with a cockade, I ſhould have proceeded to the next; but wanting that, I looked below to find out the owner, and ſoon diſcovered, that it could belong to none but a young barriſter, who is leſs ſtudious of his brief than of being thought a man of faſhion, above the pedantry of his profeſſion, and I think is very likely to attain his wiſh.

wiſh. The next hat was juſt the reverſe of the former. It was of a form and cock that has been out of date theſe ten years, and yet withal it ſeemed new. Cloſe below it, I diſcerned the careful owner, who, for fear of accidents, had cautiouſly placed himſelf near. He is rich and penurious; and by the moſt wretched ſaving, has amaſſed a fortune. Contiguous to theſe hung a hat which appeared to have ſuffered more by negligence than by age. It ſeemed to have been intended to be moderately faſhionable; but from the inattention of its owner, had its air and form a good deal impaired. It was the property of a learned philoſopher who ſat not far diſtant, and who is too much abſorbed in abſtract ſpeculation, to give attention to circumſtances of dreſs. Not far diſtant hung a hat ſeemingly freſh and new, excepting in its front angle, where the cock was ſo ſqueezed, compreſſed, and crumpled, as ſufficiently to denote its very familiar acquaintance with the hand of its owner. I had no difficulty in appropriating it.—Its maſter is the moſt complaiſant man in town, knows every body, is conſtantly in the ſtreet, and in places of public reſort, and bows with the moſt reſpectful attention to every one he meets. Near this laſt was a hat which for ſome time puzzled me what to make of it. It was neither new nor old; it was neither much in nor much out of the faſhion; and ſeemed to be a ſtrange mixture between the old faſhion and the new, with a kind of ſtudied endeavour to be moſt of the latter. After ſome time, I believe I hit upon its owner. He is a gentleman who wiſhes to be of the faſhion as far as his affection to his money, which is the ſtronger principle with him, will permit; and his whole life is a warfare between his vanity and his avarice.

On the next peg was ſtuck a round riding-hat, with a broad brim flapp'd down, and a double hat-band, which, however, inſtead of ſurrounding it at the proper place, had ſtarted, like the hoops of a ſtaved caſk, and was ſeen looſe upon its top; it was covered

covered partly with powder, and partly with dirt, half bruſhed, and had ſeveral little cuts on the crown. I eaſily diſcovered the owner, though his place was a good way off; a tall ſtout-looking young man, who ſat near the bottom of the table, with his arm thrown negligently over the back of his own chair, and his leg, on which was a rumpled boot, reſting on the croſs-bar of the chair next him; from which attitude he was only moved by our toaſt-maſter's frequent calls for a bumper, which command he very religiouſly obeyed. I was too diſtant to profit by his converſation, of which however he ſeemed very ſparing, being of that order of *Bucks* who have been taught to drink long before they have learned to ſpeak.

After this there was a blank, the peg immediately adjoining being occupied by no hat whatever. On looking below I diſcovered the perſon whoſe hat ſhould have filled it. He was dreſſed in a ſhining ſuit, his waiſtcoat ſplendidly embroidered, at the breaſt of which appeared a quantity of rich lac'd ruffle. He ſat erect in his chair, and ſeemed moved by no intruſive idea, except when ſometimes he ſhrunk with fear, if perchance a bottle tripp'd on the joinings of the table, or a glaſs was ſpilled by an aukward neighbour. His hat was only a bit of black ſilk, of which I diſcovered the corner ſticking out of his pocket, his foretop being too nicely dreſſed to admit of any covering. But I believe I ſuffered nothing from the want of any diſtinguiſhing mark of his character or diſpoſition. The man is in reality nothing; 'tis his coat only that makes a figure in the world. As for emotions, paſſions, virtue, or knowledge, he puts them, like his hat, into his pocket.

After this ſurvey, at which, perhaps, ſome of my readers will ſmile, I amuſed myſelf with conſidering how in this ſlight particular of dreſs we may be apt to diſcover our character, and even upon the bit of beaver with which we cover our heads, to

ſtamp

ſtamp ſomewhat of the image of our minds. I was pleaſed with thinking, that however men may wrap themſelves up in artificial diſguiſe in the greater actions of life; yet even amidſt all their concealments, there are circumſtances to be found where nature will diſcover itſelf, and by which an attentive and diligent obſerver may be able to read the real character of the man.

I have often thought of diſcovering amongſt the ladies ſome circumſtances which might lead me to diſtinguiſh their characters in the ſame way that the hat diſcriminates thoſe of the gentlemen. But I found them ſo little free agents in this matter, ſo much the uniform creation of milliners and hair-dreſſers, that it was impoſſible to trace any characteriſtical mark about them. All my efforts, therefore, have hitherto been baffled; and I was about to have abandoned the thing as impoſſible, till a Lady who has lived much in the world, to whom I mentioned my difficulty, very lately aſſured me, that ſhe can furniſh me with a pretty remarkable particular which will perfectly anſwer the purpoſe, and that ſhe will impart to me a ſet of obſervations which ſhe herſelf has made, to confirm the certainty of the teſt. When ſhe is pleaſed to favour me with theſe, they ſhall be communicated to my readers.

D.

No 13.——Saturday, April 30, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I Inherited from my anceſtors an eſtate of about £. 1000 a-year; and as I never had any deſire for figuring in the world, I married, early in life, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, and till of late years lived at home, ſatisfied with the ſociety of my friends and neighbours. I found my fortune fully ſufficient for my purpoſes; and was in hopes that I might provide decently for my young children, who are four in number, without its being neceſſary to part with an eſtate, which, as it had been ſome centuries in our family, I had an old-faſhioned inclination to preſerve in it.

I am ſorry, however, to add, that, from the circumſtances I am now to take the liberty of mentioning, thoſe hopes have given way to proſpects of a very different kind, proſpects unſpeakably mortifying to me, and which ought to be ſtill more diſtreſſing to the reſt of my family.

My eldeſt ſon, as he poſſeſſed but a very limited genius, and ſhewed no propenſity to any particular profeſſion, I wiſhed to follow my own example, and become a country gentleman. But a winter in your city, after having paſſed a few years at one of our univerſities, taught him that this was a plan quite unfit for a young man of ſpirit. As he had there acquired a taſte for what he was pleaſed to call genteel life, by hunting, drinking, and wenching, and gambling with all the idle young men about town, at a greater expence than what ſupported all the reſt of the family at home, I was perſuaded to purchaſe for him a cornetcy of horſe, in compliance with his own earneſt deſire, and in hopes that, by a removal from

from his preſent companions, he might learn to retrench his expences, and be gradually reclaimed from the dangerous habits he had contracted in their ſociety.

While my ſon was thus learning to be a *Gentleman*, my wife thought it no leſs neceſſary that my daughters ſhould learn to be *Ladies*.

Accordingly, when the eldeſt was about thirteen, and the other about twelve years of age, they both left my houſe in the country, and were placed in a boarding-ſchool of the firſt reputation in Edinburgh.

At home they had paſſed their time, as I imagined uſefully, in learning to read, to write, to work, to keep accounts, and to aſſiſt their mother in the little cares of our houſehold. They had been taught to dance; and they ſung, not perhaps with much art or ſkill, but in ſuch a manner as moſt people liſtened to with pleaſure. Theſe attainments, however, were of a very inferior kind to what it was now thought neceſſary they ſhould acquire. They were quickly provided with maſters for all the polite and faſhionable branches of education. They were taught dancing, (for they would not allow what they had learned in the country to deſerve that name), drawing, French, Italian, and muſic; and a female relation, who was kind enough to take ſome charge of them, ſent us the moſt flattering accounts of their progreſs in thoſe various accompliſhments.

When I received the bills of the boarding-miſtreſs, even for the firſt ſeaſon, I was, I muſt confeſs, ſomewhat out of humour; and it required all the eloquence of my wife, and the flattering accounts of her kinſwoman, to perſuade me that the expence was quite ſo well beſtowed as they ſeemed to imagine. It was, however, a trifle, compared to that which followed. In a few years my young miſſes were transformed into young ladies; and as the kindneſs of our female friend procured them an introduction, as ſhe told us, to all the genteel families in town, what between private parties and public places,

where they now began to figure, they very ſeldom found leiſure to be at home. The expence which this occaſioned, added to that of their education (for they ſtill continued to improve themſelves), was ſuch as I could by no means afford to beſtow on two members of my family; eſpecially as it now became neceſſary to fit my two younger boys for the profeſſions they choſe to follow; Jack, the elder, being deſtined for the bar, and Bob for the Eaſt Indies, where, under the protection of an uncle, it was hoped he might one day become a Nabob.

The beauty and accompliſhments of my daughters had now become a favourite topic with my wife and other friends of my family; and to have buried them in a country-retirement, would have been deemed the height of folly and barbarity. For their ſakes, therefore, as well as the education of my ſons, I was now told it was abſolutely neceſſary we ſhould paſs a conſiderable part of the year in Edinburgh.—The ſeparate board I muſt otherwiſe beſtow on my boys and girls, was ſuppoſed to render this a plan of œconomy; and the few objections I made to it were ſilenced, by telling me of many gentlemen, from all parts of the country, who had found this the only method of giving their children a genteel education, without the abſolute ruin of their fortunes.

To theſe reaſons, though not altogether ſatisfied, I gave way. We provided ourſelves with a houſe in town; and, for theſe five years paſt, have ſpent our winters in Edinburgh, and only retired to the country, like other faſhionable people, at the end of the ſeaſon, when it becomes neceſſary that one part of the family ſhould provide health, and another money, for the gaiety of the next.

During this period, I have witneſſed the full effect of that faſhionable education I had beſtowed on my daughters; and it is now ſome years that they have joined to the other pleaſures of a town-life, the envied diſtinction of Beauties and *Toaſts*.

You

You will eaſily conceive how much this muſt have gratified the vanity of a mother. My own, Sir, was not altogether proof againſt it; nor can I deny the pleaſure it gave me, to find the company of my daughters univerſally ſought after, and to ſee their beauty attract all eyes, in every company, and at every public place in which they appeared. I ſoon, however, found the effects of this diſtinction to be very different from thoſe which the ſanguine expectations of ſome of us had ſuggeſted. Our houſe indeed was filled with viſitors in the morning, and in the evening my girls were attended at public places by many of the gay young men of rank and fortune. But the faſhion of beauties is ſcarce more laſting than that of the dreſs they wear. The admiration which my daughters for ſome time attracted now ſenſibly declines; and amidſt the crowd of admirers which turned their heads, I do not find there has been one whoſe admiration led to any other conſequence, than that of gratifying his own vanity, and feeding theirs by a temporary homage to their faſhion and their beauty. My poor girls, meanwhile, have contracted a habit of living, and a turn of thinking, which will prevent any ſenſible man of their own ſtation from thinking of them as companions for life; and which, I fear, would ill qualify them for ſuch a ſituation, if it ſhould be offered them, or if their own vanity could allow them to ſtoop to it.

Jack has been now ſome time at the bar, and at firſt gave hopes of ſuch application as would probably have enſured ſucceſs. But he has not been proof againſt the vanity of keeping that faſhionable company to which the ſituation of my family gave him acceſs; and now ſpends his time in a continued circle of idleneſs and expence, with ſuch young men of fortune as think it an honour done him to admit him of their parties, and will deſpiſe him, perhaps too juſtly, when he can no longer afford to partake of them.

My eldeſt ſon, far from profiting by his military plan, has retained the ſame taſte of life which gave riſe to them. Beſides advancing the price of two commiſſions, I have repeatedly diſcharged debts which he is pleaſed to call debts of honour. After all, he is now obliged to ſell out of the army, and, end where he ſhould have begun, in the life of a country gentleman, with the advantage of having contracted a thorough diſtaſte for it; of having thrown away, in a round of faſhionable vice and extravagance, the plain talents, the honeſt ſentiments, and the ſober diſpoſitions, that qualify men for a ſtation which they are too apt to deſpiſe.

The profuſion of this thoughtleſs boy, added to the expences of my family, has conſumed the ſavings of my happier years; and not only diſabled me from continuing our preſent ſtyle of life, but obliged me to diſpoſe of a conſiderable part of my eſtate, and leaves it very uncertain what reſidue I ſhall be able to preſerve for my own ſupport, and for the proviſion of my family.

Thus, in place of thoſe flattering hopes we had once formed, my wife and I, now in the decline of life, have before us the melancholy proſpect of leaving, as companions for each other, a bankrupt gambler, living embarraſſed and diſtreſſed on the ſhattered remains of a fortune; and two neglected beauties, paying, I am afraid, much too dear for the pleaſure they once derived from that envied diſtinction; while the moſt promiſing of our younger ſons has fallen a prey to the ſame faſhionable folly and extravagance; and the whole hopes of a once flouriſhing family, are left to depend on the doubtful ſucceſs of an Eaſtern adventurer.

Such, Sir, are the conſequences of that prepoſterous faſhion which leads men of moderate fortunes to give their children an education and taſte of life altogether unſuited to the ſituations they are likely to occupy.

Even

Even to thoſe whoſe fortunes enable them to move in the ſphere of faſhionable diſſipation and expence, the real pleaſures and privileges of their ſituation are much leſs conſiderable than they are commonly imagined; but to men of more limited circumſtances, an attempt to riſe into that region of extravagance is fatal indeed; it leads them from the moderate ſtation where every happineſs was to be found, and abandons them to want embittered by diſcontent, and to diſtreſſes heightened by ſelf-reproach.

AGRESTIS.

L.

N° 14.——SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1785.

THEY who live in the buſtle of the world, are not perhaps the beſt or moſt accurate obſervers of the progreſſive change of manners in that ſociety in which they paſs their time. In ſuch a ſituation we adopt the modes and manners of thoſe with whom we live, with ſo much eaſe and facility, that any change is hardly perceptible, or if perceived, leaves but a ſlight impreſſion. Like the alteration produced by time upon the human form, though we know that there is a conſtant change, we do not obſerve it in thoſe with whom we are daily accuſtomed to aſſociate. A ſtranger in a foreign land ſees many beauties, and diſcovers many deformities, which eſcape the eye of a native. To the ſtranger, every object is new; it ſtrikes his imagination, it calls forth his attention, and he views and conſiders it in all its various lights. In judging indeed of what he ſees, his national prejudices may be apt to miſlead him; he may ſuppoſe defects where in truth there are none, and he may exaggerate ſlight imperfections into capital faults.

A perſon who after living a number of years in retirement returns again into ſociety, is ſomewhat in the ſituation of the foreigner. Like him, he is apt to be miſled by prejudices; but, like him too, he remarks many things which eſcape the obſervation of thoſe whoſe ſenſations are blunted by habit, and whoſe attention is leſs awake to the objects around them.

It was this which afforded me ſo much amuſement in the converſation of my new acquaintance *Colonel Cauſtic*, of which I gave my readers ſome account in a former paper. Like the *Sleepers*, when they entered the city of Antioch, Colonel Cauſtic, on coming to Edinburgh after forty years reſidence in the country, found a total change in the appearance, in the dreſs, in the manners, and the cuſtoms of its inhabitants. Every man perhaps, at an advanced age, is more or leſs, a *laudator temporis acti*, and naturally feels a predilection for thoſe happy days when novelty added to the charms of life, and gave a zeſt to every enjoyment. If to this natural feeling be joined any particular cauſe of diſguſt; if, like Colonel Cauſtic, a man has been driven from ſociety by any particular diſappointment or misfortune; if in ſilence and in ſolitude he has ſuffered his diſtreſſes to prey upon his mind: if he has fondly brooded over them for a long courſe of years; he muſt indeed be endowed by nature with a more than common ſhare of philanthropy, to be able to come back into the world without diſcovering marks of ſourneſs and chagrin.

To thoſe cauſes muſt be aſcribed the ſeverity of my friend Cauſtic's obſervations. All his natural good ſenſe and benevolence of diſpoſition could not prevent him from being hurt and affected by a thouſand little improprieties which he perceived, or fancied that he perceived.

But I had ſome time ago an opportunity of ſeeing my friend Cauſtic in a ſituation where, it muſt be owned, there was ſome reaſon for ſeverity of remark.

In

In a former paper, I mentioned the pleaſure I received from attending him to the theatre. As we were waiting in the paſſage till we could get chairs, we found Mr. B———, a cotemporary of Cauſtic's, waiting for his carriage. Mr. B. expreſſed much ſatisfaction at ſeeing his old acquaintance; and after a gentle reproof on the ſcore of viſiting, he begged that Cauſtic and I would do him the honour to dine with him, *ſans façon*, that day week. Cauſtic, after ſtealing a look at me, accepted of the invitation; and I, at the ſame time, agreed to be of the party. When Mr. B. left us, Cauſtic, who had not ſeen him for many years, aſked me ſome queſtions with regard to his ſituation in life. "Why," replied I, "he has become very rich, and it is his "chief wiſh that his friends ſhould enjoy his "wealth. He lives *en Prince*, as you will ſee."— "When I knew him," ſaid Cauſtic, "he was poor "enough; but though a little vain now and then, "he was upon the whole a good well diſpoſed "man."

Upon the day appointed, I attended Cauſtic to Mr. B.'s. We went preciſely at four o'clock, which he had informed us was his hour. Upon entering the houſe, I found the ſervants in the hall, dreſſed out in their laced liveries, with a look of importance in their faces; and there was an air of preparation in every thing we ſaw, from the gilded knockers at the gate to the Gobelins tapeſtry in the drawing-room. Soon after we entered the room, the ſervant announced Lady———. Upon hearing her name, Cauſtic ſtarted from his chair with an uncommon degree of ſatisfaction in his countenance. Lady——— was a beauty of the laſt age, when Cauſtic was a faſhionable man about town. In the height of her beauty, ſhe had retired from the world to dedicate her time to the education of her children. At the age of ſixty-five, ſhe ſtill retains an eye expreſſive of that tempered vivacity, that animated benignity and goodneſs, which equally attracts our

regard and commands our reſpect. In every thing ſhe ſays, ſhe diſcovers a ſound underſtanding, accompanied with a moſt engaging chearfulneſs of diſpoſition, not abated by age, and perhaps rather heightened by the pleaſing reflection on a life ſpent in the uniform practice of every virtue. Lady ——— and Cauſtic had not met for many years. It was with pleaſure I ſaw the reſpectful, yet affectionate manner with which my friend now addreſſed her, and the kind affability with which ſhe on her part received his compliments.

The converſation ſoon turned upon the improvements of this city. Our landlord ſpoke with much fluency on this ſubject; and, addreſſing himſelf to Cauſtic, obſerved, that formerly Edinburgh was in a manner uninhabitable; that thirty years ago there was not a houſe fit for a gentleman to live in; that the pleaſures of ſociety were then unknown; and that we now only begin to know how to live.—Cauſtic admitted, that as a *town* Edinburgh no doubt was improved: "But you muſt forgive me," added he, "for doubting if the ſociety of Edin-" burgh has improved in an equal degree." "Un-" queſtionably it has," ſaid Mr. B. "You muſt " remember the time when there was not a dinner " to be had in any houſe in town; when the men " paſſed their whole time in taverns, and the wo-" men were left alone, to amuſe themſelves as they " beſt could." "There is ſome truth in the ob-" ſervation," ſaid Lady ——; "but yet, upon " the whole, thoſe were not bad times." "I " agree with your Ladyſhip," ſaid Colonel Cauſtic. "It is true we did not then inhabit palaces, " and we ſeldom ſaw thoſe ſumptuous entertain-" ments, where one ſits, between *etiquette* and *ennui*, " labouring through two courſes and a deſert, as I " had the misfortune to do but yeſterday, placed " between a lady who did not chuſe to ſay any " thing, and a gentleman who ſpoke of nothing " but the excellence of the cook, and who, in the " fullneſs

" fullneſs of his heart, communicated to me a new " mode of dreſſing *currie*, which he had juſt re- " ceived from a friend high in office at Calcutta, " by the laſt expreſs over land. For my part," " added the Colonel, " I would not exchange an " hour paſſed in the ſociety I have had the honour " to ſee aſſembled in your Ladyſhip's drawing-room, " for twenty ſuch dinners. There a converſation, " at once gay and polite, afforded the higheſt en- " tertainment of which a rational creature is capa- " ble. There I have ſeen a *Hume* trifling with the " beautiful and the young, and at the ſame time " communicating knowledge and inſtruction in a " manner the moſt pleaſing, ſimple and unaffected. " There I have ſeen a *Hamilton* ſubmitting his " verſes to the correction and criticiſm of a fair " circle, who did not truſt alone to beauty the moſt " ſuperior for the preſervation of their empire over " mankind. There I have ſeen"——" Hold, hold, " my good friend," ſaid Lady ——, " if you run " on at this rate, thoſe ladies (bowing to two " young ladies who ſat oppoſite to her) will think " you as unreaſonably partial to your old friends, " as unjuſt in your eſtimate of modern manners." Here the converſation was interrupted by the arrival of ſome additional gueſts, among whom there was an old gentleman, who, notwithſtanding his age, ſeemed to poſſeſs a great flow of animal ſpirits, and who addreſſed every perſon in company with the ſame undiſtinguiſhing familiarity, and vulgar coarſeneſs of manner. Cauſtic looked at Lady —— with an air of triumph.

Our Landlord now began to diſcover ſymptoms of uneaſineſs. He had more than once informed us that the Counteſs of ——, Lord C. Sir W. D. and ſeveral other perſons of faſhion were to be of the party, not one of whom had hitherto appeared, although it was long paſt the hour of dinner. At length, our ears were aſſailed with a loud noiſe in the ſtair-caſe, and the door opening, Lord

C. Sir W. D. and two other young men ruſhed into the room, with their hair uncombed, and in every reſpect in the moſt complete diſhabille. Without paying the leaſt attention to any one perſon in company, they began to tell us of the excellent ſport they had that morning enjoyed at a cock-fight.

But this recital was cut ſhort by the ſervant's announcing the Counteſs of ——; who, without the ſmalleſt apology for making the company wait dinner for near two hours, walked up to a large mirror at one end of the room, and adjuſting a curl, aſked Lord C. what made him leave D———'s ſo ſoon laſt night? "We had a charming party, "and did not ſup till two this morning. Before "ſupper I won 50 from D—— at Piquette: but I "believe I had the advantage of him; for he had ra-"ther drank too much wine with you at dinner."— "Your ſon was of the party," added ſhe, turning to the old gentleman; "I got ſome of his money "too. But what has become of him? he promiſed "to meet me here to-day."—"O the graceleſs "dog! I know nothing of him." At that inſtant the young man entered the room, and we were immediately called to dinner. At table Lady —— contrived to place her friend Cauſtic next to her; and they were ſo much ingroſſed with their own converſation, that they paid little attention to that of the company, which was carried on by the Counteſs and her faſhionable friends, in the ſame ſtrain in which it had begun. Our landlord was buſied in diſplaying the elegance of the entertainment, and was particularly ſolicitous to call Cauſtic's attention to it. "How do you like my cham-"paigne?" "I am no connoiſſeur, I ſeldom "drink champaigne," ſaid Cauſtic dryly. "It is "damn'd good," ſaid Lord C.; "it is as good as "we uſed to drink with our ambaſſador at Paris "laſt year. I was ſent thither by my father to "learn to ſpeak French; but I ſpent my time to "much better purpoſe. I was admitted a member

"of

" of the Cricket-club, and kept no other com-
" pany." " I did not know," ſaid I, " that
" cricket had been known in France." " Neither
" is it among your French fellows; they have not
" genius for it. Our club was to a man all *Anglois*,
" as they called us. At firſt the French were con-
" foundedly ſurpriſed to ſee us on the plains of
" Sablons, playing with our ſervants, all ſtripped
" to the buff."

After much converſation, equally edifying, the ladies at length retired, and our landlord began to puſh the bottle briſkly about. The old gentleman ſeemed to be particularly pleaſed with this; and his ſon enjoyed it no leſs. The father told us anecdotes of his ſon's debaucheries, and the ſon amuſed us with ſtories of his father's licentiouſneſs. Cauſtic was ſhocked to the laſt degree at this exhibition. He made a ſignal to me that he wiſhed to retire.—Before we could accompliſh that, the old man got hold of the bottle, and, filling a bumper, aſked leave to give a toaſt, and then roared out a *ſentiment*, as he called it, in terms moſt ſhockingly groſs and indecent. " Well done, my old boy!" exclaimed the ſon;—" here goes in a bumper; and
" may we all, at your age, be as jolly and as
" wicked as you are."

Cauſtic could endure this no longer; he quitted the company, and I followed him. When we were alone, he aſked me, if ſuch ſcenes were common among us? " If this," ſaid he, " be the im-
" provement and the refinement of which our friend
" B—— talked ſo much, I hope I have done with
" it. Folly and impertinence may be ſubmitted to;
" but the profligacy of that old man provoked me
" beyond meaſure. We need not wonder at the
" degeneracy of the times, if a father is to teach
" debauchery to his own children, and, by precept
" and example, to encourage their progreſs in vice.
" For my part," added he, " I conſider this as
" a ſpecies

" a ſpecies of parricide, (if we may apply the
" word to a father's crime), for which no puniſh-
" ment is too ſevere."

E.

N° 15.——Saturday, May 14, 1785.

THOUGH I would ſeldom chuſe to venture on any ſubject ſo purely ſcientific as that which I propoſe for the paper of to-day; yet as I have a great reſpect for the very learned and curious correſpondent from whom the following letter was received, I cannot reſiſt my inclination to communicate it entire to my readers.

Madrid, 27th Feb. 1785.

" Dear Sir,

I have been at all poſſible pains to diſcover, by means of thoſe philoſophers and travellers here who are beſt acquainted with Africa, whether any traces ſtill remain of that ſpecies of men of whom your learned countryman has taken notice, mentioned by *Agatharchides* and *Sir Francis Drake*, called the Ακριδοφαγοι, *Graſs-hopper-eaters*, or, as I incline to render the word *Locuſt-eaters*; but hitherto my inquiries have met with no degree of ſucceſs. Though unſucceſsful, they have not, however, been unproductive; as, in the courſe of my ſearch after that ſpecies, I have met with very well authenticated relations of another variety of the human kind, ſtill extant in that country, which I think has not been taken notice of by either of the above-mentioned authors, unleſs you ſuppoſe it to be the ſame with that of the Ακριδοφαγοι above-mentioned, or perhaps with the Ιχθυοφαγοι, or Fiſh-eaters, recorded alſo by Agatharchides, and copied from him by Diodorus, and ſome

ſome other later writers. The variety I mean is that of the Φυσαλοφαγοι or *Toad-eaters*; of which I proceed to give you a particular account, which I have been, happily, not only enabled to collect from the report of ſome voyagers who had viſited their country, but have actually had an opportunity of examining one myſelf, which is now in the poſſeſſion of that illuſtrious and munificent patron of the arts, *Don Gabriel de Crapolino*, who had him from a learned prieſt of the order of Jeſus, ſeveral years a miſſionary in Africa, whoſe account alſo makes up a conſiderable part of my relation.

The *Phuſalophagos* or *Toad-eater*, though found in different degrees of latitude, is a native of *warm* climates only, and ſeems to be of the migrating kind, who change their reſidence according to the difference of times and ſeaſons. In his original ſtate, he appears, as indeed it is highly probable all ſavages are, inclined to creep or walk on all-fours; and the habit of walking erect or ſtraight is only an acquired one, which ſeems uneaſy to him; and therefore he takes every opportunity of returning to his former grovelling or bending poſture. Indeed, from ſome anatomical obſervations, which the above-mentioned learned Jeſuit had an opportunity of making on the body of one who had died, it appears that Nature has fitted them more for this poſture than for any other. The muſcle called by anatomiſts *biceps-cruris*, by which the leg is bent, appeared to have been much enlarged by conſtant uſe; whereas the *longiſſimus dorſi*, by which the back is kept ſtraight and erect, was of no ſtrength at all. The elevators alſo of the upper eye-lid, called by ſome anatomiſts the *muſculi admirationis*, were capable of great extenſion, and ſeemed to have been in conſtant uſe, which may be likewiſe accounted for from the prone poſition of the body, natural to this ſpecies. The width of the throat or ſwallow was alſo remarkable, with which Nature undoubtedly provided them, in conſideration of the kind of food on which they ſubſiſt.

His

His forehead, like that of the natives of *Aracan*, was flat and large, and probably had been ſo by an operation ſimilar to what the inhabitants of that country practiſe on their children, to wit, by preſſing a plate of lead on their foreheads immediately after their birth. For in that one diſſected by the miſſionary, the *os frontis* was exceeding thick and hard, and ſeemed capable of ſuſtaining very great violence without any material impreſſion.

Like the inhabitants of the *Friendly Iſles*, they uſe a liquor made of the ſpittle of others, called by our late circumnavigators *cava*, which the *Phuſalophagi* ſwallow either in its natural ſtate, or, like the *Otaheiteans*, in a ſtate of fermentation. Indeed, they do not at all reſemble the *Ichthuophagi*, or Fiſh-eaters, in the circumſtance of living entirely without drink, as they ſeem, on the contrary, very much inclined to drinking: like the Fiſh-eaters, however, (as Diodorus reports them), it muſt be confeſſed, they have very little ſenſe of the το καλον, or the το πρεπον, the beautiful or the decent. One inſtance of this the learned Father gave me, that, as far as he was informed or could perceive, they had no objection (as indeed is the cuſtom among ſeveral other ſavage nations) to an union with a female who had formerly had an illicit intercourſe with the other ſex; but, on the contrary, like the *Tartars* and *Tonguſians*, often preferred ſuch to all others.

The agility of this ſpecies, like that of the *Acridophagi*, is amazing. That one whom I ſaw in the poſſeſſion of the noble perſon above-mentioned, would ſkip over chairs and tables, at a ſignal given, with the moſt amazing alertneſs. In this they reſemble a good deal the monkey tribe, as well as in their faculty of imitation, in which my informer told me they excel in a wonderful degree. Their ſtrength, likewiſe, the miſſionary reports to be very uncommon. He ſays, he has ſeen ſome of them bear to be loaded with burdens that would have wearied a porter of *Baſſora*.

This

This one had learned the uſe of ſpeech, though not to a very high degree of perfection, and indeed his natural propenſity ſeemed to be rather to liſten: yet with that inclination to ſilence which is common to man in a ſavage ſtate, he did not ſeem to have the melancholy caſt of either the *Orang Outang*, or the other varieties of uncultivated mankind; on the contrary, he had a mirthful diſpoſition, or at leaſt a facility of laughing and ſeeming merry, beyond any thing that could have been imagined of one in his ſituation.

He had, by the time I ſaw him, perfectly loſt all inclination and reliſh for his former manner of living, and was by no means averſe to the delicacies of refined cookery. His taſte, however, was far from being acute, as at times he appeared highly to reliſh, and to be extremely fond of very indifferent fare, when it was ſet before him by his maſter. According to the miſſionary, his countrymen, like the *Bedas* of *Ceylon*, have a cuſtom of ſeaſoning every thing with honey, a practice which accordingly this particular one at Don Gabriel's ſtill continued; and his Excellency, as well as ſome of his gueſts, aſſured me they found it very palatable.

Like his taſte in this inſtance, his other ſenſes appear to be ſubject to much uncertainty. His ſeeing and hearing are at ſome times remarkably acute; at others he ſeems hardly to poſſeſs thoſe faculties at all. Like the *Chacrelas*, in the iſland of *Java*, his ſight is generally much quicker in the night than the day-time; and the later the hour, it appears to be the clearer and the more diſtinct. Like ſome other ſavages he ſeems to delight in muſic; though his diſcrimination of ſounds, as might be expected, is not very nice. His patron, Don Gabriel, plays on the Viol de gamba but very indifferently; and yet he ſeems more pleaſed with the ſound of this inſtrument, than with that of ſome others played by the ableſt muſicians of the King's opera.

The powers of his mind ſeem to be of a very limited ſort. He does not, however, appear to be naturally

naturally ſo dull as ſome of his countrymen, of whoſe ſtupidity *Charlevoix* gives remarkable inſtances; who, according to his account, cannot count beyond the number 3. Though I never had occaſion to try his conception of numbers in its utmoſt extent, I ſaw that he could very readily number the gueſts at Don Gabriel's table, who often greatly exceeded the above denomination, or even the diſhes, which were ſtill more numerous. He reſembles thoſe natives of Guinea more nearly in another particular; he, as Father Charlevoix tells us of them, ſeems very ſeldom to think ſpontaneouſly. In point of memory, however, he differs widely from thoſe natives of Guinea, of which faculty he ſeems endowed with a wonderful proportion. When he had learned enough of the Spaniſh to be able to hold a converſation eaſily, he gave many inſtances of a memory exceedingly tenacious, and often remembered things which had happened to Don Gabriel, or which Don Gabriel related, though no body elſe had the moſt diſtant recollection of them.

Nor was he more diſtinguiſhed from that ſpecies mentioned by Charlevoix in memory, than in patience and temper. "Though poſſeſſed of little ge-"nius," ſays that traveller, "theſe Guinea negroes "are extremely acute in their feelings. According "to the manner in which they are treated, they are "lively or melancholy, laborious or ſlothful, friend-"ly or hoſtile. When well fed and not ill treated, "they are contented, cheerful, and ready for every "employment: but when ill uſed and oppreſſed, "they grow ſullen, and often die of melancholy.— "Of injuries, as well as of benefits, they are ex-"tremely ſenſible; and againſt thoſe who injure them "they bear a moſt implacable hatred." The very reverſe of all this ſeems to be the temperament of the *Phuſalophagos*. He is extremely patient under harſh uſage, inſenſible to injuries, and is equally cheerful and ready for any employment when ill as when well treated, with the exception, however, of good feed-

ing,

ing, which ſeems neceſſary to him in common with the Guinea men.

I have thus, my very worthy and reſpected Sir, endeavoured to give you as particular a deſcription of the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of this ſpecies, as the accounts I could rely on, or my own obſervation, could furniſh me with. But as I know how far ſhort any recital how copious or exact ſoever, falls of an actual examination, I am not without hopes of being able to afford you an opportunity of examining a ſpecimen of the Phuſalophagi yourſelf, by means of ſome of our merchants who have opportunities of correſpondence with Africa. But as the keeping of one, I am informed by Don Gabriel's maitre d'hotel, is ſomewhat expenſive, you will be kind enough to inform me in your next, whether there is any individual naturaliſt who would be deſirous of ſuch a preſent; if your acquaintance does not furniſh ſuch a perſon, it may be as well that I ſend him, not to enrich any private collection, but to the Preſident or Vice-Preſident of the Royal or Antiquarian Society.

I am, &c.

W. C.

Z.

Nº 16.——Saturday, May 21, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent, Mrs. Careful, has given a very juſt picture of the Female Loungers, in her entertaining letter. The diſturbance which the morning viſits of thoſe idlers give to ſober families, is become matter of very ſerious concern to many a mother in this town, who would wiſh to educate their daughters in ſuch a way as to qualify them for performing their parts with propriety, in whatever rank they may be called to.

Idleneſs and frivolity ſeem to form the character of the times. According to the preſent ſyſtem of female education amongſt us, the culture of the mind and heart, the knowledge of thoſe uſeful duties which a good wife and a good mother owes to her huſband and her children, are but ſlightly attended to, if not altogether neglected, for thoſe exterior accompliſhments which ought properly to be the hand-maids of the former. Hence the diſſipation of individuals, and the final wreck we often ſee of families!

The taſk I am going upon is a melancholy one; to illuſtrate the truth of the above obſervation from my own woeful experience: yet, as it may be a caution to others, I think it a duty on me to communicate to you the following narrative.

I was married, a few years ago, to an amiable young woman, the only daughter of a wealthy and reſpectable merchant. My father-in-law, Mr. *Lumber*, had gone early to the Weſt Indies, where he was ſo ſucceſsful in trade as to make a very conſider-

able

able fortune, with which he returned to ſettle in his own country. As he had raiſed himſelf, and had few relations, to ſupply that want, he married a daughter of the Honourable Mr. *Stingy*, younger brother to the Earl of *Loftus*, by which connection he at once acquired relationſhip with a ſcore of Honourable and Right Honourable couſins, ſome of whom did him the honour to break faſt, dine, or ſup with him almoſt every day.

Mr. Lumber was a ſenſible man in his way, and had ſeen a good deal of the world; he might therefore have managed his family in a manner much more to its advantage than that in which it was conducted, had he been allowed the perfect guidance of it. But in this he was a good deal reſtrained, from the circumſtance of his inferior birth. It was impoſſible for the ſon of a plain citizen to underſtand any thing ſo well as the grand-daughter of a peer. He was contented therefore to maintain a ſort of divided empire: He was allowed to ſuperintend the education of his two boys, who, after having been ſome time in a reſpectable houſe in Holland, now aſſiſt in carrying on the buſineſs in their father's counting-houſe. As to his daughter, he left her to the management of her mother, and of her aunt Miſs Bridget Stingy, a maiden Lady, who lived in the family. As my grievances all took riſe from that root, I muſt be indulged in mentioning the characters of theſe ladies.

The circumſtances of Mr. Stingy did not perhaps allow of giving his daughters the moſt liberal education; but what he might have given, he did not think it neceſſary to give: to be the daughters of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, and grand-daughters of the Earl of Loftus, was enough, without any other endowment. Bred with high ideas of birth and rank, they were ignorant of almoſt every branch of uſeful knowledge; and as moſt of their time paſſed alternately amongſt their quality relations, they had

had learned to deſpiſe taking any concern in the uſeful employments of domeſtic life.

On the death of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, Miſs Bridget, his eldeſt daughter, was left to the care of her relations: but as they appeared rather cool, with regard to her, ſhe was, by the benignity of Mr. Lumber, brought home to his houſe, and to eaſe and plenty, if ſhe could have uſed them with good humour and diſcretion.

This Lady was ſeveral years older than her ſiſter Mrs. Lumber, a weak good-natured woman, over whom ſhe aſſumed a ſuperiority and direction more than was conſiſtent with her ſituation, and which Mr. Lumber, though a good-humoured man, did not at all times approve of. In place of making herſelf and her ſiſter happy in the enjoyment of the real bleſſings which they poſſeſſed, Miſs Stingy's chief ſtudy was, to teach her ſiſter a number of wants to which ſhe was not intitled as the wife of a merchant. To many of theſe Mr. Lumber gave way; ſuch as, adding another ſervant to the table-arrangement, who plied behind his Lady's chair in a plain ſuit and ruffles; changing the poſt-chaiſe into a body coach; and promoting Jack the driver to the rank of John, Coachman. But, to the no ſmall diſquiet of Miſs Bridget, Lumber was inflexible to his wife's demand, of a weekly route and card aſſembly. This, and ſeveral other indulgences, ſhe did not find Mr. Lumber ſilly enough to grant; but ſhe generally found Mrs. Lumber ſilly enough to reſent the refuſal.

But, to end this digreſſion, which I am afraid has already tired you, and to proceed to my own ſtory.———Mr. Lumber being my banker while I was abroad, on coming to Scotland, I was often invited to his houſe, where I was treated with great hoſpitality and attention. Miſs Lucy Lumber, his only daughter, was young, handſome, good-natured, and ſprightly. Her vivacity, her good humour, and her good looks, attracted my attentions, and I thought I diſcovered that ſhe was not diſpleaſed with them.

them. I was in that ſituation in which the world ſuggeſts the propriety of a man's looking out for a wife, and in which he begins to think it his duty to be married. The qualities Miſs Lumber poſſeſſed were attractive; and I never thought of thoſe ſhe might want. In ſhort, I was in love: I courted; I was accepted of; and as every man in my ſituation would ſay, made completely happy.

After paſſing ſome weeks in a round of mirth and diſſipation, I carried my Lucy, with a companion of hers, to my houſe in the north.

The viſits of my neighbours, and our returns to them, with the little parties which we made, gave me but little opportunity for obſervation, or a thorough knowledge of my wife's qualities or turn of mind. She wanted not ſenſe at bottom, had good nature, and, bating a little tincture of that pride of anceſtry, or rather vanity, for it never was offenſive, which had early been inculcated into her by her aunt Bridget, ſhe had a ſweetneſs and affability that was extremely engaging. We paſſed the ſummer very agreeably. When winter ſet in, I began to know more intimately my wife's diſpoſition. I had preſented her with a ſmall ſelection of books for her cloſet; the beſt of the Britiſh Poets and Hiſtorians, ſome of moral entertainment, ſuch as, the Spectators, Guardians, &c. and ſome for mere amuſement. But I ſoon found that my Lucy was no reader. She read *Tom Jones* indeed; and on my recommendation to her and Miſs Flounce, they went through the greateſt part of *Gil Blas*; but of the two ſcholars of Salamanca, I am afraid they ranked with the firſt.

By the good management of an experienced houſekeeper, who had been brought up in the family by my mother, and who I knew had a real liking to the family, my houſe, table, and domeſtics had been regulated. On my marriage, I was in hopes that without entering into the executive part, my Lucy would now, as miſtreſs of the family, ſuperintend the

the whole domeſtic œconomy: But in this I was diſappointed. She never had been uſed to look into houſehold management; it was a province, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was not adapted for, and wiſhed not to engage in. She would now and then quote maxims which I could perceive ſhe had learned in the *Loftus* ſchool. They ſignified, that houſehold cares might become ordinary women, but were degrading to the deſcendants of people of quality.

When we were not engaged with company, my farm and planting, my dog and my gun, kept me a great part of the day in the field. When I returned, I did not always find from my wife that cheerful animated look that uſed to welcome me home. When at times I remarked this, ſhe would ſuddenly reſume a gaiety of countenance, and endeavour to ſmile away my obſervation. But as this gaiety was aſſumed, its continuance was ſhort; and with great uneaſineſs I now began to ſee a change of diſpoſition in my Lucy, and that a lowneſs of ſpirits at times hung upon her. This I attributed however to her ſituation, as, to my great joy, ſhe was, as my friend John Home expreſſes it, "As women wiſh to be "who love their Lords."——Mr. Lumber had kindly invited us to town, and we determined to paſs the winter with him. We were received with great joy, and found that family much the ſame as we had left it.

My Lucy brought me a fine boy; and while ſhe recovered her health, I flattered myſelf that ſhe would ſoon alſo regain her former ſprightlineſs and good humour. In this I was not diſappointed; we got into the faſhionable circle of company, and that continual round of diſſipation that goes on in the metropolis: The whole forenoon generally ſpent amidſt a ſucceſſion of viſitants, a mob of idlers; the reſt of the day in dinners, public places, and evening-parties.

Although in my own mind I deſpiſed the giddy reſtleſs inſignificants that figured in this perpetual drama;

drama; yet as I conſidered myſelf as a paſſenger only for the time, I ſubmitted to be carried along with the ſtream, and partook of the flying amuſements, as they occurred. I did not loſe ſight, however, of my own ſcheme: as the ſpring approached, I gave hints of my return to Homely Caſtle, and announced the day for our departure.—My Lucy, who never diſputed my will, prepared herſelf; but I could obſerve that ſhe became grave and thoughtful, as the time approached for our ſetting out. We left our friends, and got ſafely home.

The ſmiles of our little infant were for ſome time his mother's ſole amuſement; but this, as mere amuſement, for it carried no active employment along with it, after ſome months began to loſe its reliſh. The feeble exertions which too late ſhe endeavoured to call to her aid, were too weak to reſiſt the demon of Indolence, with languor and melancholy in his train, that now had invaded her. Such are the fruits of an education now, I am afraid, but too common! Good natural parts, in place of being trained to exerciſe, in the ſeveral branches of knowledge, and uſeful employments of life, had either been neglected, or miſapplied to frivolous and deſultory amuſements! Now, when out of the giddy round of the faſhionable town entertainments, that uſed to fill up her hours, my Lucy feels a vacant mind, that affords no reſources within itſelf.—Her reflections of courſe are painful and bitter; or if lulled at all, only ſink into a laſſitude, and liſtleſs unconcern for every thing around her. Her few former amuſements, her tambour and harpſichord, have long become inſipid: and even the ſmiles of her child, which uſed to give delight, now, I can obſerve, force a ſigh from her, and ſometimes the tear will ſtart into her eye, from the painful reflection, no doubt, of her inability to perform to him the duty of a mother!

In

In this ſituation, Mr. Lounger, judge of my diſtreſs and diſappointment. Inſtead of family happineſs and domeſtic enjoyment, I find at home a conſtant ſource of diſquiet and melancholy. Perhaps I am more unhappy than huſbands whoſe wives are more blameable. In the greater offences againſt the marriage-duty, the injured party has the privilege of complaint, the ſupport of reſentment, the conſolation of indifference, or of hatred. I have no contradiction of which to complain, no injuries to reſent: I pity, nay, I ſtill love my wife; and yet I am moſt unhappy.

Tell my ſituation, Sir, to thoſe young men, who, like me——or rather tell it to mothers, who, like Mrs. Lumber, have daughters to educate. Remind them, that, however important the education may be that teaches to adorn the miſtreſs, and captivate the lover, there is ſtill another, and a higher, which requires ſome little attention, that which inſtructs them to perform the duties of the wife, to retain the affections, and to conſtitute the happineſs of the huſband.

I am, &c.

HORATIUS.

No 17.——Saturday, May 28, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

IF I am not miſinformed, you have taken up the ſame ſort of buſineſs which was formerly carried on by a gentleman who publiſhed his performances under the title of the Mirror, with whom I had once or twice occaſion, not very agreeable, to correſpond. As I ſuppoſe you have got that gentleman's *good-will*, I am inclined to deal with you as his ſucceſſor; and I truſt you will uſe me as well as he did, by giving place to this letter, containing an account of grievances, which I know not where elſe to find redreſs for. You will find my correſpondence, though not elegant, at leaſt authentic. The family of the *Homeſpuns*, though I ſay it who ſhould not, were always to be truſted in a ſtory; Truth and plain dealing was their motto, and I hope will continue ſo, if bad neighbours don't ſpoil them.

The neglect of the great Lady, which my daughter Elizabeth thought fit to complain of in the *Mirror*, was of ſingular uſe in my family. My young Lady came back to the country ſo quiet and ſo reaſonable a girl, that her mother and I had not once occaſion to chide her for a twelvemonth; at the end of which we had propoſals of marriage for her from her uncle's partner, whom ſhe mentions in the paper I allude to; and ſhe conſented to become the wife of a plain, virtuous, thriving young man, though he had nothing of finery or faſhion about him. They are as happy as can be, and have two ſtout cherry-cheeked boys, who, I am told, are the pictures of their grandfather.

The reſt of us remain as we were; at leaſt we did ſo till within theſe two months. My Lady —— made ſome overtures towards a renewal of our acquaintance about a twelvemonth ago: but it was agreed to decline them; and I ſtaid at home to lay down a field of ſpring-wheat, inſtead of going to vote for a parliament-man. The waiſts of my wife and daughters had returned to their natural ſize, and the heads of the latter had moulted of their feathers. Their hoops were ſent to the lumber-garret, and powder and pomatum were ſcarcely ever uſed but on Sundays. I fondly thought, that all the follies of the family were over, and that henceforth we ſhould be reaſonable and happy. Alas, Sir, I have diſcovered, that opportunity only was wanting to renew them; the weeds were all in the ground, though my Lady ——'s coldneſs had chilled their growth. Within theſe two months they have ſprung up with a vengeance.

About that time my neighbour *Muſhroom*'s ſon, who had been ſent out to India about a dozen years ago, returned home with a fortune, as we are told, of 100,000*l.* and has taken up his reſidence at his father's, till ſome finer place ſhall be found out for him. Before his arrival, he had made ſeveral large remittances to his father, for the purpoſe of dreſſing up the old houſe a little, ſo as to make it fit for his reception, and had ſent a trunk full of fineries to dreſs up his mother and ſiſters for the ſame purpoſe. The good old Lady, however, reſtrained her daughters from wearing them, (as indeed they did not well know how to make them up or put them on), till her ſon ſhould arrive. His arrival furniſhed them with a very able aſſiſtant: The young man had made a love-match before he left this country, with a good-looking girl of our neighbourhood, who, not altogether with his inclination, had gone out to him ſoon after his eſtabliſhment in India.— This Lady returned hither with him, and has edified all the family amazingly.

But

But her inſtructions are not confined to her own family: mine is unluckily included. This is a favour which my wife is very proud of; as Mrs. Muſhroom has forgot moſt of her old acquaintance in the pariſh, and aſſociates only with us, and one or two more of her neighbours, who have what ſhe calls *capability*, that is, Sir, as I underſtand it, who will liſten to all the nonſenſe ſhe talks, and ape all the follies ſhe practiſes. Theſe are ſtrong words; but it would put any man in a paſſion to ſee how ſhe goes on. I don't know how it is, but I am ten times angrier at this new plague than I was with Lady ——. For her I had many apologies; but to think of that little chit Peg Muſhroom playing all this miſchief among us!—why, Sir, I remember her but as it were yeſterday, when ſhe uſed to come draggled to our houſe of a morning a-foot, and ride home double, on my blind mare, behind one of the plough-boys.

But I interrupt my account of things in my anger at them. The Sunday after theſe new comers' arrival, they appeared in church, where their pew was all carpeted and cuſhioned over for their reception, ſo bedizened—there were flowered muſlins and gold muſlins, white ſhawls and red ſhawls, white feathers and red feathers; and every now and then the young Muſhroom girls pulled out little bottles that ſent ſuch a perfume around them.—Nay, my old friend, their father, like a fool as he was, had ſuch a mixture of black ſattin and pink ſattin about him, and was ſo ſtiff and aukward in his finery, that he looked for all the world like the *King of Clubs*, and ſeemed, poor man! to have as little to ſay for himſelf.

But all this, Sir, is no joking matter to me. Some of the neighbours, indeed, laugh at it; but we who are favourites ſay that is nothing but envy. My wife and daughter *Mary* have rummaged out their tetes and feathers; and the hoops, that had ſuffered a little from the moths, have been put in

complete repair again. I was ſilly enough to let my wife get hold of a draught on town for the price of my laſt year's barley; and I verily believe ſhe and Mary alone carry the produce of ten acres on their backs. My wife ſaid a ſhawl was a decent comfortable wear for a middle-aged woman like her, (my Rachel, by the way, has been fifty theſe ten years); and ſo ſhe gave orders to purchaſe one at a ſale in town, which ſhe got a monſtrous bargain, though I am aſhamed to tell, that it ſtood me in two fat oxen and a year-old cow.

I am glad to take this eſtimate of things, becauſe in the value of money we are now got into a ſtyle of expreſſion which loſes all idea of ſmall ſums.—Hundreds and thouſands of pounds carried a ſound of ſome importance, and could eaſily be divided into leſſer parts; but Madam Muſhroom's *Lack*, or half a Lack, ſounds like nothing at all; and ſhe has ſtories which ſhe tells to my poor gaping girls, of a ſingle ſupper in the Eaſt, given by ſome Nabob with half a dozen hard names, that coſt one or two of thoſe Lacks, beſides half a Lack in *trifling* preſents to the company. In thoſe ſtories, the Eaſt-Indian Lady, being ſubject to no contradiction, goes on without interruption or commentary, till my poor wife and daughters heads are turned quite topſy-turvy. Even mine, though reckoned tolerably ſolid, is really dizzy with hearing her. There are ſuch accounts of Nabobs, Rajahs, and Rajah-Pouts, elephants, palanquins, and proceſſions; ſo ſtuck full of gold, diamonds, pearls, and precious ſtones, with epiſodes of dancing girls, and *otter* of roſes!—I have heard nothing like it ſince I was a boy, and uſed to be delighted with reading the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

The effect of all this on my family you will eaſily gueſs. Not only does it rob me of my money, but them of their happineſs. Every thing that uſed to be thought comfortable or convenient formerly, is now intolerable and diſguſting. Every

thing we now put on, or eat, or drink, is immediately brought into compariſon with the dreſs, proviſions, and liquors at *Muſhroom-Hall*, for ſo they have new chriſtened my neighbour's farm-houſe. My girls home-made gowns, of which they were lately ſo proud, have been thrown by with contempt ſince they ſaw Mrs. Muſhroom's muſlins from Bengal; our barn-door fowls we uſed to ſay were ſo fat and well taſted, we now make aukward attempts, by garlic and pepper, to turn into the form of *Curries* and *Peelaws*; and the old October we were wont to treat all our neighbours with, none of the family but myſelf will condeſcend to taſte ſince they drank Mr. Muſhroom's India Madeira.

In ſhort, Sir, I am ten times worſe off with this freſh diſaſter than I was with the former unlucky intimacy with Lady ——. My Lady —— was at ſome diſtance in point of place, and ſtill more in point of rank from us; but this new plague is cloſe at our doors, and Mrs. Muſhroom is ſo obliging as to be a conſtant viſitor. I am really afraid that I muſt ſell my little eſtate, and leave this part of the country altogether; that I muſt try to find out ſome new place of reſidence, where Nabobs, Rajahs, and Lacks of Rupees, were never heard of, and where people know no more of Bengal than of the Man in the Moon.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

It is with peculiar ſatisfaction that the Lounger has received this commencement of Mr. Homeſpun's correſpondence, of which he knows the value, and hopes for the continuance.

Z.

No 18.——Saturday, June 4, 1785.

It has been obſerved, that the world is generally juſt in the opinions which it forms of the characters of the different perſons who appear on the ſtage of life; that few have been held high in the eſtimation of the public who have not deſerved it; and that inſtances as rarely occur of its cenſure miſapplied, as of its applauſe miſplaced. But though this remark, it muſt be allowed, is true in the general, yet experience teaches that it cannot be admitted without exceptions; and that the truly virtuous and deſerving, particularly in the private walks of life, may often paſs unnoticed, while the leſs worthy may become the objects of favour.

Cleora was married at an early period of life. Gaily educated, and thoughtleſs in diſpoſition, ſhe was incapable of any ſtrong attachment. She married *Lothario*, becauſe he was a man of the *ton*, dreſſed well, kept good company, and profeſſed himſelf her humble admirer. He married her, becauſe ſhe was reckoned pretty, danced well, was a toaſt, and was as much in the faſhion as he was. As they went together without affection, ſo neither of them allowed their love to be troubleſome to the other. Pleaſure, diſſipation, ſhow, was the taſte of both. Lothario was ſometimes at home, and in his wife's company; but then it was only in a crowd, and amidſt a variety of gueſts. Abroad they ſometimes met at dinner and ſupper parties; but as frequently their parties were not the ſame, and their amuſements lay in different quarters.

Such a life of diſſipation could not be ſupported without great expence. Though Lothario was poſſeſſed of a conſiderable land-eſtate, yet when he ſucceeded to it, it was too much incumbered with debt; and that debt was now greatly increaſed by his own

own extravagance. Every year made a new bond or mortgage neceſſary.

Cleora knew all this; but ſhe allowed it not to make any impreſſion on her mind. It was too ſerious a ſubject to be ſuffered to intrude itſelf in the midſt of her enjoyments. The mother of a numerous family, ſhe is equally inattentive with Lothario, to giving them proper habits and impreſſions. The boys, neglecting every uſeful branch of ſtudy, by a ſtrange combination, are both beaux and blackguards. At public places they are reckoned faſhionable, while, at the ſame time, in their private amuſements they value themſelves on their coarſeneſs and intemperance. The daughters are now come to the age of women; but Cleora has no other object as to them than to increaſe their fondneſs for public places and late hours: devoted to theſe herſelf, ſhe makes her daughters the pretext for her own indulgences.

Thus Cleora, if ſhe were to think, if ſhe were to ſtop her courſe of diſſipation for a moment, would ſee bankruptcy at hand, and her children, if not herſelf and her huſband, reduced to want; her children brought up without education, and initiated in nothing but the ways of idleneſs and folly. With all this, Cleora retains a good character in the world: her cheerfulneſs, her gaiety, make her a favourite wherever ſhe goes. "'Tis a pity," it is ſometimes ſaid, "that her huſband was not more attentive to her and her children; but it is not her "fault. She is indeed to be commended for ſubmitting with ſo much eaſe to her fate; one would "never diſcover that ſhe was married to Lothario."——Such is the general character which Cleora bears; and if any one ever expreſſes a hint to the contrary, it is conſidered as the remark of a perſon willing to be cenſorious.

How ſhall I contraſt with Cleora the conduct of *Aurelia?* She alſo married young, before ſhe had learned to feel and judge for herſelf, and at a time when ſhe was entirely given up to the direction and

diſpoſal of her parents. It has been unfortunately the fate of ſome of the beſt of women, to become the wives of men in many reſpects their inferiors both in underſtanding and in character. Amidſt the chances of life, the intricacies of ſituation, or from the deception of minds whoſe very virtues betray their caution, this will ſometimes happen. *Cleanthes*, the huſband of Aurelia, is of a character very ſimilar to that of Cleora's huſband, Lothario, and on many accounts an unfortunate match for Aurelia.—But Cleanthes being reputed to be a man of fortune, poſſeſſing a good addreſs, and believed to be poſſeſſed of good-nature, it was the fate of Aurelia to be joined to him for life. Thoſe habits of thoughtleſsneſs, and extravagance, however, which Cleanthes had acquired before marriage, never forſook him: he even became indifferent and negligent of Aurelia, and a family of fine children which ſhe brought him. Intemperate in his pleaſures, and inordinate in his expence, he plunged headlong into every faſhionable folly, into every ſpecies of diſſipation. Aurelia felt much anguiſh at this conduct of her huſband: She endeavoured by every gentle method in her power to reclaim him, and to gain his mind to virtue and domeſtic enjoyment. All her efforts proved ineffectual. Cleanthes was not yet, however, ſo loſt as not to feel at times the reproaches of his conſcience; but, inſtead of endeavouring to remove, he tried to avoid them. In this ſituation, Aurelia was like another conſcience: the reflection on her quiet and gentle virtues was like a mirror that did but ſhew him his own uglineſs, and, frightened at the ſight, he only thought how to eſcape it. Thus abandoned by himſelf, thus having forſaken Aurelia, and every better feeling, he has gone more and more headlong into vice—intemperance has become his companion, and expence much beyond his income has attended it.

What a ſituation for Aurelia! With a mind fitted for every domeſtic enjoyment, ſhe ſees her huſband

band a prey to folly and extravagance, ruining his fortune, and dead to every proper ſentiment. One only comfort remains—the pleaſure ſhe receives from her children. Her only ſon, who promiſes to be all a parent could wiſh, has been placed at a diſtant academy; and a rich uncle, who has no children of his own, has adopted him as his ſon. Her three daughters live with herſelf, and her great object is to educate and inſtruct them; and in this ſhe is well rewarded, by the appearance of their promiſing virtues, and the diſplay of their opening talents.

With all theſe amiable parts of Aurelia's conduct, juſtice is not done her in the opinion of the world.—Her virtues are unknown, or paſs unnoticed. It is frequently ſaid, "That Cleanthes is a good fellow: "Pity he had not a wife of a leſs grave diſpoſition, "more ſuited to his taſte. If he had, he might "have been leſs expenſive, and his pleaſures been "more fixed at home."

It was but the other evening that in making a courſe of viſits, or, to uſe an expreſſion more conſonant to my character, in *lounging* from one place to another, I called at a houſe, where I found Cleora engaged in deep play, and her eldeſt daughter ſitting by her, attending to the game. At that moment Lothario happened to come into the room. He drew a chair near ſome ladies at another table, and gave a nod of indifference to his daughter. "La! Sir," ſaid Miſs, "we did not look for you; we thought "you were at Sir John's."——Her mother gave one look behind; aſked her partner, if ſhe had not held the king; and then deſired her to ſet up two by honours and the odd trick.

The ſame evening I called at the houſe of Cleanthes. Him I found abroad, but Aurelia was at home. I was ſhewn into the room where ſhe was, where I found her ſeated with her three girls around her. On the table lay ſeveral books, among which were the *Spectator*, the *Man of Feeling*, and the *Theatre of Education*. She herſelf was buſy with her needle;

and her two youngeſt girls were occupied in the ſame manner, under her direction. The eldeſt was employed in reading. When I entered the room, one of the girls took me by the hand, and kindly welcomed me. "I thought, however," ſaid ſhe, with a moſt expreſſive look, "it had been Papa; my "Mamma expected him." A tear ſtarted into Aurelia's eye. She ſoon, however, reſumed her cheerfulneſs; and I remained for a conſiderable time in this domeſtic party, receiving a pleaſure which I cannot deſcribe in the converſation of Aurelia, the amiableneſs and propriety of her conduct, her behaviour to her children, and theirs to her.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting on the different characters of Aurelia and Cleora, placed in ſituations not diſſimilar; one drawing from her very want of feeling and of duty, the ſuffrage of the world! the other, from the very exerciſe of the moſt diſintereſted virtue, ſuffering its neglect, and incurring its cenſure! Yet with all her afflictions, and all her ſorrows, who would not rather wiſh to be the ſuffering and virtuous Aurelia, than the gay and thoughtleſs Cleora? The one may enjoy the diſſipation of the world, and the good-liking of its votaries; but the other muſt poſſeſs that approbation from her own mind, which infinitely ſurpaſſes all the external enjoyment which the world is able to beſtow.

P.

N° 19.——SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Hi ſunt invidiæ, nimirum, Regule, mores,
Præferat antiquos ſemper ut illa novis.

MARTIAL.

SIR,

THERE are a ſet of cynical old men, who are perpetually dinning our ears with the praiſes of times paſt, who are fond of drawing compariſons between the ancients and moderns, much to the diſparagement of the latter, and who take a miſanthropical delight in repreſenting mankind as degenerating from age to age, both in mental and corporeal endowments. With theſe people, all ſcience is held to be upon the decline; arts are retrograde; the greater virtues abſolutely annihilated; and morality itſelf tending faſt to utter extinction. Even the human figure is dwindling away in ſtature, and diminiſhing in ſtrength; the climates are altered, the ſeaſons become yearly more inclement; the earth is loſing its fertility, and the ſun its heat. Now, Sir, although I am diſpoſed to admit that there is ſome foundation for theſe complaints in a very few particulars, and will, for inſtance, readily allow, that the muſic of the moderns is not quite ſo powerful in its effects as that of Orpheus; that *Auguſtus* King of Poland, though he could bend a horſe-ſhoe, could not have pitched a bar with *Hercules*; that ſwans have loſt the faculty of ſinging; and that, even in the period of my own remembrance, there is a great decay in the art of making plumbcakes and penny-pies: yet I think it might be eaſily proved, that in other reſpects

reſpects the picture is a very falſe one; and I am thoroughly convinced, that upon an impartial eſtimate of the merits of the ancient and modern world, the ſcale of the latter would very greatly preponderate.

I do not intend at preſent to enter into a complete diſcuſſion of this important ſubject, but ſhall content myſelf with advancing a very few arguments in refutation of the opinion of thoſe old grumblers I have mentioned: And I think it will be no difficult matter to ſhew, that the fault lies entirely in their own ſplenetic and peeviſh humours; and that the world, ſo far from growing worſe, is in reality much better now than in ancient times. You will excuſe my neglect of methodical arrangement; for as this is a picture conſiſting of many detached groups, it does not ſignify at which end we begin.

I have been often much amazed at hearing it ſeriouſly maintained, that mankind are more vicious and abandoned in modern times, than they were in the days of antiquity. The moderns, no doubt, have made many notable diſcoveries in the arts and ſciences; but I do not find that murder, robbery, perjury, adultery, &c. are among the number. It is true, that as there is a faſhion in all human affairs, which alters with the times, its influence may be obſerved in crimes, as well as in every thing elſe: but here the advantage, I will be bold to ſay, lies entirely on the ſide of moderns. Long ago, in committing crimes, they had a barbarous and brutal method of going directly to the point. If a man had an ill-will at his neighbour, he knocked him on the head the firſt time he met him, or perhaps ſet fire to his houſe, and made a *holocauſt* of him, his wife, and children. But now the mode is altered much for the better. We ſee none of thoſe wild beaſts in ſociety. An enemy now wears the countenance of a friend: he ſhews you all the politeneſs in the world to your face, and only ruins your reputation behind your back: he lends you money, if you are much

much in need of it, and only throws you into jail when you are ſtarving out of it: he would be the laſt man in the world to revenge himſelf on you by ſhooting or ſtabbing; but if through his means you grow ſo tired of life as to cut your own throat, to be ſure it is no fault of his.

In caſe, however, it ſhould be neceſſary for him to be your executioner, which often happens where the injury is of a very atrocious nature; ſuch as, if you ſhould by chance joſtle a gentleman in the ſtreet, ſpit by accident on his ſhoe, or diſturb him in a private converſation with your wife; he gives you warning, in the politeſt manner, of his intentions; ſays, he believes you to be in every reſpect a man of honour; and only requeſts you, by a civil card, to come and be ſhot through the head.

The ancients, it muſt be owned, were remarkably inferior to the moderns, both in good taſte and in good manners. That refinement of taſte which manifeſts itſelf by a polite contempt of all home-productions, and a generous admiration of every thing that is foreign, ſeems indeed to be a qualification peculiar to the moderns. A well-educated Britiſh gentleman, it may be truly ſaid, is of no country whatever. He unites in himſelf the characteriſtics of all different nations: he talks and dreſſes *French*, and ſings *Italian*: he rivals the *Spaniard* in indolence, and the *German* in drinking: his houſe is *Grecian*, his offices *Gothic*, and his furniture *Chineſe*. He preſerves the ſame impartiality in his religion; and, finding no ſolid reaſons for preferring *Confucius* to *Brama*, or *Mahometaniſm* to *Chriſtianity*, he has for all their doctrines an equal indulgence.

But how different from this the character of the Greeks and Romans! Servilely attached to their own manners and cuſtoms, they treated foreigners with contempt. What, in effect, could be expected of them, who were ſuch *barbarians* themſelves, as to ſtigmatiſe all other nations by that opprobrious epithet?

There

There is no virtue for which the ancients have got greater credit than for their patriotism; yet on examination it will appear, that their merits in this article have been very much exaggerated. It is true, that we find among them some striking instances of this virtue in individuals; but it was never diffused, as with us, among the great body of the people.—The porters and hackney coachmen at Rome and Athens were deplorably ignorant of the affairs of state. There were no clubs in those capitals for *Constitutional Reformation*. Carpenters and bricklayers reformed the boroughs only by the axe and hammer; shoe-makers and tailors were dexterous enough at the awl and the needle, but could not mend the government.

Perhaps even the patriotism of individuals among the ancients has got more than its due share of praise; and upon a fair estimate it might be found, that the moderns could produce equal, if not superior, examples of the same heroic virtue. What is there, for instance, so remarkable in the boasted example of *Themistocles* and *Aristides?* They were bitter enemies, but forgot their quarrels when their country was in danger, and joined their interests to prevent its falling a prey to the Persians: So our modern statesmen, who the one day declare the most rooted abhorrence and detestation of each other, both in their public and private characters, the next day shake hands for the good of their country, agree in every measure, and profess for each other the most sincere esteem and veneration. *Decius*, it is true, devoted himself for his country, and, by sacrificing his own life, won a great victory over the enemies of Rome: But our commanders go much farther; for they devote whole armies, from a pure spirit of patriotism. In short, it may be confidently asserted, that all those bright examples we read of in ancient story, may find their parallels in a modern newspaper.

And

And now, Sir, that I have mentioned a news-paper, allow me to obſerve, that thoſe brief chronicles of the times afford every day numberleſs proofs of the ſuperiority of the moderns to the ancients, in many of the moſt uſeful arts and ſciences. In that moſt noble of all arts, the art of healing, ſo great is the perfection to which the moderns have attained, that one of your predeceſſors has very juſtly expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at reading in the bills of mortality the great number of people who chuſe to die of ſuch and ſuch diſtempers, for every one of which there are infallible and ſpecific cures. To be ſure, there is no helping the folly of ſome people, who will perſiſt in refuſing a cure till they are in a manner *in articulo mortis*, (in the laſt agony); but it is to be hoped we ſhall hear no more of ſuch determined ſuicide, when we read, that ſome of thoſe modern Eſculapiuſes chuſe only ſuch patients as are preciſely in the ſituation of incurables, to be the ſubjects of their practice. One of thoſe excellent phyſicians profeſſes, in his advertiſements, that he wiſhes none (his words are ſtrongly excluſive) to apply to him, but ſuch as have been deemed incurable, or made ſuch by the *faculty*; thereby encouraging the diſeaſed of all kinds firſt to take every poſſible means to render themſelves incurable, that they may thus be qualified for being perfectly cured by him.

Somewhat analogous to the ſcience of medicine, is the art of repairing the human figure. And here, Sir, the pre-eminence of the moderns is equally diſtinguiſhed. In this moſt uſeful art, the ſkill of the ancients went no farther than to give a little exterior embelliſhment to the countenance. They knew nothing of that creative power which extends to the making of limbs and organs as well as features. The parchment-calves, the cork-rump, and bolſter'd ſpring boddice; the making of glaſs-eyes, and the tranſplantation of teeth, are all inventions abſolutely modern. And ſince we know for certain, that mechaniſm is now ſo perfected, that a wooden man can

be

be made to perform a ſolo on the violin, play a game at cheſs, walk, and even utter articulate ſounds; I ſee no reaſon to doubt, that in proceſs of time we may have artificial men currently walking the ſtreets, performing all the functions of life, and diſcharging their duty in ſociety juſt as well, and more peaceably than the real ones. When the art of making *automatons* has attained to this perfection, which we may reaſonably hope will happen in a very few years, we may congratulate ourſelves on the very great political benefits which muſt ariſe from this admirable invention. As there is no doubt that the merits of this claſs of men will intitle them to the higheſt promotions, it is then we may expect every department of the ſtate to be ſupplied by a ſet of *upright* and *inflexible* magiſtrates: the great machine of government will be moſt ably conducted: judges will adminiſter juſtice with the moſt *rigid* impartiality; and (what is the great *deſideratum* of the preſent age) a wooden king may ſit at the helm of affairs, who will ſupport the dignity of the crown with no expence to the nation, and relieve them at the ſame time of all their anxious fears about the extenſion of his prerogative.

I could eaſily, Sir, draw out this eſtimate to a much greater length; but believing I have already ſaid enough to produce a thorough conviction of the truth of my propoſition, I ſubſcribe myſelf, with great reſpect, yours,

PAUL PASQUIN.

Nº 20.——Saturday, June 18, 1785.

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. Hor.

No ſpecies of compoſition is more generally read by one claſs of readers, or more undervalued by another, than that of the *Novel*. Its favourable reception from the young, and the indolent, to whom the exerciſe of imagination is delightful, and the labour of thought is irkſome, need not be wondered at; but the contempt which it meets from the more reſpectable claſs of literary men, it may perhaps be intitled to plead that it does not deſerve. Conſidered in the abſtract, as containing an intereſting relation of events, illuſtrative of the manners and characters of mankind, it ſurely merits a higher ſtation in the world of letters than is generally aſſigned it. If it has not the dignity, it has at leaſt moſt of the difficulties of the Epic or the Drama. The conduct of its fable, the ſupport of its characters, the contrivance of its incidents, and its developement of the paſſions, require a degree of invention, judgment, taſte, and feeling, not much, if at all, inferior to thoſe higher departments of writing, for the compoſition of which a very uncommon portion of genius is ſuppoſed to be requiſite. Thoſe difficulties are at the ſame time heightened by the circumſtance, of this ſpecies of writing being of all others the moſt open to the judgment of the people; becauſe it repreſents domeſtic ſcenes and ſituations in private life, in the execution of which any man may detect errors, and diſcover blemiſhes, while the author has neither the pomp of poetry, nor the decoration of the ſtage, to cover or to conceal them.

To this circumſtance, however, may perhaps be imputed the degradation into which it has fallen.—

As

As few endowments were neceſſary to judge, ſo few have been ſuppoſed neceſſary to compoſe, a Novel; and all whoſe neceſſities or vanities prompted them to write, betook themſelves to a field, which, as they imagined, it required no extent of information or depth of learning to cultivate, but in which a heated imagination, or an excurſive fancy, were alone ſufficient to ſucceed; and men of genius and of knowledge, deſpiſing a province in which ſuch competitors were to be met, retired from it in diſguſt, and left it in the hands of the unworthy.

The effects of this have been felt, not only in the debaſement of the Novel in point of literary merit, but in another particular ſtill more material, in its perverſion from a moral or inſtructive purpoſe to one directly the reverſe. Ignorance and dullneſs are ſeldom long inoffenſive, but generally ſupport their own native inſignificance by an alliance with voluptuouſneſs and vice.

Even of thoſe few Novels which ſuperior men have written, it cannot always be ſaid, that they are equally calculated to improve as to delight. Nor is this only to be objected to ſome who have been profeſſedly leſs ſcrupulous in that particular; but I am afraid may be alſo imputed to thoſe whoſe works were meant to convey no bad impreſſion, but, on the contrary, were intended to aid the cauſe of virtue, and to hold out patterns of the moſt exalted benevolence.

I am not, however, diſpoſed to carry the idea of the dangerous tendency of all Novels quite ſo far as ſome rigid moraliſts have done. As promoting a certain refinement of mind, they operate like all other works of genius and feeling, and have indeed a more immediate tendency to produce it than moſt others, from their treating of thoſe very ſubjects which the reader will find around him in the world, and their containing thoſe very ſituations in which he himſelf may not improbably at ſome time or other be placed. Thoſe who object to them as inculcating

inculcating precepts, and holding forth examples, of a refinement which virtue does not require, and which honeſty is better without, do not perhaps ſufficiently attend to the period of ſociety which produces them. The code of morality muſt neceſſarily be enlarged in proportion to that ſtate of manners to which cultivated æras give birth. As the idea of property made a crime of theft, as the invention of oaths made falſehood perjury; ſo the neceſſary refinement in manners of highly-poliſhed nations creates a variety of duties and offences which men in ruder, and, it may be, (for I enter not into that queſtion), happier periods of ſociety, could never have imagined.

The principal danger of Novels, as forming a miſtaken and pernicious ſyſtem of morality, ſeems to me to ariſe from that contraſt between one virtue or excellence and another, that war of duties which is to be found in many of them, particularly in that ſpecies called the *Sentimental*. Theſe have been chiefly borrowed from our neighbours the French, whoſe ſtyle of manners, and the very powers of whoſe language, give them a great advantage in the delineation of that nicety, that ſubtilty of feeling, thoſe entanglements of delicacy, which are ſo much interwoven with the characters and conduct of the chief perſonages in many of their moſt celebrated Novels. In this rivalſhip of virtues and of duties, thoſe are always likely to be preferred which in truth and reaſon are ſubordinate, and thoſe to be degraded which ought to be paramount. The laſt, being of that great cardinal ſort which muſt be common, becauſe they apply to the great leading relations and circumſtances of life, have an appearance leſs dignified and heroic than the others, which, as they come forth only on extraordinary occaſions, are more apt to attract the view and excite the admiration of beholders. The duty to parents is contraſted with the ties of friendſhip and of love; the virtues of juſtice, of prudence,

dence, of œconomy, are put in competition with the exertions of generoſity, of benevolence, and of compaſſion: And even of theſe virtues of ſentiment there are ſtill more refined diviſions, in which the over-ſtrained delicacy of the perſons repreſented, always leads them to act from the motive leaſt obvious, and therefore generally the leaſt reaſonable.

In the enthuſiaſm of ſentiment there is much the ſame danger as in the enthuſiaſm of religion, of ſubſtituting certain impulſes and feelings of what may be called a viſionary kind, in the place of real practical duties, which in morals, as in theology, we might not improperly denominate *good works*.—In morals, as in religion, there are not wanting inſtances of refined ſentimentaliſts, who are contented with talking of virtues which they never practiſe, who pay in words what they owe in actions; or perhaps what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to *impreſſions* which never have any effect upon their *conduct*, but are conſidered as ſomething foreign to and diſtinct from it. This ſeparation of conſcience from feeling is a depravity of the moſt pernicious ſort; it eludes the ſtrongeſt obligation to rectitude, it blunts the ſtrongeſt incitement to virtue; when the ties of the firſt bind the ſentiment and not the will, and the rewards of the latter crown not the heart but the imagination.

That creation of refined and ſubtile feeling, reared by the authors of the works to which I allude, has an ill effect, not only on our ideas of virtue, but alſo on our eſtimate of happineſs. That ſickly ſort of refinement creates imaginary evils and diſtreſſes, and imaginary bleſſings and enjoyments, and depreciates the common attainments of life.—This affects the temper doubly, both with reſpect to ourſelves and others: with reſpect to ourſelves, from what we think ought to be our lot with regard to others, from what we think ought to be their ſentiments. It inſpires a certain childiſh

childiſh pride of our own ſuperior delicacy, and an unfortunate contempt of the plain worth, the ordinary but uſeful occupations and ideas of thoſe around us.

The reproach which has been ſometimes made to Novels, of exhibiting "ſuch faultleſs monſters as "the world never ſaw," may be juſt on the ſcore of entertainment to their readers, to whom the delineation of uniform virtue, except when it is called into ſtriking ſituations, will, no doubt, be inſipid. But in point of moral tendency, the oppoſite character is much more reprehenſible; I mean, that character of mingled virtue and vice which is to be found in ſome of the beſt of our Novels. Inſtances will readily occur to every reader, where the hero of the performance has violated, in one page, the moſt ſacred laws of ſociety, to whom, by the mere turning of the leaf, we are to be reconciled, whom we are to be made to love and admire, for the beauty of ſome humane, or the brilliancy of ſome heroic action. It is dangerous thus to bring us into the ſociety of Vice, though introduced or accompanied by Virtue. In the application to ourſelves, in which the moral tendency of all imaginary characters muſt be ſuppoſed to conſiſt, this nouriſhes and ſupports a very common kind of ſelf-deception, by which men are apt to balance their faults by the conſideration of their good qualities; an account which, beſides the fallacy of its principle, can ſcarcely fail to be erroneous, from our natural propenſity to ſtate our faults, at their loweſt, and our good qualities at their higheſt rate.

I have purpoſely pointed my obſervations, not to that common herd of Novels (the wretched offſpring of circulating libraries) which are deſpiſed for their inſignificance, or proſcribed for the immorality; but to the errors, as they appear to me, of thoſe admired ones which are frequently put into the hands of youth, for imitation as well as amuſement. Of youth it is eſſential to preſerve the imagination

gination found as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amidſt the intricacies of Sentiment, or the dreams of Senſibility, the truths of Reaſon, or the laws of Principle.

Z.

No 21.——Saturday, June 25, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR, *London*, 1785.

I PROPOSE, by this letter, to give you the hiſtory of a few particulars in a life of too little conſequence to be worthy the attention of the public, were it not that it may poſſibly afford ſome uſeful materials for inſtruction.

My father was the deſcendant of an ancient family in the county of ——— in Scotland, poſſeſſed only of a moderate fortune. His anceſtors had uniformly lived in the country, except occaſionally for a few months in the winter; and he himſelf would probably have obſerved the ſame plan, had it not been for the following occurrence.

The county where his eſtate lay had long been divided into two parties, who had tried to get the political direction of it. They came at length to be tired of the trouble and expence to which this conteſt put them; and a connection which happened to be formed by the heads of both ſides with the miniſter at the time, was an additional inducement to drop it.

In this ſituation the election of a member of parliament happened to come on; but as the chiefs of neither party, though their hoſtilities had ceaſed, inclined

inclined to pay the other the compliment of electing a perſon who was keenly attached to it, my father was fixed upon as a perſon who was generally beloved, and diſagreeable to no body.

Though becoming a member of parliament was certainly a hazardous ſtep, conſidering the ſmallneſs of my father's fortune; yet his vanity could not reſiſt the temptation. To parliament accordingly he went; where, after ſome years attendance, as he attached himſelf cloſely to the miniſter, was a ſure vote, and was not without ſome talents for buſineſs, he arrived at the height of his wiſhes, and obtained a conſiderable poſt for life.

This change in his ſituation made him form new plans and new views for his family.

It was now reſolved that the place of our reſidence ſhould be changed, and that for the future it ſhould be ſettled in London. Accordingly, he and his two daughters, of whom the writer of this letter is one, (our mother had died ſome time before), removed from Scotland, and took up their abode in the capital.

I was fourteen years of age, and my ſiſter Harriet eleven, when this material change in our ſituation took place.—I ſhall not eaſily forget the giddy joy I felt when the plan was firſt propoſed; nor the expectations with which my heart beat when the meaſure was reſolved on.

Upon our arrival in town, my father's affection for his daughters, not to ſay his vanity, which led him to think that nothing was too high for them, made him ſpare no expence to get us inſtructed in every faſhionable accompliſhment. No attention was neglected, to beſtow upon us every qualification which the beſt maſters, and an introduction into the beſt company, could produce.

Though my father's revenue was now conſiderable, yet the expence of having a family in London went far beyond his income. The diſtreſſes which this occaſioned (as is commonly the caſe with ſuch diſtreſſes)

diſtreſſes) were felt long before they were endeavoured to be remedied; at laſt, however, they became ſo urgent, as to oblige my father to think of retrenching his expences, by returning for a while to the country.

Thither accordingly we repaired. I will not trouble you with giving a compariſon of the different ſenſations I felt when I firſt left the country, with thoſe which I entertained on my return. Suffice it to ſay, that we were received with the utmoſt reſpect and attention. My father's ſituation and his general popularity, were ſufficient to ſecure this; and our conduct was certainly ſuch as not to give offence.

My father was now advanced in years. Notwithſtanding the emoluments of his office, he found his fortune not increaſing, and became anxious to have my ſiſter and me ſettled in the world. No opportunity of this kind however occurred. The gentlemen of our part of the country, though they treated us with reſpect, never thought of us for wives. A London, a faſhionable, and ſhowy education, they conſidered as incompatible with their plans and views of life. They married girls like themſelves, whoſe habits were like their own.

After having ſomewhat repaired the waſte of London by the œconomy of the country, we returned once more to the metropolis. By the greateſt accident in the world, my ſiſter Harriet happened to catch the fancy of a young nobleman of faſhion and addreſs. Dining one day with a group of his companions, he gave Harriet G—— for his toaſt—ſwearing a great oath—ſhe was the fineſt girl in the world—"I have a great mind," ſaid he, "to marry her."—He was as good as his word, and their marriage ſoon after followed.

A marriage of this kind, made with levity, and entered upon without affection, had little chance to be a happy one. Harriet's huſband ſoon not only became indifferent, but was not even at pains to conceal

conceal his indifference. His amuſements lay in hunting, in drinking, in cock-fighting, in gaming; all her accompliſhments, her muſic, her knowledge in modern languages, her taſte in dreſs, her ſkill in painting, &c. he valued not nor cared for. This negligence for a while ſunk deep into her heart; it threw her into melancholy, and I was apprehenſive of the conſequences of it to her health. In time, however, her ſpirit revived, and ſhe became as indifferent about her huſband as he was about her. She even went the length of wiſhing to ſhow him marks of her indifference.

In this ſituation they now are: more than indifferent, they hate one another; and their only pleaſure conſiſts, though they do it with the moſt finiſhed good-breeding, in giving mutual vexation: He never at home, ſhe always abroad;—he extravagant in his pleaſures, ſhe no leſs ſo in hers;—he in one gaming party, ſhe in another.

You will naturally, Sir, wiſh to know what is my ſituation. I can aſſure you it is by no means agreeable. My father has been for ſome time dead. He died without leaving a ſhilling, his debts being fully equal to his eſtate. In theſe circumſtances, it became a matter of neceſſity, not of choice, that I ſhould live with my ſiſter; but from what I have already ſaid, you muſt eaſily ſee my reſidence in her family cannot be deſirable. The bad terms in which my ſiſter and her Lord live, make me neither loved nor truſted by either. The huſband is jealous that I poſſeſs the confidence of his Lady, and know more than I ſhould know; ſhe again thinks me a ſpy upon her enjoyments, and is diſpleaſed that I ſhould approve of that diſſipation to which ſhe has ſo entirely devoted herſelf.

A thouſand times have I wiſhed to leave this houſe, where no proſpect of enjoyment for me now remains; but as often have I found every ſuch ſcheme impracticable. My relations in the country have now forgotten me; and even if they remem-

bered me with more intereſt than I am afraid they do, would not willingly receive into their family one whom they naturally think a faſhionable reſidence in London muſt have ſo much ſpoiled. I have frequently thought of hiring a ſmall houſe, and living by myſelf, but I find I am unable to afford it. In this ſtate, I muſt remain where I am, neglected by the Earl of ——, and not truſted by the Counteſs. My ſituation I have often thought worſe than that of their houſekeeper; for while ſhe receives their wages, ſhe has it in her power to leave them whenever ſhe has a mind.

With what bitter reflections do I now recollect the time when I firſt left the country! How different has been the fate of Lucy R—— from mine! She was the early companion of my youth. She married, when ſhe was young, a gentleman without fortune, but poſſeſſed of every good quality.—Though the friends of both ſides conſidered the match as imprudent, they yielded to the inclination of the parties. It certainly was not a marriage either of intereſt or ambition; but it was a marriage of choice, of affection. Heaven has rewarded it.—The very narrowneſs of their circumſtances, the mutual inconveniencies, the hardſhips they had to undergo, but endeared them the more to each other. Theſe were an additional incitement to the induſtry of Lucy's huſband, and contributed to the proſperous ſituation at which he has now arrived.—I received lately a letter from Lucy, giving me an account of her ſituation, which, though expreſſed in the ſimpleſt terms, went to my heart. "How happy "am I," ſays ſhe; "the greateſt part of my happineſs conſiſts in my having added to the comfort "of my dear Charles. It was but yeſterday he "told me, that but for me he would have ſunk "under the difficulties of life, but for me he would "not have been able to bear up againſt them; but "with you," ſaid he—"it is needleſs to add the "remainder of his affectionate addreſs."

Such

Such is the letter f Lucy R——; I ſhall not trouble you with any remarks on the difference of her ſituation and mine.—The quiet ordinary path is the road to real and laſting enjoyment; and if parents wiſh to make their children happy, they ſhould educate them for that ſtation in which fortune has placed them; they ſhould know that, for one of my ſex at leaſt, there is more chance of felicity in the private ſtations of life, than in all the noiſe, and pomp, and ſhew, of a more exalted ſituation.

I am, &c.

A. G.

N° 22.——SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1785.

EVERY periodical writer, like every knight-errant of old, in aſſuming his office, is underſtood to ſwear fealty to the Ladies. I preſume, therefore, it is now ſo much an acknowledged quality of the profeſſion, that it is needleſs for any individual to declare it. Above all others, the *Lounger* would wiſh to attract their notice, and conciliate their favour. It is poſſible to be buſy independent of the Ladies; but he muſt be a brute indeed who can be idle without 'em.

I hope, then, I may take credit for a particular attention to their intereſts, their employments, and their amuſements. I ſhall conſider no circumſtance, however minute, as below my regard, which can any how affect them; and every thing in the female form will be intitled to the immediate notice of the *Lounger*.

From a correſpondent who is well aware of this part of my plan, I have juſt received intelligence,

that a very little, but a very wonderful Lady, intends to do herſelf the pleaſure of viſiting Edinburgh this ſeaſon; and I take the firſt opportunity of announcing her intention to my readers. The Lady I mean is the "*Merveilleuſe Poupée parlante;*" the wonderful ſpeaking figure, who has ſo much ſurpriſed and amuſed the beſt company, both on the continent, where ſhe was firſt produced, and in England, where ſhe has ſpent the laſt year of her life. I had the honour of waiting on her firſt at *Bruſſels*, and then at *London;* and ſhall take the liberty of uſhering her into Scotland, to relate ſome particulars that paſſed in the courſe of my laſt viſit, during the Lady's reſidence in the pariſh of *St. James's*.

That part of the company which more particularly attracted my notice, conſiſted of a gentleman and his lady, accompanied by a thin tall elderly gentlewoman, who appeared to be a relation, on whoſe arm the lady leaned as ſhe came up ſtairs, and who carried a ſmall white lap-dog, on whom her kinſwoman beſtowed a great many careſſes, but the huſband looked with rather leſs complacency. There were two very young ladies, attended by a ſiſter ſomewhat older; but who ſeemed to have put on the womanly garb rather from ſize than age. Next them was placed an old gentleman, wraped up in a warm ſurtout, with ſhrivelled cheeks, a ſallow complexion, a laced ſhoe on one foot, and "his youthful hoſe a "world too wide for his ſhrunk ſhanks," who took great pains to accommodate the eldeſt of the ſiſters with a convenient ſeat, and huſtled himſelf on the end of the bench beſide her. In his devoirs he was aſſiſted by a lively-looking little man, ſeemingly not much younger, but much freſher than him, who very ſoon told us, in the only Engliſh words he ſeemed maſter of, that he was a native of Gaſcony, and had been but a few weeks in London. He was dreſſed in a full ſuit of black, had his hair tied in a thin queue, and his curls much indebted to a large quantity of powder and pomatum. Seeing me the only

iſolé

iſolé perſon near him, he made a ſign for me to approach the place where the *Poupée* was to give audience; and with a continuation of the ſame friendly action of his hand, offered me a pinch of ſnuff out of a very beautiful *papier maché* ſnuff-box. I thanked him in French, and we were immediately on an intimate footing. "Et vous, Monſieur,"——ſaid he, holding out the box to the gentleman with the ſlender legs. The old gentleman took the box, and examined very curiouſly ſome figures that were painted on the lid.

The maſter of the exhibition now made his appearance, and addreſſed the company (as nearly as I can recollect, after hearing the ſame piece of eloquence twice) in the following words: "Ladies and Gen-
"tlemen, Ave de goodneſs to regard dis young
"Lady. She has had de honneur to be ſeen by de
"Emperor of Germany, the King of Pruſſe, de
"King and Queen of France, and Monſeigneur le
"Dauphin, when he was but tri monts old, at which
"time ſhe had de honneur of being exactly of de
"ſame ſize vid Monſeigneur. You ſee her attached
"to de plafond of de chamber only by dis ſmall
"chain, no bigger dan one ſilk trid, and I hold
"myſelf here at long diſtance from her, ſo dat it is
"impoſſeeble der can be communication vid any
"perſon. You ſee dat trompette which ſhe wears
"at her mout; in dat if you ſpeak any queſ-
"tion it pleaſe you to put, in ever ſo low a viſper,
"Ma'moiſelle will ave de honneur of making an-
"ſwer."

There was a ſhort pauſe, nobody ſeeming to chuſe to be the firſt to addreſs her; till my Gaſcon roſe, and making a bow, firſt to the old gentleman, by way of apology, and then to the young lady who ſat next him, handed her, who ſeemed not well to know whether to refuſe going or not, up to the place, and, with another bow, preſented her to the figure, to whom her queſtion was to be addreſſed. Having been a viſitor of the lady's before, I knew how to

make the moſt of my viſit; and contrived to place myſelf in ſuch a ſituation as not only to hear the queſtions that ſhould be put aloud, but to make a pretty ſhrewd gueſs at thoſe which the queſtioner might not ſo much incline ſhould be audible to the company, as well as at the anſwers. The young lady bluſhed, ſmiled, and bit her fan; but being re-aſſured by her conductor, and the reſt of the company, at laſt put her mouth to the little trumpet that conveys the queſtion, and aſked Mademoiſelle in a half whiſper, "How many lovers ſhe had?" —"More than are good for me."——Miſs ſmiled again, but looked as if ſhe did not agree with her.

The exhibitor made a ſign to the French gentleman, who had handed back the young lady to her ſeat, to aſk his queſtion next. "Place aux Dames," ſaid he, pointing to the married lady I mentioned before; who, recommending her lap-dog, who was ſleeping on the bench by her, to the care of her relation, whom ſhe now called Couſin *Martha*, advanced to the figure, and aſked her, "If ſhe was "married?"—"Dieu m'en garde—Heaven for-"bid," anſwered the Poupée.——The Lady looked at her huſband, and ſeemed as if ſhe perfectly agreed with her.

As the gentleman got up to make way for his lady, he diſcompoſed the lap-dog, for which his wife chid him, and ſcolded Martha. "Does Mon-"ſieur chuſe to aſk any thing?" ſaid the ſhew-man to him.—"Not I," ſaid he ſurlily; "Does your "Doll never ſpeak but when ſhe is ſpoken to?"— "Never, Sir; ſhe is too well bred."——He interpreted the queſtion and his anſwer to the Frenchman. "C'eſt dommage," ſaid he in return. "That's "a pity, the gentleman thinks; re-interpreted the exhibitor to the married man. "No, by G—, that "it is not," replied the other.——The ſhew-man interpreted again;—the Gaſcon received it with one of thoſe ſignificant ſhrugs with which the philoſophers

phers of his country reconcile to themſelves and others every diſpenſation of Providence.

A lady, whom I had not obſerved before, now came forward. She was in a much fuller dreſs than any of the reſt of the company, and had one of the fineſt complexions in the world. She looked very narrowly at the Poupée's head-dreſs, and the particular ſit of her tucker. "What ſort of paint do you "uſe?" ſaid ſhe, loud enough to be heard by us who were near her—"Vous n'en avez pas beſoin, "—You have no need on't," anſwered the figure; the equivoque was a very polite one. "C'eſt char- "mant?" ſaid the Frenchman, looking firſt on the Poupée, and then on the lady; the lady drew back, and ſeemed inclined to bluſh—but could not.

"Do you chuſe, Sir?" ſaid our exhibitor to me. I declined putting the lady to the trouble, having been convinced of her abilities at Bruſſels. On this the old gentleman came forward. Like the laſt queſtioner, he examined Mademoiſelle very cloſely, putting on his ſpectacles to aſſiſt his examination.—"Pray, Miſs," ſaid he, with a ſort of chuckle, "do you garter above or below the knee?" The anſwer was ſo low I could not hear it; but the old gentleman hobbled back to his ſeat, apparently not quite ſatisfied with his reception. The married lady now preſſed her kinſwoman to put her queſtion in turn: but ſhe would by no means conſent to it, hinting, that ſhe could not think of putting her mouth to a trumpet that had ſo lately been polluted by the lips of a male. My friend the Gaſcon, on being told of her refuſal, ſeemed to enjoy ſome joke that had ſtruck him, and, as they ſometimes think aloud, was muttering to himſelf. I heard the words, "d'un "certain age;" but he ſtopped ſhort, and ſaid aloud, that the lady certainly thought it was more *ſelon res regles* for her to be aſked queſtions than to aſk them. Miſs Martha purſed up her lips, and ſaid ſomething of impertinence and mixed companies. It is almoſt four, ſaid her kinſwoman; and taking up

the lap-dog, walked out of the room, leaning upon Miſs Martha, and telling her huſband to follow them. The Frenchman was on his feet in an inſtant; and ſkipping over the benches, got down ſtairs in time enough to call her ſervant, and to hand, firſt her lap-dog, and then its miſtreſs, into the carriage, that waited for them. He offered his hand to Miſs Martha, who would not accept of it. The huſband bruſhed paſt him with a look that did not ſeem to thank him for his attentions. Go home, ſaid the lady to the footman, who looked to her for the order; and the coach drove from the door. The French gentleman turned to me, who was ſtanding behind in the entrance. "En Angleterre le mariage eſt une "affaire ſi ſombre.——In England marriage is ſo "gloomy a buſineſs."——"Quelquefois—ſome-"times," ſaid I ſmiling.——My Frenchman caught himſelf immediately.——"Aſſurément, Monſieur "n'eſt pas marié."—I aſſured him I was not married.——"Il n'en a pas l'air,——You have not the look on't."——This, in his opinion, was both a felicitation and a compliment; and ſo it had one of my beſt bows at parting.

V.

Nº 23.——Saturday, July 9, 1785.

It has been remarked, that in proportion as a nation advances from barbariſm to civilization, the women riſe into eſteem, hold a more important ſtation in ſociety, and become more and more objects of attention. Upon a fair eſtimate, we ſhall probably find a higher degree of true refinement in the poliſhed nations of modern Europe, than what prevailed even in the brighteſt days of Greece and Rome. Accord-

Accordingly a lady at the court of Verſailles, or of London, is treated with a reſpect, attention, and obſervance, to which an Athenian beauty or a Roman matron was not accuſtomed.

One would naturally expect to meet with the ſame progreſs of refinement among writers who treat of the female character. We find, however, that this is not the caſe; and that women are often treated in books with the moſt ſovereign contempt by the moſt elegant writers. An Engliſh author, diſtinguiſhed for the elegance and the politeneſs of his manners, while he acknowledges the influence of the fair ſex, and inculcating the neceſſity of gaining their good graces by every man who wiſhes to advance in the road of ambition, at the ſame time talks of women in general as beings of an inferior order. He does not ſcruple to call them, "*children of a larger* "*growth*," and to ſay that he never knew one woman capable of reaſoning or of acting conſequentially for four and twenty hours together.

It is not my intention at preſent to enter the liſts with the *Earl of Cheſterfield*. I flatter myſelf it is an unneceſſary taſk, and that few of my readers require any other argument than their own feelings and obſervation, to be ſatisfied of the injuſtice of his Lordſhip's invective againſt the loveliеſt part of the creation, "the laſt, beſt work of "Heaven."

This injuſtice of our ſex towards the other often ariſes from a want of duly conſidering the different conditions of each. The law in ſome inſtances conſiders women in a ſtate of pupillage; and they frequently may be reckoned ſo in conduct.—They are neceſſarily under the tutelage of circumſtances and of ſituation, governed by the decorum of ſex, by the forms of the world. If we picture to ourſelves a woman diveſted of that pliability of mind, firm in reſolve, unſhaken in conduct, unmoved by the delicacies of ſituation, by the faſhions of the times, by the fear even of common-place ob-

loquy, or of flippant cenſure; in the delineation of ſuch a character, we immediately change the idea of the ſex, and, like the ſon of *Peleus* diſcovered amidſt the daughters of *Lycodemes*, we ſee under the form of woman the virtues and qualities of a man.

There is one particular in which we hear the ſex daily blamed, and in which their conduct has afforded matter for much ſevere cenſure; I mean a predilection they are ſuppoſed to bear to frivolous men, poſſeſſing no one valuable talent, no one quality ſufficient to procure either reſpect or eſteem. In this, as in other things, I am inclined to believe, that it is not always in the freedom of choice, but in that vaſſalage of ſituation and circumſtances which I mentioned, that their ſociety is formed. But were I even to admit that women are apt to prefer the ſociety of men of light and ſhowy parts to that of men of more cultivated minds; I cannot, for my part, allow, that they merit all the obloquy that has been thrown upon them on that account.

There is in the female character a fear of offending, a ſelf-diffidence, a delicate ſenſe of propriety, which renders a woman unhappy when ſhe ſays or does, or thinks ſhe has ſaid or done, a thing not perfectly as it ought to have been. A quick perception, and a delicate ſenſibility, render her feelingly alive to the opinions of thoſe around her. Hence proceeds that modeſt ſhyneſs, that bewitching ſoftneſs, the moſt attractive charm which Heaven has beſtowed on womankind. Afraid of an inferiority, a woman of ſenſibility feels a certain degree of uneaſineſs in the company of men of high ability and profound learning. Diffident of being able to converſe with ſuch men on equal terms, ſhe fancies, ſhe is contemned by them; ſhe feels a diſagreeable reſtraint in their preſence, from which ſhe is glad to be relieved, and to find herſelf in a circle where, though ſhe may meet with leſs genius, leſs knowledge, and leſs wit, ſhe is more upon a footing with thoſe around her, and leſs afraid of betraying any defect in herſelf.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, too, men poſſeſſed of uncommon talents and great genius, are apt to truſt too much to their intrinſic merit, and to deſpiſe, as beneath their regard, thoſe graces and accompliſhments, the ſole end of which is to render a man agreeable in ſociety. As gold, without being highly poliſhed, will always be valued, they ſeem to think they may reſt ſecure upon their Sterling merit, as ſufficient to procure them the eſteem and conſideration of mankind. How many men of genius and of knowledge could we name, whoſe manners are diſguſting, and to whom nothing could reconcile us but a conſciouſneſs of their ſuperiority in the higher endowments of the mind? A Locke or a Newton may be very unpleaſing companions, and may be deficient in every quality requiſite to render a man agreeable in the common intercourſe of life. But the ſame quick and delicate perception which gives pain to a woman when ſhe imagines ſhe herſelf has been guilty of any impropriety in behaviour or in manner, leads her to obſerve with attention the manners of others, to be charmed with the eaſe, the elegance, the politeneſs of a well-bred man, and to be diſguſted with the firſt appearance of any thing harſh, vulgar, or illiberal.

It may alſo be obſerved, that there is ſomething in the female mind which delights more in the beautiful than the ſublime, more in the amiable than the ſplendid, more in what engages and captivates, than in what awes with its grandeur, or aſtoniſhes with its vaſtneſs. A woman muſt be *maſculine* to a certain degree before ſhe can prefer *Homer* to *Virgil*, *Milton* to *Taſſo*, and *Shakeſpeare* to *Metaſtaſio*, or the bold ſtrokes of *Michael Angelo*, to the graceful touches of *Guido*. May not the ſame ſoftneſs and delicacy diſpoſe her to prefer thoſe gentle manners and amiable qualities which adorn private and domeſtic ſcenes, to the more ſplendid talents which fit a man to ſhine in public life, in the ſenate, or in the field, to thoſe which qualify him to inſtruct and inform

form mankind by philoſophical inquiry, or deep inveſtigation?

In this, as in every thing elſe, we have reaſon to admire the wiſdom and benevolence of the Author of nature. It falls to the lot of a very ſmall portion of the human race, to poſſeſs thoſe talents which enable a man "*to read his hiſtory in a nation's eyes.*"—Were the regard, the eſteem, the confidence of the women confined to ſuch alone, the bulk of mankind would be deprived of the beſt, the pureſt ſource of happineſs which this world affords. What enjoyment can be compared with the felicity flowing from a union with a virtuous woman, who pours out her ſoul into the boſom of him ſhe loves, who repoſes in him with unbounded confidence, and whoſe great object of ambition it is to ſoften every care, to alleviate every calamity? What object can be more beautiful, or more engaging, than ſuch a woman in the midſt of her family, diffuſing happineſs on all around her? There, to uſe the words of the eloquent *Rouſſeau*, "Son empire eſt un empire de douceur, "d'addreſſe, et de complaiſance; ſes ordres ſont "des careſſes, ſes menaces ſont des pleurs."

Conſiderable uſe, however, might be made of the difference, in diſpoſition, in feeling, and in ſituation, between the ſexes, if, in their intercourſe with one another, thoſe qualities which are moſt eſtimable in each were allowed their influence in a beneficial, not an extravagant degree. Were the men to derive from the ſociety of the women gentleneſs, complaiſance, ſenſibility; were the women to borrow from that of the men ſteadineſs, deliberation, and fortitude; characters might be formed not leſs amiable than uſeful, not leſs engaging than enlightened. Wiſdom would no longer be accuſed of ſeverity, nor Sprightlineſs cenſured for levity. Virtue would aſſume her moſt winning as well as her moſt reſpectable form; and many votaries would be fixed by her ſmiles, whom her precepts had been unable to retain.

M.

N° 24.——Saturday, July 16, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

Dis il'e adverſis genitus, fatoque ſiniſtro.

Juvenal.

SIR,

I AM one of that claſs of men called *Valetudinarians*, people whoſe ordinary ſtate of health is ſickneſs, and who are never well enough to live without the aid of a phyſician. My father, who was a cadet of a family of quality, died of old age at thirty-four. I was born in the ſeventh month, and paſſed the firſt three years of my life in a baſket lined with cotton, which was carefully placed by the fire-ſide of my mother's bed-chamber, and carried with great caution round the room once-a-day for the ſake of exerciſe. In my fourth year, I was allowed to breathe the freſh air in the arms of my nurſe; and by the time I had reached my ſeventh, was able to walk round the parlour by the aid of a go-cart. But to record minutely the tranſactions of my infancy is not to my preſent purpoſe. Suffice it to ſay, that by the care of the excellent parent I have mentioned, and the power of medicine, I attained to the age of thirty-five; and bating my aſthma and a nervous atrophy, enjoyed, thank God, a very tolerable ſtate of health. At this unlucky period, death deprived me of the beſt of mothers, and left me a helpleſs orphan with a fortune of 20,000*l.*

Among the gentlemen of the faculty, whom, from my unhappy conſtitution, it was neceſſary to keep in conſtant pay, there was one whoſe attentions ſeemed to partake ſo much of perſonal attachment,

ment, that I reſolved to retain him in my houſe by a fixed ſalary. Dr. *Doddipoll* was a valetudinary like myſelf; and I had always experienced from him that tender condolence which the diſtreſſed feel for each other. His ſkill was very great; and he had at the ſame time ſo little of the quackery of his profeſſion, that he openly derided all pretenſions to myſtery, and plainly declared, that he regarded his brethren of the faculty as ſolemn impoſtors.—The long ſtudies preparatory to his profeſſion, and the extenſive learning ſuppoſed to be neceſſary to attain a knowledge of its doctrines, he treated with the utmoſt ridicule. I have often heard him ſay, that he would engage to communicate the whole ſcience of medicine to any perſon of common intellects in a couple of hours. My friend Doddipoll held but one maxim in phyſic, which was, that all diſeaſes have their ſeat in the ſtomach, and proceed either from too great a richneſs and viſcidity, or an an extreme thinneſs of the gaſtric juices. The former was to be corrected by the uſe of attenuating food, the latter by that which is more nutritive. To the former claſs he referred my caſe; as it was evident, he ſaid, from the thinneſs of my legs and the paleneſs of my complexion, that the juices were too thick to circulate freely through the minute lymphatics, and thus the parts were deprived of their due nouriſhment. His own caſe he decided to belong to the contrary claſs, as was apparent from the unwieldy ſize of his legs and belly, and the ſcurvy in his face. The thinneſs of the juices gave riſe to a ſuperabundant ſecretion, which diſtended all the veſſels, occaſioned too great a determination of blood to the head, and ſwelled the whole body. His regimen and mine were therefore totally oppoſite. To attenuate my juices, I was fed chiefly on ſkim-milk, panada, and vegetables; while Doddipoll, to correct the tenuity of his fluids, was reſtricted to beef and pudding, turkey and chine, &c. a tankard of mild ale, and a bottle

of old claret. You will forgive my uſe of *medical* terms, Mr. Lounger; they are, ſtrictly ſpeaking, my mother-tongue, and I cannot eaſily expreſs myſelf without them.

My family conſiſted at this time, beſides the Doctor and myſelf, of my man-ſervant Peter, and my maid Betty, two honeſt and faithful domeſtics; and I may ſay with great truth, there never was a better regulated or more orderly houſehold. It was Peter's province to rub me down in the morning with a fleſh-bruſh, to make my water-dock tea, to attend me at noon with the dumb-bells, and meaſure out my hour of exerciſe, make up my electuaries, cook my ſago and panada, boil my water-gruel and white-wine whey, air my flannel-ſhirt. and put me to bed. Betty's ſervices were chiefly dedicated to my worthy friend the Doctor, who always gave her the commendation of an excellent and diſcreet young woman, and perfectly acquainted with all the duties of an handmaid.

Such, Sir, was the courſe of my life, during thoſe which may be termed my halcyon-days; when, ah, the inconſtancy of human affairs! my friend, my companion, my Eſculapius, was carried off by a fit of apoplexy. The poor Doctor—how ſhall I deſcribe the melancholy ſcene!—A fillet of veal ſtood upon the table.—It was ſtuffed, which was his favourite way of dreſſing it.—He looked at it for ſome time, muttered ſomething about butter and oranges, fell back in his chair, and expired.

ALAS, POOR DODDIPOLL.

On this melancholy occaſion, I had many conſolatory viſits from my friends and relations Among theſe laſt, I was much ſtruck with the tender ſympathy of one of my female couſins, the Honourable Miſs *Angelica Tempeſt*. This Lady, though paſt her bloom, had ſtill the appearance of a fine woman.—Though ſhe had no fortune, having had an excellent

edrcation,

education, ſhe wanted none of the accompliſhments of a Lady of faſhion. But what ſtruck me moſt in her character was the ſenſibility of her diſpoſition, and that affectionate concern ſhe ſhewed for all ſorts of diſtreſſes. She would often ſit by me for hours, liſten to my complaints with the moſt ſympathiſing attention, and inquire into their particular ſymptoms with the tenderneſs of a ſiſter, and the ſolicitude of a ſick nurſe. To cut the matter ſhort, Sir, ſhe ſo far won upon me, that in an evil hour, and tempted I believe by the devil, I threw myſelf at her feet, and propoſed marriage. She did not diſdain my ſuit; and after a reaſonable time for the adjuſtment of punctilios, we became man and wife.

For the firſt week all went ſmoothly enough; but at the end of that period, I began to perceive a riſing ſpirit of innovation, which gave me ſome diſquiet. I had made my account with ſome changes; as the family eſtabliſhment which was ſuitable to my bachelor ſtate might be thought too contracted for that into which I had now entered. I therefore readily enough acquieſced in the propoſal of hiring a larger houſe, and adding two to the number of our domeſtics; but it was with much concern I learned that the reform was to be begun by the diſmiſſion of the truſty Peter and the diſcreet Mrs. Betty. It was in vain I urged the merits of both, their long ſervices, and perfect acquaintance with the complicated ſyſtem of my poor conſtitution, its wants, and its regimen. My wife declared, that to attend to theſe was no leſs her duty than her pleaſure, and that while ſhe lived, no other hands than her own ſhould touch the body of her deareſt Lord. It was however very ſoon perceived, that in this ſhe had undertaken a taſk more laborious than ſhe was aware of. The exerciſe of the fleſh-bruſh was found ſo fatiguing, that on the third morning, in pure compaſſion to her, I propoſed to make trial of one of our new footmen. This raſcal, who ſeemed endowed with the ſtrength of Hercules, began as if he

he had been currying a centaur, and actually diſlocated my ſhoulder at the firſt experiment.

During a painful confinement to my chair, which was the conſequence of this unlucky accident, it was not unnatural to have expected that my wife, who was ſo remarkable for the tender feelings, would have exerciſed her utmoſt aſſiduity in adminiſtering conſolation under a diſaſter, of which it was plain ſhe had been the cauſe. But what, Sir, was the method ſhe took to comfort me? Why, by endeavouring to perſuade me that there was nothing the matter with me. She had the cruelty to tell me, that I had no other diſeaſe than vapours, and undertook, with equal folly and preſumption, that ſhe would completely cure me in the ſpace of a month. A pragmatical coxcomb of a phyſician, who now ſupplied the place of my late worthy friend, declared my wife's notion of my diſorder to be altogether juſt, and concurred with her in opinion as to the method of cure. Moderate exerciſe was ordered for bracing my nerves, and company and amuſements were preſcribed for keeping up my ſpirits.

For theſe purpoſes, the chariot was ordered to attend every morning immediately after breakfaſt; and, for the benefit of air and exerciſe, I was rattled for four hours upon the ſtones, through a tour of twenty viſits, and the complete circuit of all the mercers and milliners ſhops in town. My deareſt contrived to have a ſelect company of a few friends to dine with us every day, and a ſmall whiſt-party in the evening, except on Monday, which was our private concert, and every ſecond Thurſday, when ſhe had a route of ſix tables. Once a-week I was conveyed to the play, and had the pleaſure of ſeeing *the Siddons*, at the repeated hazard of ſuffocation: but here I own it alleviated my feelings to obſerve the greateſt part of the audience undergoing, without compulſion, apparently the ſame agonies with myſelf.

I always

I always delighted, Sir, in tranquillity. Judge, therefore, of my mortification, in now finding that my life was deſtined to be one continued ſcene of tumult and turmoil. We are informed, that in the days of witchcraft, when it was the misfortune of any old woman to incur that imputation, it was cuſtomary with her accuſers to prevent her intercourſe with the devil, which was ſuppoſed to be chiefly during ſleep, by keeping her continually awake. My wife, Sir, ſeems to hold ſome opinions very analogous to that now mentioned. Apprehending a ſtate of quiet to be of the worſt conſequences to my diſorder, it is her conſtant ſtudy to guard againſt and prevent it by every poſſible means. As, with all her induſtry to find employment for the day, there muſt be ſome few moments unoccupied, ſhe has provided ſeveral domeſtic companions of ſuch of the animal tribe as are moſt averſe to reſt and ſilence. We have three dogs, who wage eternal warfare with as many cats. A parrot is ſuſpended in the ſtair-caſe, a magpye in the anti-chamber, and ſix Canary-birds, in the parlour. A monkey, I am informed, has been commiſſioned, and is actually upon the road: but this additional curſe I believe I ſhall effectually prevent, having taken meaſures to have him waylaid and aſſaſſinated.

But theſe are the leaſt of my grievances. I muſt now inform you of ſomewhat more ſerious. I have of late but too good reaſon to believe, that my loving ſpouſe has actually formed a plot againſt my life. Exerciſe, Sir, and change of air, have been the pretence for frequent expeditions to the country, with one or two friends, which ſhe calls parties of pleaſure, but which I have generally found to land in ſome curſed diſaſter, which has gone near to be my death. I have been twice caught in a thunder-ſtorm on horſeback, thrice in a hurricane upon the water, four times broke down in a carriage, and the laſt time compelled to ride ten miles in the night-air upon a hard-trotting coach-horſe. I underſtand

it

it is now reſolved, by the advice of the family-phyſician above-mentioned, to ſet out in a few days hence upon a tour through the north of England, and in our way to make trial of the mineral waters of Buxton, Matlock, or Harrowgate. What may be the iſſue of this expedition, is hid in the womb of fate. The deſign of it, however, is ſufficiently apparent; and I cannot help regarding it as intended for my *coup de grace*. If I ſurvive it, you may once again hear from me; if not, you may perhaps beſtow a tear on the memory of the ill-fated

JEREMIAH DY-SOON.

N° 25.——SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH I preſume, from your account of yourſelf, that you occaſionally viſit the Theatre, and go there, like your friend Colonel Cauſtic, to ſee the Play as well as the Company; I do not obſerve that you have yet favoured us with any remarks on the entertainments of the ſtage. This I regard in a manner as part of your duty. Whatever has ſo powerful an effect in forming the *manners* as the Theatre, falls properly within the department of one who wiſhes to mark their progreſs. Even as a mere amuſement, that which occupies ſo great a ſpace in the time of the idle, ſhould attract the notice of the *Lounger*. The field, you know, Sir, is wide: for even in the beſt of our Engliſh pieces there is great room

room for improvement, and much to be found fault with. The *Fair Penitent*, for example, which ſtands high in the liſt, is in many reſpects imperfect, if not reprehenſible; which cenſure that I may juſtify, (as alſo to take a ſhare in the labour which I exhort you to), let me attempt to ſhew wherein it is that the piece is chiefly defective.

For this purpoſe, we muſt firſt direct our attention to the characters; which are by no means ſuch as to ſupport or promote the intereſt of the ſituation. The heroine herſelf is very far from being an amiable or unexceptionable lady. Her ſlight pretenſions to the title of *Penitent* have often been remarked; and indeed the whole ſtyle of her character, excluſive of the objections that lie againſt it in a moral view, is of that fierce, unbending, and unfeminine ſort, which we cannot eaſily pity in misfortune, or forgive in error. For the weakneſs and the guilt of her love, ſhe has not that apology which ſome unfortunate females derive from the bewitching qualities of their ſeducers. The object of her paſſion is a vain, a profligate, and undiſguiſed libertine, whoſe treatment of her had been ſo utterly baſe and unmanly, as even to make her dread that the ſecret of her favours might not be ſafely lodged with him. The "fineneſs of his form," is the only attractive quality we perceive about him; a motive to love which ſinks the Lady equally in our eſtimation of her virtue, and in our opinion of her underſtanding.

If ſuch is the impreſſion that *Caliſta* makes on her firſt appearance, her conduct in the courſe of the piece by no means removes it. Her behaviour to Horatio, when he intimates his ſuſpicions of her guilty correſpondence, and holds up to her her own letter in ſupport of the charge, is the very height of effrontery; as indeed the attempt which follows, to turn the ſword of her injured huſband againſt the boſom of his beſt friend, becauſe he had detected her falſehood, is a ſtroke of wickedneſs, (for it deſerves no gentler name), which deprives her of all title to ſympa-

ſympathy. We remain accordingly, till the beginning of the fifth act, almoſt indifferent about her fate; or perhaps we rather enjoy her difficulties and embarraſſments. Then, indeed, after her ſhame has been divulged; when the object of her guilty flame is now no more; when ſhe is ſet before us, forſaken of every friend, and without proſpect of peace but in the grave; when now the ſtormy paſſions that had tranſported her, having ſubſided, are followed by ſettled ſorrow; and her haughty ſoul, bowed down by misfortunes, at length ſubmits to own that ſhe had done amiſs, to entreat forgiveneſs, and to be grateful for a little tenderneſs:—in theſe circumſtances our tears begin to take her part, as they would that of an object, however undeſerving, reduced to ſo wretched a ſituation, and throwing herſelf entirely on our pity. The ſcene between her and Altamont, where ſhe makes confeſſion of her own demerit, and prays for a companion to him more deſerving of his virtues, is intereſting: and ſtill more ſo that which precedes it between her and *Sciolto*; which is indeed by far the beſt in the play. We ſhould miſtake however in attributing its effect to our intereſt in Caliſta: for the venerable good old man has by much the greateſt ſhare in it; whoſe affection for his child, contending with his rigid ſenſe of honour, forms a ſpectable that draws at once our admiration and our love. Sciolto, indeed, is the moſt intereſting, as well as moſt reſpectable perſon of the drama; his ſituation, his character, and his feelings, equally inſpire our reverence for his virtue, and our pity for his misfortunes.

If the character of Caliſta offends us by its fierceneſs, that of *Altamont* diſguſts us by its inſignificance. Of him we know little more than this, which is far from being enough, that he is an ardent admirer of Caliſta. We are told indeed by the other perſons of the piece, that he is "*an excellent young man*," and inherits all his father's virtues. But theſe encomiums by his friends make him no favourite with the ſpecta-

ſpectator, who knows nothing of his father, and is attached only by what he himſelf ſees and obſerves, and finds reaſon for; not by what he hears related, or is deſired to believe. Now, what of Altamont is preſented, is boyiſh, ſilly, and extravagant; we neither ſympathiſe with his joy for the acquiſition, nor in his deſpair for the loſs of a miſtreſs who receives his adoration with ſuch indifference, and yields him her hand with ſuch unwillingneſs. We feel the meanneſs as well as indelicacy of his ſituation, and are tempted to deſpiſe him for accepting a bribe on ſuch mortifying conditions.

When love, as in the caſe of Altamont, is the only prominent part of a character, its object ſhould be rendered worthy of its ardour. Neither for Altamont's affection for Caliſta, nor Caliſta's for Lothario, has the Poet furniſhed ſuch an apology. The firſt is mean, though it may be honeſt; the laſt is nearly as contemptible, and much leſs pure: here it is ſilly, there it is criminal.

Horatio's character is of a better ſtamp: But he is not a principal in the action. At the ſame time, the behaviour of this "*far-famed friend of noble Al-*" *tamont*," is not in every inſtance juſt what we expect of him; eſpecially in the firſt meeting between him and that unfortunate youth, after the full diſcovery of Caliſta's guilt: On which occaſion, inſtead of conſidering the bitter diſappointment his young friend had met with, and preventing him by an unſolicited forgiveneſs, which is what we look for from the calm and generous temper of Horatio, he abuſes and reviles him with all the ſharpneſs of an enemy, and can hardly be won to forget his offence.

There is one other perſon of the Drama, whom we had almoſt forgot to take notice of; a lady too; *Lavinia*, the ſpouſe of Horatio; a very deſerving perſon doubtleſs, as well as her brother Altamont, but withal extremely inſipid; and ſo much the leſs allowed for, that ſhe is quite unneceſſary; her preſence

ſence ſerving only to introduce two dull ſcenes of conjugal endearment between her and her huſband.

The conduct of the piece, though by no means ſo exceptionable as the manners, is not without a fault. We may obſerve of many Engliſh plays, and ſome of theſe among the beſt in the language, Mr. Home's *Douglas*, for example, that they are languid towards the concluſion; owing to the inability of the Poet to ſuſpend the unravelling of his ſtory; or, as the Poet will tell us, owing to the arbitrary rule which preſcribes, that a Tragedy ſhall not conſiſt of fewer acts than five; to comply with which, he is obliged either to continue the ſtory beyond its natural and proper term, or elſe to ſwell the piece with artificial ſcenes, that contribute little to heighten our intereſt, or to advance the action. The embarraſſment of this rule has been felt by the author of the Fair Penitent. After the death of Lothario, which happens as early as the beginning of the fourth act, he is evidently at a loſs to fill up the remainder of the play, and not a little puzzled how to keep the Heroine alive till the end of it. This was indeed no ſmall difficulty; as it is not eaſy to imagine what ſhould reſtrain ſo proud and violent a perſonage one moment from eſcaping deſpair and infamy, and ſetting herſelf at liberty, after "the broad ſhame," of her diſcovery with Lothario. Mr. Rowe ſeems by no means ſucceſsful in the attempt. Soon after Lothario's fall, we are informed that a tumult has ariſen in conſequence of it among the partiſans of that young nobleman, and that Sciolto's palace is attacked. The old man goes forth to repel their violence: The event we are never told of; but we muſt ſuppoſe it favourable, as he afterwards appears in ſafety. Horatio is in like manner aſſaulted in the ſtreets: but this ſcuffle produces not, more than the former, any conſequence whatever; if it be not, that Lavinia comes forward to diſtreſs us with her alarms about the ſafety of her Lord. We are next preſented with the long ſuperfluous ſcene of reconciliation between him and Altamont.

mont. Follows, in the beginning of the fifth act, the ſpectacle of Lothario's dead body, with the muſic, the book, the bones, and the black hangings; by what means ſo furniſhed out, or for what ſervice intended, it is not eaſy to diſcover. And in the end, Sciolto, who had given orders to have his gates well guarded, and had ſummoned his friends to attend him in his palace, having, againſt all probability, ſtolen out alone and unattended, on ſome errand unknown to any body, receives his death by means which we have not ſeen prepared, and in a manner which we do not underſtand. It is this circumſtance that determines Caliſta's reſolution: For though there had before this been much talking about death, and a great deal of preparation for it, ſtill ſhe had unaccountably delayed the execution of a purpoſe, which ſhe had from the beginning prepared us to expect whenever her guilt ſhould be diſcovered; and which the deſperate and horrid circumſtances attending the diſcovery ſhould have confirmed and accelerated. Thus, in the middle of the fourth act, a new ſpring of movement is brought into play; and the action is afterwards forced on, not by the paſſions of the principal perſonages, which had till then advanced it, and which alone ought to do that duty, but by the party zeal of (we know not who) Lothario's friends: A power which we may ſuppoſe, if we pleaſe, but which we feel ourſelves under no manner of neceſſity to ſuppoſe. Farther, the death of Sciolto is not well interwoven with that freſh thread, detached from the texture of the piece as it is, but figures as a mere accident; inſomuch that we are almoſt equally ſurpriſed on being told of it, as if we were to hear that he had dropped down in a fit of apoplexy.

With all this, the play has beauties that muſt be reliſhed by every reader of taſte. It is particularly eminent for elegance and richneſs of expreſſion throughout. The deſcriptions (with which it abounds) are equal to any in the language. And the

the ſubordinate degrees of all the paſſions, eſpecially the amiable, are touched for the moſt part both with ſpirit and delicacy. The high pathetic, however, is not any where to be met with in it, (if we except one ſtroke, in the ſcene already taken notice of between Caliſta and her father.) We muſt particularly remark the want of genuine pathos in Caliſta's noted ſoliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act, where that lady is by far too much miſtreſs of herſelf, and diſcourſes in a ſtyle very foreign to her circumſtances: Inſtead of being loſt in the thoughts of her ſituation, ſhe remarks on the ſcene, as a ſpectator might, that *here is ample room for meditation.* She tries the book, and deſcants upon the vanity of its precepts: She liſtens to the muſic, and approves the ſtyle of it: She expatiates on the pageantry of the death's head and bones; while the corſe of the loved youth who had wrought all her troubles, is noticed in fewer words than are beſtowed on any of the other topics; and theſe words only an exclamation at the ghaſtlineſs of its appearance. This compoſure and unconcern is by no means what we look for from the ardent ſpirit of Caliſta, ſitting at midnight by the dead body of her "dear betrayer."—She had loved Lothario with paſſion; and her fondneſs for him had confeſſedly a little while ago full poſſeſſion of her breaſt.—Only a few hours have paſſed ſince he was ſlaughtered in her preſence.—His faults are now expiated in his blood.—She is a woman, not a Cato; and ſhe had hitherto been repreſented as of a violent temper, rather than firm:—So that we now indulge in the full hope to hear the genuine voice of grief and deſpair, uttering not a ſingle word but what immediately relates to her ſituation, and is ſuggeſted by it. It is not enough that ſhe tell us, the mind may here burſt with thinking, and that ſhe is full of anguiſh which no diſcipline can cure; nor that ſhe feed the phrenzy of her ſoul with ſolemn ſounds, and invoke the infernal gods to match the horror around her. A thouſand ſuch fanciful exclamations expreſs not truly any diſtreſs. They

are not the language of anguiſh, which dwells, like every other ſtrong feeling, ſteadily on its object, and is occupied with that alone, and not with talking of itſelf. It is the very griefs of Caliſta, the ſources of pain opened afreſh by the ſight of Lothario, as he there lies—compaſſion for his fate—revived affection for his perſon,—the preſent ſcene compared with their ſtolen interview of love—the deſolation ſhe has ſpread around her—her deſpair of relief;—theſe are the ſubjects we expect to ſee purſuing one another in her thoughts: And till theſe appear, ſay Caliſta what ſhe may about her agonies, we are neither diſpoſed to believe nor to pity them.

Yours, &c.

THEATRICUS.

TO ſhew that I take in good part the ſuggeſtion of my correſpondent at the beginning of his letter, I will add to his obſervations on the Tragedy in queſtion a few lines, to inform him that I was one of the audience who attended its repreſentation ſome evenings ago, and received that very high entertainment which the performance of Mrs. Siddons always affords. Amidſt the defects which *Theatricus* very juſtly remarks in the character of *Caliſta*, there is, however, a variety of high and ſtormy paſſion, which gives ſcope to the aſtoniſhing powers of this incomparable actreſs. Theſe ſhe diſplayed ſo forcibly, that ſome who had not inveſtigated the character ſo cloſely as my correſpondent, thought "ſhe over-ſtepped "the modeſty of nature in the force and whirlwind "of her paſſion." But let it be remembered, that Caliſta is a woman haughty and impetuous in the higheſt degree, and that the defence of guilt is always loud

loud in proportion as it is hollow. In this, indeed, lay the admirable art with which ſhe played the ſcene with Horatio; ſhe roſe in violence as the accuſation was preſſed upon her, and met his reproof and admonition with the fierceneſs of reſentment and of pride, ſtruggling with the anguiſh of guilt and ſhame. Nor did ſhe fail to give the Poet (as is uſual with her) ſome merit not his own, by infuſing into the latter part of the play that tenderneſs of which ſhe knows ſo well how to unlock the ſprings. In the laſt interview with her father, particularly, and in her dying ſpeech to Altamont, ſhe conveyed this impreſſion ſo ſtrongly, that we quite forgot the blame which our juſtice ſhould have laid upon Caliſta, and our tears flowed for her misfortunes with all the intereſt of compaſſion, and all the conſciouſneſs of virtue.

But the language of encomium is ſo familiar to this Lady, that it were trite to continue it. In recalling her performance, I tried a much more difficult taſk, to remember ſome defect. One trifling error I imagined I diſcovered. In marking the ſentiments of contempt and inſolence, ſhe ſometimes uſed a voice, and aſſumed a countenance, rather of too familiar a kind. When ſhe uttered the following lines:

"And bleſſes her good ſtars that ſhe is virtuous"—
"Is this the famous friend of Altamont?"—
"——————— a tale-bearing officious fellow"—
"Who guiltleſs dies becauſe her fool ran mad"—

And the evening before, in *Lady Macbeth*,

———————"Was the Hope drunk
"In which you dreſs'd yourſelf?"
"Letting *I dare not* waiting upon *I would*,
"Like the old cat i' the adage."

Methought in her ſpeaking of ſuch paſſages, there was a tone and look more allied to the Comic than

the Tragic Muſe, and hardly dignified enough for the importance of the ſituation, or the high feeling of the moment in which they were pronounced. It was an obſervation of ſome of the great French actors upon *Garrick*, that he ſpoke admirably well the language of paſſion, but not quite as a hero would ſpeak it. Though one might trace ſomething of the *coſtume* of *Paris* in this remark, yet undoubtedly there is a form which paſſion puts on, different in different ſituations. Perhaps, too, there is a certain deception in our ideas of what the ſtation or character of the perſon ſhould impreſs upon his feelings, which the very truth and genuine colour of nature may ſometimes offend. We have all our prejudices, like *Partridge*, though they may not be altogether ſo ſimple. It is very ſeldom, however, that we have any room for a complaint of this ſort. It is only in a *Garrick* or a *Siddons* that nature preſſes ſo cloſe on us, that ſhe "galls our kibe."

Z.

No 26.—Saturday, July 30, 1785.

I HAVE obſerved, that the authors of former periodical publications have commonly given ſome account of their life and ſituation in the world.—Hitherto, "for certan good cauſes and conſidera-"tions," I have been very ſparing in theſe particulars. Stepping the other day into a box in the Playhouſe, I was very much entertained with overhearing part of a converſation between two young ladies. I found they had been talking about the *Lounger*; and at the time I chanced to come in, they

they were diſputing whether the author was a married or an unmarried man. "I don't truſt much," ſaid one of the young ladies, "to his own hint in a "late paper; authors I know take liberties that "way: but he certainly muſt be a bachelor; for "had he been married, he would before now have "told us ſomething about his wife and children." "No," ſays the other, "he has certainly a wife, "and children too, I believe, otherwiſe he could "not have deſcribed domeſtic ſituations ſo well as "he does; he could not."—Here ſhe mentioned ſome of my papers in a ſtyle which it would not be proper for me to repeat. The two ladies at laſt agreed to refer their diſpute to an elderly lady, Mrs. B. who ſat by them. "My dear," ſaid Mrs. B. addreſſing herſelf to the young lady next her, "if "he is not married, he certainly ought to be."

I am ſorry that for the preſent I muſt leave this matter in the ſame uncertainty in which Mrs. B. has left it; poſſibly at ſome other time I may clear up the point, and amuſe my readers with ſome other incidents in my life.

Meanwhile it is to my preſent purpoſe to obſerve, that, whether a married man or a bachelor, there is nothing in either of theſe ſituations which can incapacitate me from carrying on my preſent undertaking. In the courſe of my obſervations, I have had occaſion to remark, that there are Loungers in all ſituations; ſome with a wife and family at home, and others who, when they leave their houſe, may put the key in their pocket, all their friends and acquaintance being without doors.

I remember a ſtory of two gentlemen who were very fond of the game of backgammon; and being both excellent players, and nearly a match for each other, ſeldom met but they fell to it with great keenneſs. One evening they encountered at a coffee-houſe, and continued playing during the whole courſe of the night. The ſaunterers in the coffee-room, who were numerous when they firſt began,

had all dropped off. One man only continued to ſit by them, and had his eye fixed the whole time with a ſteady look on the backgammon table. A nice point in the game having occurred, and the players being unable to ſettle it, were likely to get into ſome heat. It was agreed to refer the diſpute to the gentleman looker-on. The appeal, therefore, being made to him, he told them he could not determine it, for he knew nothing at all about the game.——"What, ſit here all night, and "know nothing of the game?"——"Yes; I "have a wife at home."

Though from this ſtory, and from a variety of obſervations of my own, I have no doubt that there are many Loungers among the married men, which may be accounted for from a variety of reaſons; yet, ſo far as I can diſcover, the number of Loungers among the bachelors, greatly exceeds thoſe among the other claſs. Whoever walks the ſtreets of this populous city, will ſee a number of bachelor Loungers prowling wherever he goes.

At the very moment in which I write this, I ſee paſſing by the window of the little parlour where I ſit, Captain N. a Lounger of this denomination. Thirty years ago, I am told, the Captain was one of the gayeſt and the moſt faſhionable men in town. He entered early into the army; but an indolent diſpoſition, and a little parliamentary intereſt, which he had by accident acquired, induced him to give up all proſpects of riſing in his profeſſion, and content himſelf with the office of deputy-governor of a garriſon, with a tolerable, though not large, appointment.

The Captain's garriſon not requiring his reſidence, he fixed his habitation in this city, where he has ſince continued. He was then about thirty-five years of age, with a good appearance, good temper, good ſpirits, attentive to his dreſs, and circumſpect in his conduct. The Captain ſung a good ſong; and, when occaſion required it, could ſwallow a ſufficient

ſufficient quantity of liquor. He had ſenſe enough never to ſay any thing that was fooliſh, and underſtanding enough to make himſelf paſs for having more underſtanding than he had. He took care never to offend; and, while he was always pleaſed with holding a ſecond place in any company he was in, he never created envy or diſquiet by aiming at the firſt. The Captain was no party-man, having made an obſervation, that there were as good dinners among the Whigs as among the Tories.

With theſe qualifications, about thirty years ago Captain N. was a welcome gueſt at every table in town. He filled up a place with a moſt becoming propriety; and while he never diminiſhed the pleaſure of any company, he moſt commonly added to its enjoyment. His mornings were ſpent in paying viſits; and though he might now and then diſturb the family œconomy of a *Mrs. Careful*, and interrupt her inſtructions to her daughters; yet there were ſo many perſons as idle as himſelf, that he could eaſily contrive ſo to beſtow his viſits as to have them received with a welcome face.—Theſe viſits were ſure to produce ſome future dinners, and theſe future dinners ended in as many ſuppers.

Thirty years have made a great change in poor N.'s ſituation. He is no longer the gay-looking faſhionable man he was; his legs are ſhrivelled; his face bears upon it the marks of bumpers; his voice is broken, and the whole man has the appearance of a ſuperannuated beau.

The tables where he uſed to dine and to ſup, are no longer open to receive him. Death has removed ſome of his friends, change of reſidence others; in ſome places his chair is occupied by younger men, and in others it is occupied by nobody at all. Poor N. dares no longer offer his hand to conduct a young lady through the crowd in an aſſembly-room, leſt the lady ſhould ſhew a deſire to be con-

ducted by ſome younger beau. He is no longer invited to dine with my Lady *Rumpus*, that he may attend her to the theatre, my Lady having beſpoke ſome other attendant; and he is no longer *Croupier* as Lord E.'s, his place there being filled up by Tom Toaſtwell.

In this ſituation, the Captain is frequently obliged to go home and dine by himſelf on a cold chicken; or he is forced to ſpend his evenings in the coffee-houſe, amidſt the hubbub of waiters, and the hum of coffee-houſe politicians, over a bit of toaſted cheeſe and a can of punch, becauſe he is afraid of the ſolitarineſs and want of ſtir in his own home.

At a dancing-ſchool ball, where I happened to be not long ago, I was ſtruck with the ſolitary figure of Captain N. looking demure, and ſtuck up in a corner. It attracted my attention the more, from the circumſtance of obſerving, not far from him, my friend Mr. H. This gentleman is a Lounger, like Mr. N. and with fewer abilities to ſupport the character. He poſſeſſes, however, a good plain underſtanding, which no body can deſpiſe, and no body envies, and obtains the good-will and regard of all his companions and acquaintance, by an honeſt openneſs of diſpoſition, and a ſocial warmth of heart. He married early in life a lady agreeable in her perſon, though not a beauty; poſſeſſed of good underſtanding, though not a wit; and endowed with very amiable diſpoſitions. By her he has a family of very fine children, for the purpoſe of whoſe education he now lives in town, and only viſits his paternal eſtate now and then to ſuperintend its management, in which he is reckoned very ſkilful. H—— ſaunters like N——; but he has that eaſy, good-humoured look, that reſults from his being independent of the idlers around him; from whom, if he ſhould tire of them, his houſe is open to receive him. His houſe is not ſplendid, but he contrives to make it hoſpitable; and the happi-

neſs

neſs of the family ſcene which his gueſts now and then witneſs, gives him a certain rank, a certain reſpectability in life, which neither the abilities nor the accommodating complaiſance of N—— could ever procure him. At that ſame ball I mentioned, it would have done one's heart good to have ſeen how Mr. H.'s eyes gliſtened, when he ſaw two of his daughters make a moſt elegant appearance in a cotillon, and heard every one around the place where he and Mrs. H. were ſeated, aſking whoſe pretty children theſe were. He led them out of the room himſelf, and was particularly careful that they ſhould be protected from the cold air in getting out. I went away at the ſame time; and we left poor N—— in his corner, with the ſame grave face as ever, ſeemingly weary of being there, but afraid to go home.

After all, N.'s fate is a hard one; for on the whole he has many good qualities, which might have been put to very good account. What is worſt, he is now ſenſible of this himſelf.—I knew not whether to ſmile or to cry, when, the other day, I heard him ſay, he was now growing old: but one comfort he had, that die when he would, he would not leave one ſad heart behind him on that account.—"I ſhall ſlip out of the world," ſaid he, "without being miſſed."

S.

N° 27.——SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1785.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur ſpecie recti. HOR.

IN forming the minds and regulating the conduct of men, nothing ſeems to be of greater importance than a proper ſyſtem of what may be termed *domeſtic morality*; the ſcience of thoſe relative duties, which do not apply only to particular ſituations, to large fortunes, to exalted rank, to extenſive influence, but which conſtitute that part and character in life which almoſt every one is called to perform.

Of all above the lower ranks, of all who claim the ſtation or the feelings of a gentleman, the knowledge of this ſcience is either inculcated by family precept and example, or is endeavoured to be inſtilled by reading. In the latter caſe the works made uſe of for that purpoſe are either purely didactic, which ſpeak the language of authoritative wiſdom; hiſtorical, which hold forth the example of paſt events to the judgment; or they are of that ſort which are calculated to mould the heart and the manners through the medium of the imagination.—Of this laſt claſs the principal are *ſtories* or *novels*, and *theatrical* compoſitions. On the ſubjects of Novels, I have in a former paper delivered a few general remarks, calculated to aſcertain their moral tendency. In this I propoſe extending my conſideration to Dramatic writing; and, as it is neareſt to the Novel, at leaſt to that ſpecies which I principally conſidered in the paper alluded to, I ſhall begin with a ſimilar examination of *Tragedy*.

The engines which Tragedy profeſſes to uſe for moral inſtruction, are the *paſſions*. The father of dramatic criticiſm has told us, that Tragedy "purges the paſſions by exciting them:" a propoſition, which, from its ſhort apothegmatical form, is ſubject to conſiderable obſcurity. A modern writer,

writer, in his defence of Tragedy as a moral exhibition, explains its meaning, by the analogy of the Spartan cuſtom of making their ſlaves drunk, and ſhewing them in that beaſtly ſtate to their children, in order to inſpire a deteſtation for the vice of intemperance. But if this is to furniſh us with an illuſtration of Ariſtotle's aſſertion, I am afraid it will not aid the cauſe of Tragedy as a ſchool of morals. It was from the previous contempt of the rank and manners of the drunkard, that the Spartan boy was to form his eſtimate of drunkenneſs.—The vice of a *ſlave* could hardly fail to diſguſt him. But had they ſhewn him the vice itſelf, how loathſome and degrading ſoever in its own nature, in a perſon of ſuperior reſpect and eſtimation, what would have been the conſequence? The faireſt anſwer may be drawn from the experience of thoſe countries where freemen get drunk, where ſenators and leaders of armies are ſometimes intoxicated.—The youths who behold theſe examples the oftenеſt are not the leaſt liable to follow them. I am afraid it is even ſo with Tragedy. Scenes repreſenting paſſions and vices, round which the Poet throws the veil of magnanimity, which he decorates with the pomp of verſe, with the ſplendor of eloquence, familiariſe the mind to their appearance, and take from it that natural diſguſt which the crimes, preſented in their native form, would certainly excite. Cruelty, revenge, and murder, are often the attribute of the hero; for he muſt always be the hero on whom the principal ſtreſs of the action lies. What puniſhment awaits, or what misfortunes attend his crimes, is little to the purpoſe; if the villain is the prominent figure of the piece, he will be the hero of the Tragedy, as the robber, though he is about to be hanged, is the hero of the trial or the execution.—But even of the nobler characters, does not the morality of ſentiment often yield to the immorality of ſituation? Treachery is often the fruit of wiſdom and of reſolution; murder, an exertion of va-

lour;

lour; and ſuicide, the reſource of virtuous affliction It will be remembered, that it is not ſo much from what the hero ſays, as from what he does, that an impreſſion is drawn. The repentant lines which *Cato* ſpeaks when he is dying are never regarded. It is the dagger only we remember, that dagger by which he eſcaped from chains, and purchaſed immortality.

But the leading paſſion of modern Tragedy is one to which Ariſtotle could ſcarce have meant his rule to apply; becauſe in ancient Tragedy it was almoſt unknown. The paſſion I allude to is *Love*. The manners and ſociety of modern times neceſſarily led to this change in the Drama. For the obſervation which ſome authors have made is perfectly juſt, that the ſentiments of the Stage will always be ſuch as are flattering, rather than corrective of national manners and national feelings; ſuperſtition in Greece, gallantry in France, freedom and courage in England. In every popular exhibition this muſt be the caſe. Even the ſacredneſs and authority of the Pulpit is not exempted from its influence. In polite chapels preachers exhort to morality: in crowded churches of leſs faſhionable people they enlarge on doctrinal ſubjects, on faith and ſanctification. But the very exiſtence of the Stage depends on that public opinion which it is not to reform but to conciliate: And Dr. Johnſon's expreſſion is not the leſs true for its quaintneſs:

"They that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live."

To this neceſſary conformity to the manners of the audience is owing the introduction of love into almoſt all our dramatic compoſitions; and thoſe, as might be expected, are moſt in favour with the young, where this paſſion is allowed the moſt extenſive influence, and the moſt unlimited power. It was this which, when it was the faſhion for the genteel people to pay attention to Tragedies, drew ſuch

ſuch audiences to Lee's *Theodoſius*, and to Dryden's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the length of the ſpeeches, and the thinneſs of the incidents, would have been as tireſome to them as a ſermon, had it not been for a tenderneſs and an extravagance of that paſſion, which every girl thought ſhe could feel, and believe ſhe could underſtand. The moral conſequences of ſuch a Drama it is unneceſſary to queſtion. Even where this paſſion is purified and refined to its utmoſt degree, it may be fairly held, that every ſpecies of compoſition, whether narrative or dramatic, which places the only felicity of life in ſucceſsful love, is unfavourable to the ſtrength and purity of a young mind. It holds forth that ſingle object to the ambition and purſuit of both ſexes, and thus tends to enfeeble and repreſs every other exertion. This increaſes a ſource of weakneſs and corruption, which it is the buſineſs of a good inſtructor to correct and overcome, by ſetting before the minds of his pupils other objects, other attainments, of a nobler and leſs ſelfiſh kind. But in that violence, in that tyranny of dominion, with which Love is inveſted in many of our Tragedies, it overbears every virtue and every duty. The obligations of juſtice and of humanity ſink before it. The king, the chief, the patriot, forgets his people, his followers, and his country; while parents and children mention the deareſt objects of natural attachment only to lead them in the triumph of their love.

It is the buſineſs of Tragedy to exhibit the paſſions, that is, the weakneſſes of men. Ancient Tragedy ſhewed them in a ſimple manner; virtue and vice were ſtrongly and diſtinctly marked, wiſdom and weakneſs were eaſily diſcriminated; and though vice might be ſometimes palliated, and weakneſs excuſed, the ſpectator could always diſcover the character of each. But in the modern Drama there is an uncertain ſort of outline, a blended colouring, by which the diſtinction of theſe objects

jects is frequently loſt. The refinement of modern audiences calls for ſhades of character more delicate than thoſe which the Stage formerly exhibited; the conſequence is, that the bounds of right and wrong are often ſo uncertainly marked as not to be eaſily diſtinguiſhed; and if the powers of poetry, or the eloquence of ſentiment, ſhould be on the ſide of the latter, it will require a greater firmneſs of mind than youth or inexperience is maſter of to reſiſt it.

Reaſon condemns every ſort of weakneſs; but paſſion, enthuſiaſm, and fickly ſenſibility, have dignified certain weakneſſes with the name of *amiable*; and the young, of whom ſome are ſuſceptible, and others affect a ſuſceptibility, think it often an honour to be ſubject to their controul. In Tragedy, or tragic writing, they often find ſuch characters for their imitation. Such characters, being various, complicated, and fluctuating, are the propereſt for Tragedy. The poets have not neglected to avail themſelves of that circumſtance: their dramas are filled with ſuch characters, who ſhift the hue and colour of their minds according to the change of ſituation or the variety of incident; or ſometimes, whoſe minds, in the hand of the poet, produce that change, and create that variety. Wiſdom and virtue, ſimple, uniform, and unchanging, only ſuperior artiſts can draw, and ſuperior ſpectators enjoy.

V.

N° 28.——Saturday, Aug. 13, 1785.

Continuation of the Remarks upon Tragedy.

THE high heroic virtue we ſee exemplified in Tragedy warms the imagination and ſwells the mind; but being diſtant from the ordinary feelings and exertions of life, has, I ſuſpect, but little influence upon the conduct. On the contrary, it may be fairly doubted, whether this play of the fancy, in the walks of virtue and benevolence, does not leſſen the exertion of thoſe qualities in practice and reality. "Indo-"cilis privata loqui," ſaid Lucan of Cæſar: So in ſome meaſure, he who is deeply converſant in the tragic phraſe, in the ſwelling language of compaſſion, of generoſity, and of love, finding no parallel in his common intercourſe with mankind, will not ſo readily open his heart to the calls on his feeling, which the vulgar diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, or the ordinary relations of life, may occaſion. In ſtage-miſfortunes, in fancied ſufferings, the drapery of the figure hides its form; and real diſtreſs, coming in a homely and unornamented ſtate, diſguſts the eye which had poured its tears over the hero of tragic miſery, or the martyr of romantic woe. Real calamity offends with its coarſeneſs, and therefore is not produced on the ſcene, which exhibits in its ſtead the fantaſtic griefs of a delicate and high wrought ſenſibility. Lillo, in his *Fatal Diſcovery*, preſented extreme poverty as the diſtreſs of the ſcene; and the moral of his piece was to inculcate, that poverty was not to be ſhunned, nor wealth purſued, at the expence of honeſty and virtue. A modern audience did not reliſh a diſtreſs ſo real, but gave their tears

to

to the widow of *St. Valori*, who was mad for the loſs of a huſband killed twenty years before. From the ſame cauſe, the *Gameſter*, one of the beſt and moſt moral of our late tragedies, though ſucceſſively repreſented by the greateſt players, has never become popular.—And even now the part of *Mrs. Beverly*, (the firſt character of the firſt actreſs in the world), is performed to indifferent houſes.

The tragic poet is ſtriving to diſtreſs his hero that he may move his audience: it is not his buſineſs to equalize the affliction to the evil that occaſions it; the effect is what he is to exhibit, which he is to clothe in the flowing language of poetry, and the high colouring of imagination; and if the cauſe be not very diſproportionate indeed, the reader, or the ſpectator, will not find fault with it. *Caſtalio*, in the *Orphan*, (a play ſo groſsly immoral, that it were unfair in me to quote it, except as illuſtrative of this ſingle argument), is mad with anguiſh and with rage, becauſe his wife's maid refuſes him acceſs to her apartment, according to the previous appointment they had made; and *Oroſmane*, in *Zayre*, remains "immobile, et ſa langue glacée," becauſe his bride begs him to defer their marriage for a day. Yet theſe were diſappointments which the lover of *Otway*, and much more the hero of *Voltaire*, might ſurely have borne with greater fortitude.

If we are to apply all this in example, it ſeems to have a tendency to weaken our mind to our own ſufferings, without opening it to the ſufferings of others. The real evils which the dignity of the ſcene hides from our view, are thoſe which we ought to pity in our neighbours; the fantaſtic and imaginary diſtreſſes which it exhibits, are thoſe we are apt to indulge in ourſelves. Here then Tragedy adds to the liſt of our calamities, without increaſing the catalogue of our virtues.

As Tragedy thus dignifies the diſtreſſes, ſo it elevates the actions of its perſonages, their virtues and their vices. But this removes virtue at a greater diſtance

diſtance from us, and brings vice nearer; it exalts the firſt to a point beyond our imitation, and ennobles the latter to a degree above our abhorrence.—Shakeſpeare, who generally diſcriminates ſtrongly the good and ill qualities of his characters, has yet exhibited a *Macbeth*, a tyrant and a murderer, whom we are diſpoſed rather to pity than to hate. "Modern Tragedy," ſays a celebrated critic, "has become more a ſchool of virtue than the ancient, by being more the theatre of paſſion: an *Othello*, hurried by jealouſy to murder his innocent wife; a *Jaffier*, enſnared by reſentment and want, to engage in a conſpiracy, and then ſtung with remorſe and involved in ruin; a *Siffredi*, through the deceit which he employs for public-ſpirited ends, bringing deſtruction on all whom he loved: theſe are the examples which Tragedy now diſplays, by means of which it inculcates on men the proper government of their paſſions." I am afraid, if we appeal to the feelings of the audience at the concluſion of any of thoſe pieces, we ſhall not find the effect to be what is here ſuppoſed. *Othello* we rather pity for his jealouſy, than hate as a murderer. With *Jaffier* and his aſſociates we are undoubtedly leagued againſt the rulers of Venice; and even the faith and tenderneſs of *Belvidera* hardly make us forgive her for betraying their ſecret. The ſentiments of *Siffredi*, however wiſe and juſt, are diſregarded where they impeach the dignity and ſupereminence of love. His deceit indeed is blamed, which is ſaid to be the moral of the piece; but it is blamed becauſe it hindered the union of *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda*, which, from the very beginning of the play, is the object in which the reader or ſpectator is intereſted. Reverſe the ſituation, make it a contrivance to defeat the claim of the tyrant's daughter, to give the throne to Tancred, and to place Sigiſmunda there at his ſide, the audience would admire its ingenuity, and rejoice in its ſucceſs.

In

In the mixture of a plot, and amidſt the variety of ſituations, where weakneſſes are flattered and paſſions indulged, at the ſame time that virtues are diſplayed and duties performed, one ſet of readers will enjoy the pleaſure of the firſt, while thoſe only who have leſs need to be inſtructed will ſeize the inſtruction of the latter. When *Marcus* dies for his country, the ladies in the ſide-boxes only conſider his death as removing the bar to the marriage of *Lucius* with his brother *Portius*.

In Tragedy as in Novel, which is ſometimes a kind of tragedy, the author is obliged, in juſtification of weak characters, to elevate villainous ones, or to throw round their vices a bewitching addreſs, and captivating manners. *Lovelace* is made a character which the greater number of girls admire, in order to juſtify the ſeduction of *Clariſſa*. *Lothario*, though very inferior, is ſomething of the ſame caſt, to mitigate the crime of *Caliſta*. The ſtory would not be probable elſe;——granted: but in proportion to the art of the poet, in rendering it probable, he heightens the immoral effect, of which I complain.

As the incidents muſt be formed, ſo muſt the ſentiments be introduced, according to the character and condition of the perſon ſpeaking them, not according to the laws of virtue, or the dictates of prudence. To give them this propriety, they muſt often be apologies for vice and for fraud, or contain ridicule againſt virtue and honeſty. It is not ſufficient to anſwer, that if the perſon uttering them is puniſhed in the courſe, or at the end of the play, the expiation is ſufficiently made; if the ſentiments at the time are ſhrewdly imagined, and forcibly expreſſed, they will have a powerful effect on the mind, and leave impreſſions which the retribution of *poetical juſtice* will hardly be able to efface.

On poetical juſtice, indeed, I do not lay ſo much ſtreſs as ſome authors have done. I incline to be of the opinion of one of my predeceſſors, that we are frequently more rouſed to a love of virtue, and a hatred

tired of vice, when virtue is unfortunate, and vice ſucceſsful, than when each receives the recompence it merits. But I impute more to ſtriking incidents, to the ſentiments running through the tenor of a piece, than to the general impreſſion of its *denouement*. Monſ. d'Alembert ſays, that in any ſort of ſpectacle which would leave the poet more at liberty than tragedies taken from hiſtory, in the *Opera*, for example, the author would not eaſily be pardoned, for allowing vice to go unpuniſhed. "I remember "to have ſeen," continues he, "a MS. opera of "*Atreus*, where that monſter periſhed by a thun- "derbolt, exclaiming, with a ſavage ſatisfaction,

"*Tonnez, Dieux impuiſſans;*
"*Frappez; je ſuis vengé!*"

"This would have made one of the happieſt *denoue-* "*ments* that can well be imagined." As to theatrical effect, I am quite of his opinion; but as to the moral, I cannot agree with him. The line which he quotes, brilliant, forcible, and bold, would have remained with the audience, not to recal the puniſhment of guilt, but to mark the pleaſure of revenge.

But it is not only from the vices or imperfections of tragic characters that we are to fear the danger of familiariſing the approach of evil, or encouraging the growth of error. Their very virtues, I fear, are often dangerous to form the principles, or draw the imitation of their readers. Theirs are not ſo much the uſeful, the productive virtues (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) of real life, as the ſhining and ſhowy qualities which attract the applauſe, or flatter the vanity of the unthinking. The extreme, the enthuſiaſm even of a laudable propenſity, takes from its uſefulneſs to others, and degenerates into a blind and headlong indulgence in the poſſeſſor. In the greateſt part of modern Tragedies, ſuch are the qualities

lities of the perſons that are moſt in favour with the public. In what relates to paſſive excellence, prudence to avoid evils, or fortitude to bear them, are not the virtues of Tragedy, converſant as it is with misfortune; it is proud to indulge in ſorrow, to pour its tears without the controul of reaſon, to die of diſappointments which wiſdom would have overcome. There is an æra in the life of moſt young people, and thoſe too the moſt amiable, where all this is their creed of excellence, generoſity, and heroiſm, and that creed is drawn from Romance and Tragedy.

In the remarks which in this and two former papers I have made on *Novel* and on *Tragedy*, two of the moſt popular of all kinds of writing, I have ventured, in the hardihood of a Moraliſt, rather beyond the uſual caution of a periodical paper, that wiſhes to conciliate the favour of the Public. By thoſe whoſe daily and favourite reading is croſſed by my obſervations, I ſhall be aſked, if I mean to proſcribe every Novel and every Tragedy, or of what kind of each I am diſpoſed to allow the peruſal, and to what claſs of readers their peruſal may be truſted.—To ſuch I would anſwer in general, that if I had influence enough to abridge the liſt of both ſpecies of reading, I believe neither morals nor taſte would ſuffer by the reſtriction. I have pointed out the chief dangers to which I conceive the peruſal of many ſuch works is liable.

I am not, however, inſenſible of the value, perhaps but too ſenſible of the power, of theſe productions of fancy and of genius. Nor am I ſo much a bigot to the opinions I have delivered, as to deny that there are uſes, noble uſes, which ſuch productions may ſerve, amidſt the dangers to which they ſometimes expoſe their readers. The region of exalted virtue, of dignified ſentiment, into which they tranſport us, may have a conſiderable effect in changing the cold and unfeeling temperament of worldly minds; the indifferent and the ſelfiſh may be warmed and expanded by the fiction of diſtreſs, and the eloquence

quence of feeling. In the preſent age, and among certain ranks, indifference and ſelfiſhneſs have become a ſort of virtue, and faſhion has ſometimes taught the young to pride themſelves on qualities ſo unnatural to them. To combat theſe "Giants of the Rock," Romance and Tragedy may be very uſefully employed; and that race muſt have become worthleſs and degenerate indeed, whom their terrors ſhall fail to rouſe, and their griefs to melt.

Nor, as an amuſement, can the elegance of that which is drawn from the peruſal of a well-written novel, or the repreſentation of a well compoſed tragedy, be diſputed. It certainly is as much a nobler, as it is a more harmleſs employment of time, than its waſte in frivolous diſſipation, or its abuſe in the vigils of play. But there is a certain ſort of mind common in youth, and that too of the moſt amiable kind, tender, warm, and viſionary, to which the walks of fancy and enthuſiaſm, of romantic love, of exaggerated ſorrow, of trembling ſenſibility, are very unſafe. To readers of this complexion, the amuſement which the works above-mentioned afford, ſhould, I think, be ſparingly allowed, and judiciouſly choſen. In ſuch boſoms, feeling or ſuſceptibility muſt be often repreſſed or directed; to encourage it by premature or unnatural means, is certainly hurtful. They reſemble ſome luxuriant ſoils which may be enriched beyond a wholeſome fertility, till weeds are their only produce; weeds, the more to be regretted, as, in the language of a Novelliſt himſelf, "they grow in the ſoil from which virtue "ſhould have ſprung."

V.

N° 29.——SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1785.

THE advantages and uſe of *Biography* have of late been ſo often mentioned, and are now ſo univerſally allowed, that it is needleſs for any modern author to ſet them forth. That department of writing, however, has been of late years ſo much cultivated, that it has fared with biography as with every other art; it has loſt much of its dignity in its commonneſs, and many lives have been preſented to the public, from which little inſtruction or amuſement could be drawn. Individuals have been traced in minute and ordinary actions, from which no conſequences could ariſe, but to the private circle of their own families and friends, and in the detail of which we ſaw no paſſion excited, no character developed, nothing that ſhould diſtinguiſh them from thoſe common occurrences,

"Which dully took their courſe, and were forgotten."

Yet there are few even of thoſe comparatively inſignificant lives, in which men of a ſerious and thinking caſt do not feel a certain degree of intereſt. A penſive mind can trace, in ſeemingly trivial incidents and common ſituations, ſomething to feed reflection, and to foſter thought; as the ſolitary naturaliſt culls the trodden weeds, and diſcovers, in their form and texture, the principles of vegetative nature. The motive, too, of the relater often helps out the unimportance of his relation; and to the ingenuous and ſuſceptible, there is a feeling not unpleaſant in allowing for the partiality of gratitude, and the tediouſneſs of him who recounts his obligations. The virtuous connections of life and of the heart it is always pleaſing to trace, even though the objects are neither new nor ſtriking.—Like thoſe familiar paintings that ſhew the inſide of

of cottages, and the exercise of village-duties, such narrations come home to the bosoms of the worthy, who feel the relationship of Virtue, and acknowledge her family wherever it is found. And perhaps there is a calmer and more placid delight in viewing her amidst these unimportant offices, than when we look up to her invested in the pomp of greatness, and the pride of power.

I have been led to these reflections by an account with which a correspondent has furnished me, of some particulars in the life of an individual, a native of this country, who died a few weeks ago in *London*, Mr. *William Strahan*, Printer to his Majesty. His title to be recorded in a work of this sort, my correspondent argues from a variety of considerations unnecessary to be repeated. One, which applies particularly to the public office of the Lounger, I will take the liberty to mention. He was the author of a paper in the *Mirror*; a work in the train of which I am proud to walk, and am glad of an opportunity to plead my relation to it, by inserting the *eloge* (I take that word as custom has sanctified it, without adopting its abstract signification) of one of its writers.

Mr. Strahan was born at Edinburgh in the year 1715. His father, who had a small appointment in the customs, gave his son the education which every lad of decent rank then received in a country where the avenues to learning were easy, and open to men of the most moderate circumstances. After having passed through the tuition of a grammar-school, he was put apprentice to a printer; and, when a very young man, removed to a wider sphere in that line of business, and went to follow his profession in London. Sober, diligent, and attentive, while his emoluments were for some time very scanty, he contrived to live rather within than beyond his income; and though he married early, and without such a provision as prudence might have

have looked for in the eſtabliſhment of a family, he continued to thrive, and to better his circumſtances. This he would often mention as an encouragement to early matrimony, and uſed to ſay, that he never had a child born that Providence did not ſend ſome increaſe of income to provide for the increaſe of his houſehold. With ſufficient vigour of mind, he had that happy flow of animal ſpirits, that is not eaſily diſcouraged by unpromiſing appearances. By him who can look with firmneſs upon difficulties, their conqueſt is already half atchieved; but the man on whoſe heart and ſpirits they lie heavy, will ſcarcely be able to bear up againſt their preſſure. The forecaſt of timid, or the diſguſt of too delicate minds, are very unfortunate attendants for men of buſineſs, who, to be ſucceſsful, muſt often puſh improbabilities, and bear with mortifications.

His abilities in his profeſſion, accompanied with perfect integrity and unabating diligence, enabled him, after the firſt difficulties were overcome, to get on with rapid ſucceſs. And he was one of the moſt flouriſhing men in the profeſſion, when, in the year 1770, he purchaſed a ſhare of the patent for King's Printer of Mr. Eyre, with whom he maintained the moſt cordial intimacy during all the reſt of his life. Beſides the emoluments ariſing from this appointment, as well as from a very extenſive private buſineſs, he now drew largely from a field which required ſome degree of ſpeculative ſagacity to cultivate; I mean that great literary property which he acquired by purchaſing the copy-rights of ſome of the moſt celebrated authors of the time.—In this his liberality kept equal pace with his prudence, and in ſome caſes went perhaps rather beyond it. Never had ſuch rewards been given to the labours of literary men, as now were received from him and his aſſociates in thoſe purchaſes of copy-rights from authors.

Having now attained the firſt great object of buſineſs, wealth, Mr. Strahan looked with a very allowable

allowable ambition on the ſtations of political rank and eminence. Politics had long occupied his active mind, which he had for many years purſued as his favourite amuſement, by correſponding on that ſubject with ſome of the firſt characters of the age. Mr. Strahan's queries to Dr. Franklin in the year 1769, reſpecting the diſcontents of the Americans, publiſhed in the London Chronicle of 28th of July, 1778, ſhew the juſt conception he entertained of the important conſequences of that diſpute, and his anxiety as a good ſubject to inveſtigate, at that early period, the proper means by which their grievances might be removed, and a permanent harmony reſtored between the two countries. In the year 1775, he was elected a member of parliament for the borough of Malmſbury, in Wiltſhire, with a very illuſtrious colleague, the Hon. C. J. Fox; and in the ſucceeding parliament, for Wotton Baſſet, in the ſame county. In this ſtation applying himſelf with that induſtry which was natural to him, he attended the Houſe with a ſcrupulous punctuality, and was a uſeful member. His talents for buſineſs acquired the conſideration to which they were intitled, and were not unnoticed by the Miniſter.

In his political connections he was conſtant to the friends to whom he had firſt been attached. He was a ſteady ſupporter of that party who were turned out of adminiſtration in ſpring 1784, and loſt his ſeat in the Houſe of Commons by the diſſolution of parliament, with which that change was followed; a ſituation which he did not ſhew any deſire to reſume on the return of the new parliament.

One motive for his not wiſhing a ſeat in the preſent parliament, was a feeling of ſome decline in his health, which had rather ſuffered from the long ſittings and late hours with which the political warfare in the laſt had been attended. Though without any fixed diſeaſe, his ſtrength was viſibly declining; and though his ſpirits ſurvived his

ſtrength, yet the vigour and activity of his mind was alſo conſiderably impaired. Both continued gradually to decline, till his death, which happened on Saturday the 9th of July, 1785, in the 71ſt year of his age.

Of riches acquired by induſtry, the diſpoſal is often ruled by caprice, as if the owners wiſhed to ſhew their uncontrouled power over that wealth which their own exertions had attained, by a whimſical allotment of it after their death. In this, as in other particulars, Mr. Strahan's diſcretion and good ſenſe were apparent: he bequeathed his fortune in the moſt rational manner; and of that portion which was not left to his wife and children, the diſtribution was equally prudent and benevolent. Like his predeceſſor in trade, the celebrated Mr. *Bowyer*, he left 1000*l.* to the Stationers Company, of which he was a member, to be ſtocked, for the benefit of decayed bookſellers and printers.

Endued with much natural ſagacity, and an attentive obſervation of life, Mr. Strahan owed his riſe to that ſtation of opulence and reſpect which he attained, rather to his own talents and exertion, than to any accidental occurrence of favourable or fortunate circumſtances. His mind, though not deeply tinctured with learning, was not uninformed by letters. From a habit of attention to ſtyle, he had acquired a conſiderable portion of critical acuteneſs in the diſcernment of its beauties and defects. In one branch of writing he excelled, I mean the epiſtolary, in which he not only ſhewed the preciſion and clearneſs of buſineſs, but poſſeſſed a neatneſs as well as fluency of expreſſion which I have known few letter-writers to ſurpaſs. Letter-writing was one of his favourite amuſements; and among his correſpondents were men of ſuch eminence and talents as well repaid his endeavours to entertain them. One of theſe, as we have before mentioned, was the juſtly-celebrated Dr. *Franklin*, originally

originally a Printer like Mr. Strahan, and his fellow-workman in early life in a printing-office in London, whose friendſhip and correſpondence he continued to enjoy, notwithſtanding the difference of their ſentiments in political matters, which often afforded pleaſantry, but never mixed any thing acrimonious in their letters. One of the lateſt he received from his illuſtrious and venerable friend, contained a humourous Allegory of the ſtate of politics in Britain, drawn from the profeſſion of *Printing*, of which, though the Doctor had quitted the exerciſe, he had not forgotten the terms.

There are ſtations of acquired greatneſs which make men proud to recal the lowneſs of that from which they roſe. The native eminence of Franklin's mind was above concealing the humbleneſs of his origin. Thoſe only who poſſeſs no intrinſic elevation are afraid to fully the honours to which accident has raiſed them, by the recollection of that obſcurity whence they ſprung.

Of this recollection Mr. Strahan was rather proud than aſhamed; and I have heard thoſe who were diſpoſed to cenſure him, blame it as a kind of oſtentation in which he was weak enough to indulge. But methinks "'tis to conſider too curiouſly, to "conſider it ſo." There is a kind reputation which we may laudably deſire, and juſtly enjoy; and he who is ſincere enough to forego the pride of anceſtry and of birth, may, without much imputation of vanity, aſſume the merit of his own elevation.

In that elevation he neither triumphed over the inferiority of thoſe he had left below him, nor forgot the equality in which they had formerly ſtood. Of their inferiority he did not even remind them, by the oſtentation of grandeur, or the parade of wealth. In his houſe there was none of that ſaucy train, none of that ſtate or finery, with which the illiberal delight to confound and to dazzle thoſe who may have formerly ſeen them in leſs enviable

circumſtances. No man was more mindful of, or more ſolicitous to oblige the acquaintance or companions of his early days. The advice which his experience, or the aſſiſtance which his purſe could afford, he was ready to communicate; and at his table in London every Scotſman found an eaſy introduction, and every old acquaintance a cordial welcome. This was not merely a virtue of hoſpitality, or a duty of benevolence, with him; he felt it warmly as a ſentiment: and that paper in the Mirror of which I mentioned him as the author, (the Letter from London in the 94th number), was, I am perſuaded, a genuine picture of his feelings on the recollection of thoſe ſcenes in which his youth had been ſpent, and of thoſe companions with which it had been aſſociated.

Such of them as ſtill ſurvive him will read the above ſhort account of his life with intereſt and with pleaſure. For others it may not be altogether devoid of entertainment or of uſe. If among the middling and buſy ranks of mankind it can afford an encouragement to the induſtry of thoſe who are beginning to climb into life, or furniſh a leſſon of moderation to thoſe who have attained its height; if to the firſt it may recommend honeſt induſtry and ſober diligence; if to the latter it may ſuggeſt the ties of ancient fellowſhip, and early connection, which the pride of wealth or of ſtation loſes as much dignity as it forgoes ſatisfaction by refuſing to acknowledge; if it ſhall cheer one hour of deſpondency or diſcontent to the young; if it ſhall ſave one frown of diſdain or of refuſal to the unfortunate; the higher and more refined claſs of my readers will forgive the familiarity of the example, and conſider, that it is not from the biography of heroes or of ſtateſmen that inſtances can be drawn to prompt the conduct of the bulk of mankind, or excite the uſeful though leſs ſplendid virtues of private and domeſtic life.

Z.

N° 30.——Saturday, Aug. 27, 1785.

To the Lounger.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH a ſtranger to your perſon, I have the honour of being pretty nearly allied to you.—When you know who I am, I flatter myſelf you will not think yourſelf diſgraced by the alliance, and that you will permit me to claim kindred with you. Of this you may be aſſured, I would not do it, did I not entertain a favourable opinion of you; and having nothing to aſk, you may conſider my deſire to be ranked among your friends as a mark of approbation. Know then, Sir, that the perſon who has now the honour to addreſs you is a member of the *Mirror Club*.

Although long ſince dead as an author, you will readily believe that I am intereſted in the ſucceſs of the *Lounger*. Perſons placed in the ſame ſituations naturally feel a ſympathetic ſort of attachment for each other. When the Lounger was firſt adverti ſed, I could not help recollecting the ſenſations I experienced when the publication of the *Mirror* was firſt announced in the papers; and when your introductory number appeared, I ſent for it with an impatience, and a ſolicitude, which I ſhould not have felt in the ſame degree had I not once been in a ſituation ſimiliar to yours.

You, Sir, ſtarted with many advantages which we did not poſſeſs. The public are now taught to know, that it is poſſible to carry on a periodical work of this kind in Edinburgh; and that, if tolerably executed, it will be read, and will hold its

place with other works of the ſame kind. But when we boldly gave the Mirror to the world, a very different notion prevailed. It was ſuppoſed that no ſuch work could be conducted with any propriety on this ſide of the Tweed. Accordingly the Mirror was received with the moſt perfect indifference in our own country; and during the publication, it was indebted for any little reputation it received in Scotland, to the notice that happened to be taken of it by ſome perſons of rank and of taſte in England.—Nay, Sir, ſtrange as you may think it, it is certainly true, that narrow as Edinburgh is, there were men who conſider themſelves as men of letters, who never read a number of it while it was going on.

But although, in this and in many other reſpects, the Lounger may poſſeſs advantages over the Mirror, there is one particular in which I am apt to believe, that we the members of the Mirror Club poſſeſſed an advantage over the author of the Lounger. You, Sir, if I miſtake not, conduct your work ſingle and alone, unconnected with any perſon whatever. We, Sir, were a Society, conſiſting of a few friends, cloſely united by long habits of intimacy. Not only, therefore, is your taſk much more arduous than ours, but, in the way of amuſement, we certainly had the advantage of you. I can never forget the pleaſure we enjoyed in meeting to read our papers in the Club. There they were criticiſed with perfect freedom, but with the greateſt good humour. When any of us produced a paper, which either from the ſtyle or manner of it, or from the nature of the ſubject, ſeemed inadmiſſible, it was condemned without heſitation, and the author, putting it in his pocket, drank a bumper to its manes. We had ſtated meetings to receive the communications with which we were honoured, which afforded another ſource of amuſement. This pleaſure, however, was not without alloy. We were often, from particular circumſtances, obliged to reject compoſitions of real merit; and what perhaps was equally diſtreſſing, we were

ſometimes

ſometimes obliged to abridge or to alter the papers which we publiſhed. Might I preſume to give you an advice, it would be to uſe this liberty as rarely as poſſible. We authors know, that there is a certain complacency, not to call it vanity, which a man feels for his own compoſitions, which makes him unwilling to ſubmit them to the correction of he does not know whom, or to acquieſce in an alteration made he does not know why. In juſtice, however, to our correſpondents, I muſt add, that they continued to honour us with their favours, notwithſtanding the liberties we took with their compoſitions, and although it was not in our power to explain the reaſons which induced us to take thoſe liberties.

But, Sir, one never-ceaſing fund of amuſement to us, was communicating the obſervations we had occaſion to hear, in different ſocieties and different companies, upon the Mirror, and its ſuppoſed authors. The ſupercilious, who deſpiſed the paper becauſe they did not know by whom it was written, talked of it as a catchpenny-performance, carried on by a ſet of needy and obſcure ſcribblers. Thoſe who entertained a more favourable opinion of it were apt to fall into an oppoſite miſtake, and to ſuppoſe that the Mirror was the production of all the men of letters in Scotland. This laſt opinion is not yet entirely exploded, and perhaps has rather gained ground from the favourable reception of the Mirror ſince its publication in volumes. The laſt time I was in London I happened to ſtep into Mr. *Cadell's* ſhop, and while I was amuſing myſelf in turning over the prints in Cook's Laſt Voyage, Lord B—— came in, and taking up a volume of the Mirror, aſked Mr. Cadell, who were the authors of it. Cadell, who did not ſuſpect that I knew any more of the matter than the great Mogul, anſwered "That he could "not really mention particular names; but he be- "lieved that *all* the *literati* of Scotland were con- "cerned in it." Lord B—— walked off, ſatisfied that this was truly the caſe; and about a week after

I heard him ſay at Lord M——'s levee, that he was aſſured the Mirror was the joint production of all the men of letters in Scotland.

I will now, Sir, tell you in confidence, that (one of our number excepted, whoſe writings have long been read with admiration and delight, and whoſe exquiſite pencil every reader of taſte and diſcernment muſt diſtinguiſh in the Mirror) there was not one of our Club who ever publiſhed a ſingle ſentence, or in all likelihood ever would have done it, had it not been for the accidental publication of the Mirror.

But the moſt amuſing part of the whole was, the application of the characters in the Mirror to real life; and I verily believe many a charitable lady and well-diſpoſed gentleman read it with no other view than to find out characters which they might apply to their friends and acquaintances. I dined in a large company the day on which the firſt letter ſigned *John Homeſpun* was publiſhed. At table Lady —— aſked if any body had ſeen the Mirror of that day. "Yes," anſwered Mrs.——, "it is a charming paper; but there is a great Lady in the "Weſt, that won't be very fond of it. She is "drawn to the life: I knew her before I had read "half the paper." "In the *Weſt?*" replied Lady ——, "In the South, you mean. I agree with "you, that the picture is well drawn; and if you "knew the Counteſs of —— as well as I have the "honour to know her, you could not doubt that "ſhe is truly the original." "Pardon me, Ladies," ſaid a little ſharp-looking man, in a northern accent, "I believe you are both miſtaken. I have read the "paper, and I think the great Lady ſo well point-"ed out in it, is neither from the Weſt nor from "the South, but from my country; at leaſt I am "ſure we have two or three very like the woman in "the Mirror, who do no good to us ſmall folks "when we get among them, and are apt to turn "the heads of our wives and our daughters;—— "ay, and of our ſons too," added he, with ſignifi-

cant

cant nod. The Ladies, however, would not yield their opinion; and a diſpute enſued, which was to me not a little amuſing, as I knew that the author had no particular Lady in view, either from the Weſt or from the Eaſt, from the South or from the North.

One morning I called upon a Lady, and found her reading N° 47. of the Mirror, a paper of mine. "Well," ſaid ſhe, "I know every perſon deſcribed "here as well as if they had given us their names "at full length." She then named ſome of her acquaintance, whoſe perſons and characters were equally unknown to me, and even whoſe names I never heard mentioned before.

But the moſt dangerous application of this ſort was that of the character of Sir Bobby Button.—Of our forty-five members it may, without offence, be ſaid that ſome of them are *manu quam lingua promptiores*, readier at a blow than a word; and we were told, that they ſeriouſly intended to make the author of the Mirror ſpeak out, and ſay, whether, in the modern language of Parliament, *he meant any thing perſonal*. This intelligence produced ſome little uneaſineſs in our Society; but we reſolved to act with becoming dignity and ſpirit, had the reſpectable body of our repreſentatives called upon us for an explanation,

Thus, in the hands of many, the Mirror, innocent and well intended as it was, became a vehicle of ſlander; and the envious, the ſplenetic, and the malicious, found an entertainment in it which never was intended for them. Be not you, Sir, diſcouraged by this. Go on boldly to correct our follies and our vices, by painting them truly as they are. To attain this purpoſe, I would adviſe you in the words of the bloody *Renault*, "to ſpare neither age, nor ſex, "nor condition." But while I ſay this, I muſt add, that it is only the vices and the follies themſelves which you are intitled to attack, and not the individuals who may be guilty of them. You, Sir,

will not proſtitute your Paper, to make it the vehicle of ſlander, or of cenſure againſt private characters: You will deſcribe the general manners of the age, not thoſe of this or that private perſon. Hitherto you have not offended this way; and if you continue in the ſame proper courſe, I ſhall drink ſucceſs to the Lounger at our next anniverſary meeting; for you muſt know, that our Club ſtill meets once a-year on the day our firſt number was publiſhed.—There it would do your heart good, to hear us talk over the little anecdotes which gave us ſo much pleaſure in the Mirror. I ſhall propoſe, Sir, that you be received as a gueſt at our anniverſary next year, that you may ſee what ſort of folks your predeceſſors were. There is one point in which I truſt you will agree with us, and that is, in preferring good claret to port wine. Hoping to have the honour of drinking a glaſs of our favourite liquor with you, I am, &c.

A Member of the Mirror Club.

I feel myſelf much honoured by this mark of attention from one of my predeceſſors, and much flattered by his approbation. At the ſame time, I heſitated whether I ought or ought not to publiſh his letter. Indeed I am not at this moment perfectly clear in my own mind whether he meant or wiſhed that it ſhould be publiſhed. It is written ſo much in the ſtyle of private confidence and friendſhip, that it ſeems not to have been intended for the public.—Beſides, I was aware, that the ſcoffers might be apt to ſmile at the air of importance with which "we authors," even of periodical ſheets, are apt to regard every thing which concerns ourſelves and our works, and of which it muſt be owned there are ſome plain enough marks in this letter. Notwithſtanding all this, I at length reſolved to publiſh it, partly

partly to gratify my own vanity, and partly becauſe I could in no other ſhape return my acknowledgments to my correſpondent for the notice with which he has been ſo kind as to honour me. I have only to add, that I have long felt a ſtrong deſire to be perſonally acquainted with the members of the Mirror Club, and therefore I am much pleaſed with the hint given in the cloſe of the letter, of an invitation to attend their anniverſary meeting.

R.

N° 31.—SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1785.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes.

VIRG.

ONE of the moſt natural, as well as one of the pureſt pleaſures, ariſing from the effect of external objects on the mind, is the enjoyment of rural proſpects and rural ſcenery. The ideas of health, contentment, peace, and innocence, are ſo interwoven with thoſe of the country, that their connexion has become proverbial; and the pleaſures ariſing from it are not only celebrated by thoſe who have experienced their ſweets, but they are frequently ſuppoſed by thouſands to whom they never were known, and deſcribed by many by whom they have long been forgotten.

Of them, as of every other enjoyment, the value is enhanced by viciſſitude; and long excluſion is one great ingredient in the delight of their attainment. Few have been ſo unfortunate as to have an opportunity of forming a full idea of that pleaſure which a great ſtate-criminal is ſaid to have felt, when, on being taken from his dungeon, he ſaw the light, and breathed the open air, though but for that ſhort ſpace which conducted him to his ſcaffold. But it may

may in ſome meaſure be conceived from the ſatiſfaction which moſt men have at times experienced in changing the ſmoky atmoſphere and cloſe corrupted vapour of a crowded town, for the pure elaſtic breeze of a furze-hill, or the balmy perfume of a bean-field.

With ſuch increaſed enjoyment do I now feel the pleaſures of the country, after being, as Milton ſays, "long in populous city ſpent." A very preſſing invitation from my friend *Colonel Cauſtic* prevailed over that indolence, which was always a part of my conſtitution, and which I feel advanced life no-wiſe tend to diminiſh. Having one day miſſed half a dozen acquaintance, one after another, who I was informed had gone into the country, I came home in the evening, found a ſecond letter from the Colonel, urging my viſit, read part of Virgil's Second Georgic, looked from my higheſt window on the ſun juſt about to ſet amidſt the golden clouds of a beautiful weſtern ſky, and coming down ſtairs, ordered my man to pack up my portmanteau, and next morning ſet out for my friend's country-ſeat, whence I now addreſs my readers.

To me, who am accuſtomed to be idle without being vacant, whoſe thoughts are rather wandering than buſy, and whoſe fancy rather various than vivid, the ſoft and modeſt painting of Nature in this beautiful retirement of my friend's, is particularly ſuited. Here where I am ſeated at this moment, in a little ſhaded arbour with a ſloping lawn in front, covered with ſome ſheep that are reſting in the noonday heat, with their lambkins around them; with a grove of pines on the right hand, through which a ſcarcely ſtirring breeze is heard faintly to whiſper; with a brook on the left, to the gurgle of which the willows on its ſide ſeem to liſten in ſilence; this landſcape, with a back ground of diſtant hills, on which one can diſcover the ſmoke of the ſhepherd's fire, riſing in large lazy volumes to a thinly-flecker-ed ſky; all this forms a ſcene peaceful though enlivened,

livened, oblivious of care yet rich in thought, which ſoothes my indolence with a congenial quiet, yet dignifies it with the ſwellings of enthuſiaſm, and the dreams of imagination.

On this ſubject of the enjoyment of rural contemplations, I was much pleaſed with ſome reflections lately ſent me by a correſpondent, who ſubſcribes himſelf *Eubulus*. "It is the great error of "mankind," ſays he, "that in the purſuit of happineſs, they commonly ſeek for it in violent gratifications, in pleaſures which are too intenſe in "their degree to be of long duration, and of which "even the frequent repetition blunts the capacity of "enjoyment. There is no leſſon more uſeful to "mankind than that which teaches them, that the "moſt rational happineſs is averſe to all turbulent "emotions; that it is ſerene and moderate in its "nature; that its ingredients are neither coſtly in "the acquiſition, nor difficult in the attainment, "but preſent themſelves almoſt voluntarily to a "well-ordered mind, and are open to every rank "and condition of life, where abſolute indigence "is excluded.

"The intellectual pleaſures have this peculiar "and ſuperlative advantage over thoſe that are "merely ſenſual, that the moſt delightful of the "former require no approbation of their objects in "order to their enjoyment. The contemplative "man, who is an admirer of the beauties of nature, "has an *ideal property* in all its objects. He enjoys "the hill, the vale, the ſtream, the wood, the "garden, with a pleaſure more exquiſite, becauſe "more unallayed, than that of their actual poſſeſſor. "To him each enjoyment is heightened by the "ſenſe of that unremitting bounty which furniſhes "it; nor is he diſquieted by the anxiety of maintaining a poſſeſſion of which he cannot be deprived. How truly may he exclaim with the "poet!

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
"You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;

"You

" You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
" Through which Aurora ſhews her brightening face;
" You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
" The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve:
" Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace;
" Of Fancy, Reaſon, Virtue, nought can me bereave*.

" To a mind of that happy conformation which " the Poet here deſcribes, the ſources of pleaſure " are infinite. Nature is not leſs delightful in her " general impreſſions, than when ſurveyed in detail; " and to the former of theſe the verſes above quoted " ſeem chiefly to refer. It is certain that we expe- " rience a high degree of pleaſure in certain emo- " tions, excited by the general contemplation of " Nature, when the attention does not dwell mi- " nutely upon any of the objects that ſurround us. " Sympathy, the moſt powerful principle in the " human compoſition, has a ſtrong effect in conſti- " tuting the pleaſure here alluded to. The ſtill- " neſs of the country, and the tranquillity of its " ſcenes, have a ſenſible effect in calming the diſ- " order of the paſſions, and inducing a temporary " ſerenity of mind. By the ſame ſympathy, the " milder paſſions are excited, while the turbulent " are laid aſleep. That man muſt be of a harden- " ed frame indeed, who can hear unmoved the ſong " of the feathered tribes, when Spring calls forth " 'all Nature's harmony,' or who can behold, with- " out a correſponding emotion of joy and of gra- " titude, the ſprightlineſs of the young race of " animals wantoning in the exerciſe of their new " powers, and invigorated by the benignity of the " air, and the luxuriancy of their paſtures."

My friend Colonel Cauſtic, though I will venture to ſay for him, that he is neither without the ſenſibility of mind, nor the emotions of pious gratitude, which my correſpondent juſtly ſuppoſes the contemplation of the rural ſcene to excite, yet ſurveys it not with feelings of quite ſo placid a ſort as in

* Thomſon's Caſtle of Indolence.

ſome

ſome other minds it will be apt to produce. Here, as every where elſe, he ſtamps on the ſurrounding objects ſomewhat of the particular impreſſion of his character. That ſentiment, which, like the genius of Socrates, perpetually attends him, the child of virtue and of philanthropy, nurſed by ſpleen, though here it puts on a certain tenderneſs which it has not in town, and is rather diſpoſed to complain than to cenſure, yet walks with him, not unemployed, through his woods and his fields, and throws on the fineſt of their beauties a tint of its own colouring, as the glaſs of the little inſtrument called a *Claude Loraine*, dims the landſcape which is viewed through it.

I have not been able to convince him that the weather is not very much changed from what it was in his younger days, and he quotes many obſervations in ſupport of the milder temperature of the air in thoſe long-paſt ſeaſons. But his ſiſter (a very reſpectable maiden lady, a few years younger than the Colonel, who keeps houſe for him) inſiſts on the difference in ſtronger terms, and is ſurpriſed at my unbelief, even though it is confirmed by the regiſter. Of her faith in this article ſhe ſhews the ſincerity, by her practice in houſehold-matters, having, as ſhe tells me, for theſe fifteen or ſixteen years paſt, taken out the greens from the fire-places at leaſt a fortnight earlier than formerly, and not uncarpeting the rooms, nor taking down the window-curtains, till near a month later than ſhe was wont to do.

On the appearance of his own fields the Colonel does not ſay quite ſo much, the culture he has beſtowed on them counteracting in that particular the natural deterioration; but wherever Nature has been left to herſelf, her productions, according to him, have grown more ſcanty. When we ſtart a hare or ſluſh a partridge in our walks, the Colonel always tells me there is not one for ten in his grounds that he uſed to ſee formerly; and he rather ſeemed to enjoy

enjoy than condole with my want of ſport, when I went yeſterday a-fiſhing on the very ſame part of the river from which he informed me he was of old ſure of catching a diſh of trouts in an hour's time any day of the ſeaſon. Nor was he quite well pleaſed with his man John's attempting to account for it, by his neighbour *Lord Grubwell*'s having lately ſent down a caſting-net for the uſe of his game-keeper.

On the ſubject of Lord Grubwell, however, in other matters, he is generally apt enough himſelf to expatiate. "This man," ſaid he, "whoſe father "acquired the fortune which afterwards procured "the ſon his title, has ſtarted into the rank, without "the manners or the taſte of a gentleman. The want "of the firſt would only be felt thoſe two or three "times in the year when one is obliged to meet "with him; but the perverſion of the latter, with "a full purſe to give it way, makes his neighbour-"hood a very unfortunate one. That riſing ground "on the left, which was formerly one of the fineſt "green ſwells in the world, he has put yon vile "Gothic tower on, as he calls it, and has planted "half a dozen little *carronades* on the top of it, "which it is a favourite amuſement with him to fire "on holidays and birth-days, or when ſome re-"ſpected viſitor drinks tea there." "That will "frighten your Dryads," ſaid I, ſmiling. "It "often frightens my ſiſter," replied the Colonel; "and I am weak enough to let it fret me. I can "bear the man's nonſenſe, when it is not heard "two miles off. That ugly dry gap in the bank "oppoſite to us was the channel of a rill, of which "he turned the courſe, to make a ſerpentine river "for his Chineſe bridge, which he had built, with-"out knowing where to find out water for it. And "from the little hills behind he has rooted out all the "natural fringe of their birch and oak ſhrub-wood, "to cover their tops with ſtiff circular plantations. "Then his temples and ſtatues, with their white "plaſter and paint, meet one's eye in every corner.

"I have

" I have been fain to run up that hedge, to ſcreen
" me from all thoſe impertinencies, though it loſt
" my favourite ſeat the beſt half of its proſpect."

But Colonel Cauſtic has other wrongs from the innovations of his neighbour, which he ſuffers without telling them. Lord Grubwell's improvements often trench on a feeling more tender than the Colonel's taſte, though that is delicate enough. The ſcenes around him have thoſe ties upon my friend which long acquaintance naturally gives them over a mind ſo ſuſceptible as his. As the Mythology of the ancients animated all nature, by giving a tutelary power to every wood and fountain, ſo he has peopled many of the objects in his view with the images of paſt events, of departed friends, of warm affections, of tender regrets; and he feels the change, or ſometimes even the improvement, as a ſacrilege that drives the deity from the place. This ſentiment of memory is felt but very imperfectly in a town: in the country it retains all its force; and with Colonel Cauſtic it operates in the ſtrongeſt manner poſſible. Here he withdraws himſelf from an age which he thinks is in its decline, and finds in the world of remembrance that warmth of friendſhip, that purity of manners, that refinement of breeding, that elegance of form, that dignity of deportment, which charmed his youth. This is perhaps one cauſe of his ſeverity, when at any time he mixes with mankind; 'tis like leaving an enlightened company of friends, for the frivolous ſociety of ordinary men, which often overcomes the temper of the beſt-natured people, and, if it does not ſink them into ſadneſs and ſilence, will generally make them " *humourous and peeviſh.*"

Even the recollection of ſufferings endears to ſuch a mind as Cauſtic's the ſcene that recalls them. I obſerved, that wherever our ſtroll began, it commonly ended in a *ſombre* walk, that led through a grove of beeches to a little ſequeſtered dell. Here I remarked one tree fenced round in ſuch a manner

as

as ſhewed a particular attention to its growth. I ſtopped as we paſſed, and looked on it with a face of inquiry. "That tree," ſaid the Colonel, obſerving me, "is about forty years old."—He went on a few paces—"It was planted by a Lady"—throwing his eye on the ground, and bluſhing, as I thought.—"It was planted"—He walked ſome ſteps farther; looked back, and ſighed—"She "was then one of the fineſt women in the world!"

Z.

Nº 32.——Saturday, Sept. 10, 1785.

I AM every day more and more diſpoſed to congratulate myſelf on this viſit to Colonel *Cauſtic*.—Here I find him with all his good qualities brought forward, with all his failings thrown into the back ground, which only ſerve (to carry the ſimile a little farther) to give force and relief to the picture. I am now aſſured of what before I was willing to believe, that Cauſtic's ſpleen is of that ſort which is the produce of the warmeſt philanthropy. As the admirer of painting is moſt offended with the ſcrawls of a dauber, as the enthuſiaſt in muſic is moſt hurt with the diſcords of an ill played inſtrument; ſo the lover of mankind, as his own ſenſe of virtue has painted them, when he comes abroad into life and ſees what they really are, feels the diſappointment in the ſevereſt manner; and he will often indulge in ſatire beyond the limits of diſcretion; while indifference or ſelfiſhneſs will be contented to take men as it finds them, and never allow itſelf to be diſquieted with the ſoreneſs of diſappointed benevolence, or the warmth of indignant virtue.

I have likewiſe made an acquiſition of no inconſiderable value in the acquaintance of Colonel Cauſtic's

tic's ſiſter. His affection for her is of that genuine ſort which was to be expected from the view of his character I have given. The firſt night of my being here, when Miſs Cauſtic was to retire after ſupper, her brother roſe, drew back the large arm-chair in which ſhe ſat at table with one hand, pulled the bell-ſtring with the other, opened the parlour-door while ſhe was making her curteſy to me, and then ſaluted her as ſhe went out, and bid her good night; and all this with a ſort of tender ceremony which I felt then, and feel ſtill, (for it is a thing of cuſtom with them), as one of the pleaſanteſt pieces of good breeding I had ever witneſſed. "My ſiſter is an "excellent woman," ſaid the Colonel, as he ſhut the door; "and I don't like her the worſe for "having ſomething of the primeval about her.— "You don't know how much I owe her. When "I was a careleſs young fellow, living what we call a "faſhionable life about town, thinking perhaps, "like a puppy as I was, what ſort of a coat I ſhould "wear, or what ſort of ſtockings would beſt ſhew "off my leg, or perhaps practiſing my ſalute be-"fore a glaſs, to enchant the ladies at a review, "my ſiſter Peggy, though ſeveral years younger, "was here at home, nurſing the declining age of "one of the beſt of mothers, and managing every "ſhilling not only of mine, but of theirs, to make "up a ſum for purchaſing me a company. Since "my mother's death, and my being ſettled here, "her attentions have been all transferred to me; "my companion in health, my nurſe in ſickneſs, "with all thoſe little domeſtic ſervices which, though "they are cyphers in the general account, a man "like me, whoſe home is ſo much to him, feels of "infinite importance; and there is a manner of "doing them, a quiet, unauthoritative, unbuſtling "way of keeping things right, which is often "more important than the things themſelves.—— "Then I am indebted to her for the tolerable terms "I ſtand in with the world. When it grates

"harſhly

" harſhly on me, (and I am old, and apt perhaps " to be a little croſs at times), ſhe contrives ſome- " how to ſmooth matters between us; and the " apology I would not allow from itſelf, I can " hear from her, knowing, as I do her worth, and " the affection ſhe bears me.——I were a brute to " love her leſs than I do.

" There is ſomething," continued the Colonel, after a little pauſe, " in the circumſtance of ſex, " that mixes a degree of tenderneſs with our duty " to a female, ſomething that claims our protection " and our ſervice in a ſtyle ſo different from what " the other demands from us—the very ſame offices " are performed ſo differently—'tis like graſping a " crab-tree, and touching a violet. Whenever I " ſee a man treat a woman not as a woman ſhould " be treated, be it a chambermaid or a kitchen- " wench, (not to ſay a wife or a ſiſter, though I " have ſeen ſuch examples), let him be of what " faſhion or rank he may, or as polite at other " times as he will, I am ſure his politeneſs is not " of the right breed. He may have been taught " by a dancing-maſter, at court, or by travel; but " ſtill his courteſy is not his own; 'tis borrowed " only, and not to be relied on."

Miſs Cauſtic with all thoſe domeſtic and houſe- hold accompliſhments which her brother commends, often ſhows that ſhe has been ſkilled in more refined ones, though ſhe has now laid them aſide, like the dreſſes of her youth, as unſuitable to her age and ſituation. She can ſtill talk of Muſic, of Poetry, of Plays, and of Novels; and in converſation with younger people, liſtens to their diſcourſe on thoſe topics with an intereſt and a feeling that is particu- larly pleaſing to them. Her own ſtudies, however, are of a more ſerious caſt. Beſides thoſe books of devotion which employ her private hours, ſhe reads hiſtory for amuſement, gardening and medicine by way of buſineſs: for ſhe is the phyſician of the pariſh, and is thought by the country-folks to be wonderfully ſkilful. Her brother often jokes her

on

on the number and the wants of her patients. "I "don't know, Sister," said he t'other morning, "what fees you get; but your patients cost me a "great deal of money. I have unfortunately but "one Recipe, and it is a specific for almost all "their diseases."—"I only ask now and then," said she, "the key of your cellar for them, Brother; "the key of your purse they will find for them-"selves. Yet why should we not be apothecaries "that way? Poverty is a disease too; and if a "little of my cordials, or your money, can cheer "the hearts of some who have no other malady."— "It is well bestowed, Sister Peggy; and so we'll "continue to practise, though we should now and "then be cheated."

"'Tis one of the advantages of the country," said I, "that you get within reach of a certain "rank of men, often most virtuous and useful, "whom in a town we have no opportunity of know-"ing at all."—"Why, yes," said Caustic; "but "the misfortune is, that those who could do the "most for them, seldom see as they ought. I have "heard that every body carries a certain atmos-"phere of its own along with it, which a change "of air does not immediately remove. So there is "a certain town-atmosphere which a great man "brings with him into the country. He has two "or three laced lacquies, and two or three attend-"ants without wages, through whom he sees, and "hears, and does every thing; and Poverty, In-"dustry, and Nature, get no nearer than the great "gate of his court-yard."—"'Tis but too true," said his sister. "I have several pensioners who "come with heavy hearts from Lord Grubwell's "door, though they were once, they say, tenants "or workmen of his own, or, as some of them "pretend, relations of his grandfather."—"That's "the very reason," continued the Colonel; "why "will they put the man in mind of his father and "grandfather? The fellows deserve a horse-pond

" for their impertinence."—" Nay, but in truth," replied Miſs Cauſtic, " my Lord knows nothing of " the matter. He carries ſo much of the town-at- " moſphere, as you call it, about him. He does " not riſe till eleven, nor breakfaſt till twelve.— " Then he has his ſteward with him for one hour, " his architect for another, his layer out of ground " for a third. After this he ſometimes gallops out " for a little exerciſe, or plays at billiards within " doors: Dines at a table of twenty covers; " ſits very late at his bottle; plays cards, except " when my Lady chuſes dancing, till midnight; " and they ſeldom part till ſun-riſe."——And ſo " ends," ſaid the Colonel, " your *Idyllium* on my " Lord Grubwell's rural occupations."

We heard the tread of a horſe in the court, and preſently John entered with a card in his hand; which his maſter no ſooner threw his eyes on, than he ſaid, " But you need not deſcribe, Siſter, our " friend may ſee, if he inclines it. That card (I " could tell the chaplain's fold at a mile's diſtance) " is my Lord's annual invitation to dinner. Is it " not, John?"—" It is my Lord Grubwell's ſer- " vant, Sir," ſaid John. His maſter read the card:—" *And as he underſtands the Colonel has at* " *preſent a friend from town with him, he requeſts that* " *he would preſent that gentleman his Lordſhip's com-* " *pliments, and intreat the honour of his company* " *alſo.*"—" Here is another card, Sir, for Miſs " Cauſtic."—" Yes, yes, ſhe always gets a coun- " terpart."—But I ſhan't go," ſaid his ſiſter; " her Ladyſhip has young Ladies enow to make " fools of; an old woman is not worth the trouble." " Why then you muſt ſay ſo," anſwered her bro- ther; " for the chaplain has a note here at the bot- " tom, that an anſwer is requeſted. I ſuppoſe " your great folks now-a-days contract with their " *maitre d'hotel* by the head; and ſo they ſave half " a crown, when one don't ſet down one's name for " a cover."—" But, ſpite of the half crown you " muſt go," ſaid the Colonel to me; " you will

" find

" find food for moraliſing; and I ſhall like my own
" dinner the better. So return an anſwer accord-
" ingly, Siſter; and do you hear, John, give my
" Lord's ſervant a ſlice of cold beef and a tankard
" of beer in the mean time. It is poſſible he is
" fed upon contract too; and for ſuch patients, I
" believe, Siſter Peggy, Dr. Buchan's *Domeſtic*
" *Medicine* recommends cold beef and a tankard."

Z.

N° 33.——Saturday, Sept. 17, 1785.

I MENTIONED in my laſt Paper, that my friend Colonel Cauſtic and I had accepted an invitation to dine with his neighbour Lord *Grubwell*. Of that dinner I am now to take the liberty of giving ſome account to my readers. It is one advantage of that habit of obſervation, which, as a thinking Lounger, I have acquired, that from moſt entertainments I can carry ſomething more than the mere dinner away. I remember an old acquaintance of mine, a jolly carbuncle-faced fellow, who uſed to give an account of a company by the ſingle circumſtance of the liquor they could ſwallow. At ſuch a dinner was one man of three bottles, four of two, ſix of a bottle and a half, and ſo on; and for himſelf he kept a ſort of journal of what he had *pouched*, as he called it, at every place to which he had been invited during a whole winter. My reckoning is of another ſort; I have ſometimes carried off from a dinner, one, two, or three characters, ſwallowed half a dozen anecdotes, and taſted eight or ten inſipid things, that were not worth the ſwallowing. I have one advantage over my old friend; I can digeſt what, in his phraſe, I have *pouched* without a head-ach.

When

When we ſat down to dinner at Lord Grubwell's, I found that the table was occupied in ſome ſort by two different parties, one of which belonged to my Lord, and the other to my Lady. At the upper end of my Lord's ſat Mr. *Placid*, a man agreeable by profeſſion, who has no corner in his mind, no prominence in his feelings, and, like certain chemical liquors, has the property of coaleſcing with every thing. He dines with every body that gives a dinner, has ſeventeen cards for the ſeven days of the week, cuts up a fowl, tells a ſtory, and hears a ſtory told, with the beſt grace of any man in the world. Mr. Placid had been brought by my Lord, but ſeemed inclined to deſert to my Lady, or rather to ſide with both, having a ſmile on the right cheek for the one, and a ſimper on the left for the other.

Lord Grubwell being a patron of the fine arts, had at his *board end*, beſides the layer out of his grounds, a diſcarded fidler from the opera-houſe, who allowed that *Handel* could compoſe a tolerable chorus; a painter, who had made what he called Fancy-portraits of all the family, who talked a great deal about *Correggio*; a gentleman on one hand of him, who ſeemed to be an adept in cookery; and a little blear-eyed man on the other, who was a connoiſſeur in wine. On horſe-fleſh, hunting, ſhooting, cricket, and cock-fighting, we had occaſional diſſertations from ſeveral young gentlemen at both ſides of his end of the table, who, though not directly of his eſtabliſhment, ſeemed from what occurred in converſation, to be pretty conſtantly in waiting.

Of my Lady's diviſion the moſt conſpicuous perſon was a gentleman who ſat next her, Sir John ——, who ſeemed to enjoy the office of her *Ciciſbeo*, or *Cavaliere ſervente*, as nearly as the cuſtom of this country allows. There was, however, one little difference between him and the Italian Cavaliere, that he did not ſeem ſo ſolicitous to ſerve as to admire the Lady, the little attentions being rather directed from her to him. Even his admiration was rather

rather underſtood than expreſſed. The gentleman, indeed, to borrow a phraſe from the grammarians, appeared to be altogether of the paſſive mood, and to conſider every exertion as vulgar and unbecoming. He ſpoke mincingly, looked ſomething more delicate than man; had the fineſt teeth, the whiteſt hand, and ſent a perfume around him at every motion.—He had travelled, quoted Italy very often, and called this a *tramontane* country, in which, if it were not for one or two fine women, there would be no poſſibility of exiſting.

Beſides this male attendant, Lady Grubwell had ſeveral female intimates, who ſeemed to have profited extremely by her patronage and inſtructions, who had learned to talk on all *town* ſubjects with ſuch eaſe and confidence, that one could never have ſuppoſed they had been bred in the country, and had, as Colonel Cauſtic informed me, only loſt their baſhfulneſs about three weeks before. One or two of them, I could ſee, were in a profeſſed and particular manner imitators of my Lady, uſed all her phraſes, aped all her geſtures, and had their dreſs made ſo exactly after her pattern, that the Colonel told me a blunt country-gentleman, who dined there one rainy day, and afterwards paſſed the night at his houſe, thought they had got wet to the ſkin in their way, and had been refitted from her Ladyſhip's wardrobe. "But he was miſtaken," ſaid the Colonel; "they only borrowed a little of her "complexion."

The painter had made a picture, of which he was very proud, of my Lady, attended by a group of thoſe young friends, in the character of *Diana*, ſurrounded by her nymphs, ſurpriſed by *Acteon*.—My Lady, when ſhe was ſhewing it to me, made me take notice how very like my Lord Acteon was. Sir John, who leaned over her ſhoulder, put on as broad a ſmile as his good breeding would allow, and ſaid it was one of the moſt monſtrous clever things he had ever heard her Ladyſhip ſay.

Of my Lord's party there were ſome young men, brothers and couſins of my Lady's nymphs, who ſhewed the ſame laudable deſire of imitating him, as their kinſwomen did of copying her. But each end of the table made now and then interchanges with the other: ſome of the moſt promiſing of my Lord's followers were favoured with the countenance and regard of her Ladyſhip; while, on the other hand, ſome of her nymphs drew the particular attention of Acteon, and ſeemed, like thoſe in the picture, willing to hide his Diana from him.—Amidſt thoſe different, combined, or mingled parties, I could not help admiring the dexterity of *Placid*, who contrived to divide himſelf among them with wonderful addreſs. To the landſcape-gardener he talked of *clumps* and *ſwells*; he ſpoke of harmony to the muſician, of colouring to the painter, of hats and feathers to the young ladies, and even conciliated the elevated and unbending Baronet, by appeals to him about the quay at *Marſeilles*, the *Corſo* at *Rome*, and the gallery at *Florence*. He was once only a little unfortunate in a reference to Colonel Cauſtic, which he meant as a compliment to my Lady, "how much more elegant the dreſs "of the Ladies was now-a-days than formerly when "they remembered it?" Placid is but very little turned of fifty.

Cauſtic and I were nearly "mutes and audience "to this act." The Colonel indeed now and then threw in a word or two of that *dolce piccante*, that ſweet and ſharp ſort in which his politeneſs contrives to convey his ſatire. I thought I could diſcover that the company ſtood ſomewhat in awe of him; and even my Lady endeavoured to gain his good-will by a very marked attention. She begged leave to drink his ſiſter's health in a particular manner after dinner, and regretted exceedingly not being favoured with her company. "She hardly ever ſtirs abroad, my "Lady," anſwered the Colonel; "beſides (looking ſlyly at ſome of her Ladyſhip's female friends) "ſhe

" ſhe is not young, nor, I am afraid, baſhful enough " for one of Diana's virgins."

When we returned home in the evening, Cauſtic began to moraliſe on the ſcene of the day. " We " were talking," ſaid he to me, t'other morning, " when you took up a volume of *Cook's Voyages*, " of the advantages and diſadvantages ariſing to " newly-diſcovered countries from our communica- " tion with them; of the wants we ſhew them " along with the conveniencies of life, the diſeaſes " we communicate along with the arts we teach. I " can trace a ſtriking analogy between this and the " viſit of Lord and Lady Grubwell to the ſavages " here, as I am told they often call us. Inſtead of, " the plain wholeſome fare, the ſober manners, the " filial, the parental, the family virtues, which " ſome of our houſeholds poſſeſſed, theſe great " people will inoculate extravagance, diſſipation, " and neglect of every relative duty; and then, in " point of breeding and behaviour, we ſhall have " petulance and inattention, inſtead of baſhful ci- " vility, becauſe it is the faſhion with fine folks to " be *eaſy*; and ruſticity ſhall be ſet off with impu- " dence, like a grogram waiſtcoat with tinſel bind- " ing, that only makes its coarſeneſs more diſguſt- " ing."

" But you muſt ſet them right, my good Sir," I replied, " in theſe particulars. You muſt tell " your neighbours, who may be apt, from ſome " ſpurious examples, to ſuppoſe that every thing " contrary to the natural ideas of politeneſs is po- " lite, that in ſuch an opinion they are perfectly " miſtaken. Such a caricature is indeed, as in all " other imitations, the eaſieſt to be imitated; but " it is not the real portraiture and likeneſs of a high- " bred man or woman. As good dancing is like " a more dignified ſort of walk, and as the beſt " dreſs hangs the eaſieſt on the ſhape; ſo the high- " eſt good breeding, and the moſt highly poliſhed " faſhion, is the neareſt to nature, but to nature in

" its beſt ſtate, to that *belle nature* which works of " taſte (and a perſon of faſhion is a work of taſte) " in every department require. It is the ſame in " morals as in demeanour; a real man of faſhion has " a certain *retenue*, a degree of moderation in every " thing, and will not be more wicked or diſſipated " than there is occaſion for; you muſt therefore " ſignify to that young man who ſat near me at " Lord Grubwell's, who ſwore immoderately, was " rude to the chaplain, and told us ſome things of " himſelf for which he ought to have been hanged, " that he will not have the honour of going to the " devil in the very beſt company."

" Were I to turn preacher," anſwered the Colonel, " I would not read your homily. It might " be as you ſay in former times; but in my late " excurſion to your city, I cannot ſay I could " diſcover, even in the firſt company, the high " poliſh you talk of. There was nature, indeed, " ſuch as one may ſuppoſe her in places which I " have long ſince forgotten; but as for her beauty " or grace, I could perceive but little of it. The " world has been often called a *theatre*; now the " theatre of your faſhionable world ſeems to me to " have loſt the beſt part of its audience; it is all " either the yawn of the ſide-boxes, or the roar of " the upper-gallery. There is no *pit*, (as I remem- " ber the pit;) none of that mixture of good- " breeding, diſcernment, taſte, and feeling, which " conſtitutes an audience, ſuch as a firſt-rate per- " former would wiſh to act his part to. For the " ſimile of the theatre will ſtill hold in this further " particular, that a man, to be perfectly well-bred, " muſt have a certain reſpect and value for his au- " dience, otherwiſe his exertions will generally be " either coarſe or feeble. Though indeed a per- " fectly well-bred man will feel that reſpect even " for himſelf; and were he in a room alone," ſaid Cauſtic, (taking an involuntary ſtep or two, till he got oppoſite to a mirror that hangs at the upper end of

of his parlour,) " would bluſh to find himſelf in a " mean or ungraceful attitude, or to indulge a " thought groſs, illiberal, or ungentlemanlike."— " You ſmile," ſaid Miſs Cauſtic to me; " but I " have often told my brother, that he is a very " *Oroondates* on that ſcore; and your Edinburgh " people may be very well bred, without coming " up to his ſtandard." " Nay but," ſaid I, " were I even to give Edinburgh up, it would not " affect my poſition. Edinburgh is but a copy of " a larger metropolis; and every where the defect " I mentioned is apt to take place; and of " all qualities I know, this of faſhion and good " breeding is the moſt delicate, the moſt evane- " ſcent, if I may be allowed ſo pedantic a phraſe. " 'Tis like the flavour of certain liquors, which it " is hardly poſſible to preſerve in the removal of " them." " Oh! now I underſtand you," ſaid Cauſtic, ſmiling in his turn; like *Harrowgate-water*, for example, which I am told has ſpirit at the ſpring; " but when brought hither, I find it, under favour, " to have nothing but ſtink and ill taſte remain- " ing."

N° 34.——SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1785.

THAT we often make the miſery, as well as " the happineſs we do not find," is a truth which Moraliſts have frequently remarked, and which can hardly be too often repeated. 'Tis one of thoſe ſpecific maxims which apply to every character, and to every ſituation, and which therefore, in different modes of expreſſion, almoſt every wiſe man has endeavoured to enforce and illuſtrate. Without going ſo far as the Stoics would have us, we may venture to aſſert, that there is ſcarce any ſtate of calamity in which a firm and a virtuous mind will not create

to itſelf conſolation and relief; nor any abſolute degree of proſperity and ſucceſs in which a naturally diſcontented ſpirit will not find cauſe of diſappointment and diſguſt.

But in ſuch extremes of ſituation, it is the lot of few to be placed. Of the bulk of mankind the life is paſſed amidſt ſcenes of no very eventful ſort, amidſt ordinary engagements, and ordinary cares.—But of theſe, perhaps, ſtill more than of the others, the good or evil is in a great meaſure regulated by the temper and diſpoſition of him to whom they fall out; like metals in coin, it is not alone their intrinſic nature, but alſo that impreſſion which they receive from us, that creates their value. It muſt be material, therefore, in the art of happineſs, to poſſeſs the power of ſtamping ſatisfaction on the enjoyments which Providence has put into our hands.

I have been led into theſe reflections from meeting lately with two old acquaintances, from whom I had, by various accidents, been a long time ſeparated, but whoſe diſpoſitions our early intimacy had perfectly unfolded to me, and the circumſtances of whoſe lives I have ſince had occaſion to learn.

When at ſchool, *Clitander* was the pride of his parents, and the boaſt of our maſter. There was no acquirement which his genius was not equal to; and though he was ſometimes deficient in application, yet whenever he choſe he outſhone every competitor.

Eudocius was a lad of very inferior talents. He was frequently the object of Clitander's ridicule, but he bore it with an indifference that very ſoon diſarmed his adverſary; and his conſtant obligingneſs and good humour made all his claſs-fellows his friends.

Clitander was born the heir of a very large eſtate, which coming to the poſſeſſion of at an early age, he ſet out on his travels, and continued abroad for a conſiderable number of years. In the accompliſhments of the man, he was equally ſucceſsful as he had

had been in the attainments of the boy, and attracted particular notice in the different places of his residence on the continent, as a young man from whom the higheſt expectations might reaſonably be formed. But it was remarked by ſome intelligent obſervers, that he rather acquired than reliſhed thoſe accompliſhments, and learned to judge more than to admire whatever was beautiful in nature, or excellent in art. At times, he ſeemed like other youthful poſſeſſors of ample fortunes, diſpoſed to enjoy the means of pleaſure which his ſituation enabled him to command. At other times, he talked with indifference or contempt both of thoſe pleaſures themſelves, and of the companions with whom they had been ſhared. He remained longer abroad than is cuſtomary, as his friends ſaid, to make himſelf maſter of whatever might be uſeful to his country, or ornamental to himſelf; but in fact he remained where he was, as I have heard himſelf confeſs, from an indifference about whither he ſhould go; becauſe, as he frankly ſaid, he thought he ſhould find the ſame fools at Rome as at Paris, at Naples, and at Rome. In going through Hungary, he viſited the quickſilver mines, where the miſerable workmen, pent up for life, hear of the light and of the ſun, as of the beatitudes of another world. One of thoſe, as Clitander and his party came up to him, was leaning on his mattock, under one of the diſmal lamps that unfold the horrors of the place, eating the morſel of brown bread that is allowed them.—What wretched fare! ſaid one of the company. But he ſeems to enjoy it! replied Clitander.

When he returned to England, he was ſurrounded by the young and the gay, who allured him to pleaſure; and by more reſpectable characters, who invited him to buſineſs and ambition. With both ſocieties he often mixed, but could ſcarcely be ſaid to aſſociate; to both he lent himſelf, as it were, for the time; but became the property of neither, and ſeemed equally diſſatisfied with both.

When I ſaw him lately, he was at his paternal ſeat, one of the fineſt places in one of the fineſt parts of the country. To my admiration of its improvements he aſſented with the coolneſs of a ſpectator who had often looked on them; yet I found that he had planned moſt of them himſelf. In the neighbourhood I found him reſpected, but not popular; and even when I was told ſtories of his beneficence, of which there were many, they were told as deeds in which he was to be imitated rather than beloved. His hoſpitality was uncommonly extenſive; but his neighbours partook of it rather as a duty than a pleaſure. And though at table he ſaid more witty and more lively things than all his gueſts put together, yet every body remarked how dull the dinner had been.

At his houſe I found *Eudocius*, who flew to embrace me, and to tell me his hiſtory ſince we parted. He told it rather more in detail than was neceſſary; but I thanked him for his minuteneſs, becauſe it had the air of believing me intereſted in the tale. Eudocius was now almoſt as rich as Clitander; but his fortune was of his own acquiſition. In the line of commerce, to which he had been bred, he had been highly ſucceſsful. Induſtry, the moſt untainted uprightneſs, and that ſort of claim which a happy diſpoſition had upon every good man he met, had procured him ſuch advantages, that in a few years he found himſelf poſſeſſed of wealth beyond his moſt ſanguine expectations, and, as he modeſtly ſaid, much beyond his merits: but he did himſelf injuſtice; he had all the merit which enjoying it thankfully, and uſing it well, could give. At his houſe, to which I afterwards attended him, moſt things were good, and Eudocius honeſtly praiſed them all. He had a group of his neighbours aſſembled, all of whom were happy; but thoſe who came from viſiting Clitander were always the happieſt. In his garden and grounds there were ſome beauties which Eudocius ſhewed you with much ſatisfaction; there

there were many deformities which he did not obſerve himſelf: if any other remarked them, he was happy they were diſcovered, and took a memorandum for mending them next year. His tenants and cottagers were contented and comfortable, or at leaſt in ſituations that ought to make him ſo. If any of them came with complaints to Eudocius, he referred them to his ſteward, but with injunctions to treat them indulgently; and when the ſteward ſometimes told him he had been impoſed on, he ſaid he would not truſt them again: but repeated a favourite phraſe of his, which he had learnt from ſomebody, but adopted from pure good nature, "that he might "be cheated of his money, but ſhould not of his "temper." In this, as in every thing elſe, it was not eaſy to vex him, while, on the other hand, he was made happy at very little expence: he laughed at dull jokes, was pleaſed with bad pictures, praiſed dull books, and patroniſed very inferior artiſts; not always from an abſolute ignorance in theſe things, (though his taſte, it muſt be owned, was none of the moſt acute), but becauſe it was his way to be pleaſed, and that he liked to ſee people pleaſed around him.

It was not ſo with Clitander. Wanting that enthuſiaſm, that happy deception, which leads warmer, and indeed inferior minds through life, he examined with too critical, perhaps too juſt an eye, its pleaſures, its ambition, its love, its friendſhip, and found them empty and unſatisfying. Eudocius was the happy ſpectator of an indifferently played comedy; but Clitander had got behind the ſcenes, and ſaw the actors with all their wants and imperfections. Clitander, however, never ſhows the ſourneſs or the melancholy of a miſanthrope. He is not intereſted enough in mankind to be angry, nor is the world worth his being ſad for. Thus he not only wants the actual pleaſures of life, but even that ſort of enjoyment which reſults from its ſorrows.

Miſerum te judico, quod nunquam fueris miſer.
SEN.

The only ſatisfaction he ſeems to feel, is that ſort of detection which his ability enables him to make of the emptineſs of the world's pleaſures, the hypocriſy of its affected virtues, the falſe eſtimation of its knowledge, the ridiculouſneſs of its pretended importance. Hence he is often a man of humour and of wit, and plays with both, with the appearance of gaiety and mirth. But this gaiety is not happineſs. Such a detection may clothe one's face in ſmiles, but it cannot make glad the heart. In the gaiety of Clitander, however excited, there is little enjoyment. Clitander undervalues his audience, and never delivers himſelf up to them with that happy cheerfulneſs with which Eudocius tells his old ſtories, and every one laughs without knowing why.

In the apathy of a dull man, no body is intereſted, and we conſign him to its influence without reflection, and without regret. But when one conſiders how much is loſt to the world by the indifference of Clitander, one cannot help lamenting that unfortunate perverſion of talents, by which they are not only deprived of their value, but made inſtruments of ill fortune; which, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, diſappoints the bounty of Heaven, both to its poſſeſſor himſelf, and to thoſe around him, whom it ought to have enriched.

V.

N° 35.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1785.

AMONG the apologies for irregularity and diſſipation, none are of more pernicious tendency than thoſe which are drawn from the good qualities with which that irregularity and diſſipation are ſuppoſed to be generally accompanied. The warmth and openneſs of noble minds, it is ſaid, are apt to lead them into extravagancies which the cold and the unfeeling can eaſily criticiſe, and may plauſibly condemn. But in the ſame minds reſide the virtues of magnanimity, diſintereſtedneſs, benevolence, and friendſhip, in a degree to which the tame and the ſelfiſh, who boaſt of the prudence and propriety of their conduct, can never aſpire. The firſt reſemble a luxuriant tree, which, amidſt its wild and wandering ſhoots, is yet productive of the richeſt fruit; the others, like a dry and barren ſtock, put forth a few regular but ſtunted branches, which require no pruning indeed, but from which no profit is to be reaped.

It might be worth while to inquire into the juſtice of this account, to the truth of which the young and the gay are apt implicitly to aſſent; but the young and the gay have too much vivacity to reaſon, and as little inclination as leiſure for inquiry: Yet ſome of them who knew *Flavillus*, may liſten for a moment while I tell them his ſtory. 'Tis the laſt time they will be troubled with his name, or his misfortunes!

Flavillus was the heir of an eſtate which was once reckoned very conſiderable. It deſcended to him burthened with a good deal of debt, and with a variety of incumbrances; but ſtill Flavillus was held to have ſucceeded to a great poſſeſſion, his nominal rent-roll being a large one. At an early period of life, he entered into the army; but he ſoon

ſoon quitted a profeſſion where, in point of wealth, the proſpects were not alluring; and where, in point of ſtation, he had not patience to wait for the uſual ſteps of advancement. Flavillus, both while he was in the army, and after he quitted it, was accounted one of the moſt accompliſhed men that was any where to be met with. Nor was this reputation undeſerved. Having had a compleat univerſity education, he had all the learning of a philoſopher, without any of that pedantry which often attends it; and having mixed a good deal in the world, he had all the eaſe of a man of faſhion, without any of that flippancy which mere men of faſhion are apt to acquire. Flavillus, from thoſe qualities, became the darling of ſociety. His company was univerſally courted; and it was conſidered as a high recommendation to any party of pleaſure, that he was to be one of the number. Poſſeſſed of an indolence which unfitted him for buſineſs, having quitted the army, the only profeſſion he ever had the leaſt inclination to cultivate, and too negligent to think of retrieving the incumbrances on his eſtate by economy and ſchemes of prudence, Flavillus gave himſelf completely up to the pleaſures of ſociety, and allowed himſelf to be captivated by the popularity which his manners ſecured him, and by the general good-will with which he was conſtantly received.

It is eaſy to conjecture the effects of ſuch a courſe of life on the circumſtances of Flavillus. The debts and incumbrances on his eſtate were allowed to remain, and the expence he was led into much added to their amount. At firſt Flavillus felt a good deal of uneaſineſs on this ground; he made ſome feeble efforts to retrench his expence, and to mix leſs in expenſive ſociety; to dreſs more plainly, to give up public places, to go no more to taverns, to loſe no more money at play. But theſe better reſolutions ſunk under his love of pleaſure, and his temptations to habitual indulgence. He became at length afraid

to think of his circumſtances; and the very deſpair which that occaſioned made him plunge more deeply into diſſipation. Painfully conſcious as he was of much miſpent time and miſpent fortune, he durſt not look into the account of either.

The deeper, however, he plunged into diſſipation, the fonder of him did his companions become. The circle of his acquaintance indeed came to be in ſome meaſure changed. At an early period of his life, his company was ſelect; at a later period he became leſs nice about his friends; but ſtill Flavillus was accounted one of the fineſt fellows in the world.—His bottle-companions were ever loud in his praiſe; at the midnight riot his name was never mentioned without the higheſt panegyric, without the warmeſt profeſſions of friendſhip, confirmed by the moſt ſacred oaths, and accompanied with the moſt endearing expreſſions of delight. Amidſt the vociferations of merriment, and the jollity of debauch, to have liſtened to the ſounds which then were uttered, one would have thought that the Goddeſs of Friendſhip herſelf had deſcended upon earth, and was animating the voices of the companions of Flavillus.

With all this Flavillus was far from being happy. Superior to the companions he now lived with, he could not always avoid reflecting on the nothingneſs of his ſituation; and though he was afraid to think upon it, he could not help at times foreſeeing that the means of his extravagance muſt draw to a cloſe. His ſpirit on ſome occaſions roſe within him, and he formed unavailing plans to retrieve his ſituation, and act worthy of himſelf; but he had proceeded too far to be able eaſily to retract; he had ſunk in his own eſteem, and what was worſe, was accuſtomed to feel that he had done ſo. In this ſtate he remained for ſome time, the voice of reaſon and of right becoming more and more feeble, and the influence of preſent gratification ſtrengthening with every freſh indulgence.

Matters,

Matters, however, at length came to a criſis.—Upon applying to his man of buſineſs, who had, without effect, made repeated remonſtrances againſt his expenſive courſe of life, he was told that there was no more money to be had—that his creditors, who had already had much patience, were now become too clamorous to be any longer flattered or amuſed; in ſhort, he was informed in plain language, that without diſcharging his debts a jail muſt be the conſequence.

Flavillus's mind was no longer what it had been. At a former period, had he foreſeen ſuch an event, it is hard to ſay what would have been the conſequence. Now he ſtooped to the miſery of his ſituation. The very night before he received this deciſive intelligence he had been engaged in a debauch, which laſted from dinner till morning; he had parted with his companions amidſt the loudeſt acclamations of ſocial joy and ſocial affection; the next night they had reſolved to repeat their bliſs, and reiterate their enjoyment. At this ſecond meeting Flavillus ventured to mention his ſituation. I will ſpare my readers an account of the mortifying indifference with which his ſtory was received. 'Twere indeed but to repeat what has always happened, and has often been told. Flavillus found that from thoſe friends whom he had frequently heard boaſt of the warmth and generoſity of their ſouls, when compared with the meaner and colder minds of the dull, the plodding, and the ſober; from thoſe men with whom he uſed to ſet the table in a roar, with whom he had a thouſand times come under the moſt ſacred bonds of attachment, and who had a thouſand times ſworn they could not live without him; from all of them was he obliged to receive, in different terms, the ſame mortifying reply, that they could not afford him the ſmalleſt relief or aſſiſtance.

A gentleman, whom I ſhall here call *Marcus*, who had known Flavillus in his younger days, who knew

knew his good qualities, his accompliſhments, ſo worthy of a better fate, who had often mourned over him, but who, from indignation at the diſſipated courſe he had followed, had avoided his company, heard accidentally of this incident in his life. In the moſt delicate manner in the world, without his ſo much as knowing from whom the relief came, Flavillus was relieved, and, by this gentleman's bounty, was freed from the impending horrors of a jail.

But Flavillus, though ruined by diſſipation, had not yet fully attained either its apathy or its meanneſs. The generoſity of Marcus, though it relieved his preſent diſtreſs, ſhewed him at once the ſtation he had loſt, and that to which he was reduced. His body, which his former courſe of life had enfeebled, was too weak to ſupport the agitation of his mind. He retired to a little country-village, where he might equally avoid the neglect of thoſe companions by whom his former follies had been ſhared, and the reproach or the pity of thoſe by whom they had been cenſured or ſhunned. Here he lived on a ſmall penſion which the ſame benevolent interpoſition procured him, till a lingering nervous diſorder put a period to his ſufferings.

'Twas but a few weeks ago I aſſiſted at his funeral. There I ſaw one or two of his former aſſociates who had taken the trouble to attend, who, after a few enquiries after the cauſe of his death, and a few common-place regrets, that ſo agreeable and good-hearted a fellow ſhould have been ſo unfortunate, made an appointment for a ſupper in the evening. Marcus put a plain ſtone over his grave. I never look on it without the mortifying reflection, with how many virtues it might have been inſcribed! without lamenting that ſo excellent natural abilities as thoſe of Flavillus, ſo much improved by education, and ſo ſuſceptible of farther improvement, ſhould have been loſt to every worthy and valuable purpoſe; loſt in a courſe of frivolous or criminal diſſipation,

diſſipation, amidſt companions without attachment or friendſhip, amidſt pleaſures that afforded ſo little real happineſs or enjoyment.

P.

N° 36.——Saturday, October 8. 1785.

Divitias operoſiores. Hor.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

'TIS but very lately that I became acquainted with your paper, our family only having taken it in laſt week for the firſt time, when it was recommended to my brother by *Lady Betty Lampoon*, who happened to be on a viſit in our country. Her Ladyſhip ſaid, it was a dear ſweet ſatyrical paper, and that one found all one's acquaintance in it. And ſure enough I found ſome of my acquaintance in it, (for I am the only reader among us), and ſo I ſhall tell Mr. *John Homeſpun* when I meet him. Only think of a man come to his years to go to put himſelf and his neighbours into print in the manner he has done. But I dare to ſay it is all out of ſpite and envy at our having grown ſo ſuddenly rich, by my brother's good fortune in India: And to be ſure, Sir, things are changed with us from what I remember; and yet perhaps we are not ſo much to be envied neither, if all were known. Do tell me, Sir, how we ſhall manage to be as happy as people ſuppoſe our good fortune muſt have made us.

But perhaps, Sir, it is not the *faſhion* (as my ſiſter-in-law and *Monſ. de Sabot* ſays) to be happy. —Lord, Sir, I had forgot you don't know Monſ. de Sabot!—But really my head is not ſo clear as it uſed

uſed to be. I will try to tell you things in their order. My brother, who, as Mr. Homeſpun has informed you, is returned home with a great fortune, is determined to live as becomes it, and ſent down a ſhip-load of blacks in laced liveries, the ſervants in this country not being handy about fine things; though, to tell you the truth, ſome of the Blackamoors don't give themſelves much trouble about their work, and two of them never do a turn except playing on the French horn, and ſometimes making punch, when it is wanted particularly nice.

Beſides theſe, there came down in two chaiſes my brother's own valet-de-ſham, my ſiſter's own maid, a man cook, who has two of the negers under him, and Monſ. de Sabot, whom my brother wrote to me he had hired for a butler; but, when he came he told us he was *maiter dotell*, and had been ſo to the Earl of C——, the Duke of N——, and two German princes. So, to be ſure, we were almoſt afraid to ſpeak to him, till we found he was as affable and obliging as could be, and told us every thing we ought to do to be faſhionable, and like the great folks of London and Paris. Monſ. de Sabot is acquainted with every one of them.

But then, Sir, it is ſo troubleſome an affair to be faſhionable! and ſo my father and mother, and the reſt of us, who have never been abroad, find.—We uſed to be as cheerful a family as any in the country; and at our dinners and ſuppers, if we had not fine things, we had pure good appetites, and after the table was uncovered, uſed to be as merry as grigs at *Croſs purpoſes*, *Queſtions and commands*, or *What's my thought like?* But now we muſt not talk loud, nor laugh, nor walk faſt, nor play at romping games; and we muſt ſit quiet during a long dinner of two courſes and a deſert, and drink wine and water, and never touch our meat but with our fork, and pick our teeth after dinner, and dabble in cold water, and Lord knows how many other things, which Monſ. de Sabot ſays every body *comi ſo* does.

And

And ſuch a thing he tells me (for I am a ſort of favourite and ſcholar of his) is *comi ſo* in the firſt courſe, and ſuch a thing in the ſecond; and this in the entries, and that in the removes. *Comi ſo*, it ſeems, means *vaſtly fine* in his language, though we country folks, if we durſt own it, find the *comi ſo* things often very ill taſted, and now and then a little ſtinking. But we ſhall learn to like them monſtrouſly by and by, as Monſ de Sabot aſſures us.

My father is hardeſt of all to be taught to do what he ought; and he curſed *comi ſo* once or twice to Monſ. de Sabot's face. But my brother and my ſiſter-in-law are doing all that they can to wean him from his old cuſtoms, that he mayn't affront himſelf before company. He fought hard for his pipe and his ſpit-box; but my ſiſter-in-law would not ſuffer the new window-curtains and chair-covers to be put up till he had given over both. And, what do you think, Sir, that old gentleman was caught yeſterday by my brother, and a young Baronet of his acquaintance, who went into the ſtable to look at one of my brother's ſtud, as they call it, ſmoking his pipe in one of the empty ſtalls. And I heard *Sir Harry Driver* give an account of it to my ſiſter-in-law when they came in to ſupper, and how, as he ſaid, "he had *tallyho'd* old Squaretoes, as he ſlunk from his kennel."

My brother, you muſt know, has a mind to be a parliament-man, and ſo he invites all the country, high and low, to eat and drink with him; and ſometimes I have been ſadly out of countenance, and ſo have we all, when ſome of his old acquaintance have told long ſtories of things which happened to them formerly, though, ten to one, my brother does not remember a ſyllable of them. As t'other day, when our ſchool-maſter's ſon Samuel put him in mind of their going together to Edinburgh for the firſt time, and how they had but one pair of ſilk ſtockings between them; and my brother had them on in the morning to ſee a gentleman who

who was firſt-couſin to an Eaſt-India Director, and Sam got them in the evening to viſit the Principal of the College; and all this before Sir Harry Driver, Lord Squanderfield, and Lady Betty Lampoon.

Then my brother is turned an improver, which every body ſays is an excellent way of laying out his money, and is ſo public ſpirited! and the planner who has come to give directions about it tells us, that in a few years hence he will get five pounds for every five ſhillings he lays out now in that way.—In the mean time, however, it gives him a ſad deal of trouble; when every thing is reſolved upon to-day, 'tis a chance but it is all turned topſy-turvey to-morrow; for his voters, as they call the gentlemen on my brother's ſide of the queſtion, who come to viſit us, has every one their own opinion, and are always giving him advice how to do things for the beſt. One told him lately, he ſhould level ſuch a piece of ground which is in ſight of the bow-window in the drawing-room; another, a few mornings after, blamed this firſt adviſer for want of taſte, and ſaid he would give 500 guineas for ſuch a knoll in the very ſpot where they had levelled it; and ſo they are building rocks there, and planting them as faſt as they can. He pulled down a piece of an old church that ſtood in the way of what they call the approach to the houſe; and preſently a gentleman from England told him a ruin was the very thing he wanted in that place, and ſo the old church muſt be built up a-new. Lord Squanderfield adviſed him to make a piece of water in the garden; and they had almoſt finiſhed it, when Lady Betty convinced him that in ſummer it would be a puddle, as ſhe termed it, that would ſtink him out of his houſe, and fly-blow every bit of meat at his table.

Lady Betty has been very uſeful to my ſiſter-in-law too about the choice of the furniture, though that likewiſe has been a troubleſome job, owing to bad

bad advice in the beginning. We had got ſofas and ſtuffed chairs in the drawing-room, which my Lady has made her change for cabrioles; and the damaſk beds ſhe has perſuaded her are not in the leaſt fit for a country houſe; and ſo they are all taken down, and chintzes put up in their place.

In the ſame ſhip with the blacks, my brother brought down a great collection of pictures, which were purchaſed for him at a ſale in London, and are worth, I am told, Lord knows how much, though he got them, as he aſſures us, for an old ſong; and yet ſeveral of them I have heard coſt ſome hundreds of pounds. But this, between ourſelves, is the moſt plaguy of all his fineries. Would you believe it, Sir, he is obliged to be two or three hours every morning in the gallery with a little book in his hand, like a poor ſchool-boy, getting by heart the names and the ſtories of all the men and women that are painted there, that he may have his leſſon pat for the company that are to walk and admire the paintings till dinner is ſerved up. And yet, after all, he is ſometimes miſtaken about them, as laſt Thurſday he told a gentleman that was looking at the pictures, that the half naked woman above the chimney-piece was done for one *Caroline Marrot*, (I ſuppoſe from the picture ſome Miſs no better than ſhe ſhould be); whereas the gentleman, *Mr. Guſto*, declared it was as like to *Widow Renny* as one egg is like another.

I could tell you a great deal more of embarraſſments and vexations in the enjoyment of our good fortune; but I am ſure I muſt have wearied you by my ſcribble-ſcrabble account of what I have told.—It will be ſufficient to ſhow you that Mr. Homeſpun has not ſo much cauſe for envy as from his letter I preſume he feels againſt us, and will I hope alſo procure a little of your good counſel how to make a *comi ſo* life ſomewhat more comfortable to the greateſt part of our family, and in particular to your humble ſervant,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

N° 37.——SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1785.

THE mythology of the ancients has given riſe to many an elegant alluſion, and adorned many a beautiful deſcription.

In a book publiſhed lately at Paris, containing an account of the principal gems in the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, is the following excellent illuſtration of the pleaſing effects of the popular religion of antiquity.

"The delightful fictions built on their religious ſyſtem," ſays the author of this work, "have peopled and animated all nature, and made a ſolemn temple of the vaſt univerſe. Thoſe flowers, whoſe varied and ſhining beauty we ſo much admire, are the tears of Aurora. It is the breath of Zephyrus which gently agitates the leaves. The ſoft murmurs of the waters are the ſighs of the Naiads.—A god impels the winds. A god pours out the rivers. Grapes are the gift of Bacchus. Ceres preſides over the harveſt. Orchards are the care of Pomona. Does a ſhepherd ſound his reed on the ſummit of a mountain, it is Pan who with his paſtoral pipe returns the amorous lay. When the ſportſman's horn rouſes the attentive ear, it is Diana armed with a bow and quiver, more nimble than the ſtag ſhe purſues, who takes the diverſion of the chaſe. The Sun is a god, who, riding on a car of fire, diffuſes his light through the world. The Stars are ſo many divinities, who meaſure with their golden beams the regular proceſs of time. The Moon preſides over the ſilence of the night, and conſoles the world for the abſence of her brother.—Neptune reigns in the ſeas, ſurrounded by the Nereids, who dance to the joyous ſhells of the Tritons. In the higheſt heavens is ſeated Jupiter, the maſter and father of men and gods: Under his feet, roll the thunders formed by the Cyclops in the cavern of

of Lemnos: His ſmile rejoices nature, and his nod ſhakes the foundation of Olympus. Surrounding the throne of their ſovereign, the other divinities quaff the nectar from a cup preſented to them by the young and beautiful Hebe. In the middle of the bright circle, ſhines with diſtinguiſhed luſtre the unrivalled beauty of Venus, alone adorned with a ſplendid girdle, on which the Graces and Sports for ever play; and in her hand is a ſmiling boy, whoſe power is univerſally acknowledged by earth and heaven."

It is impoſſible to read this elegant paſſage without feeling ſomething of that deluſion it deſcribes; and the reader who is converſant in the claſſics will at once call to his recollection many of thoſe animated deſcriptions and pleaſing alluſions with which thoſe admirable works ſo much abound.

For my own part, however, while I muſt always remember with a pleaſing ſort of gratitude, the delight which I have received from the poets of Greece and of Rome; and while I recollect, with a ſpecies of enthuſiaſm, that rapture I firſt received from the animated accounts of nature with which their works are adorned; I cannot help ſometimes thinking that the taſte which they have produced in modern times, that fondneſs of imitation they have given birth to, has in ſome reſpects hurt the works of the moderns, and, inſtead of improving, helped to ſpoil many an exertion of genius. The mythological alluſions of the ancients were grafted on the popular opinions of the country; as ſuch, to a reader of the times they were natural; the mind eaſily acknowledged their juſtice, and ſomething like an implicit belief attended their peruſal. Even when they are peruſed by a modern, he acquires ſome portion of this belief. The ſame ductility of imagination which creates our ſympathy and intereſt in the paſſions and feelings of an *Achilles* and *Æneas*, though they lived in a diſtant region, and a period long ſince paſt, makes us enter into their religious creed, and the

the effects thereby produced. Our reason is for a time suspended; and we can for a moment suppose Minerva to descend from Heaven to assist a Grecian hero, or Eolus to inflate the winds at the suit of Juno, to overwhelm in the billows the unfortunate son of a rival goddess.

But those animated and personified descriptions, however natural in an ancient author, and however they may interest even a modern reader by the same sympathy which engages us in the fate of a hero who died a thousand years ago, have now ceased to be natural. When used by a modern writer, they do not proceed from an animated mind, impressed and governed by the belief of his countrymen, but are the effect of a mere copy, the feeble offspring of a cold and servile imitation.

Whether it has proceeded from this cause I know not; but while I feel the most pleasing delusion from the mythological fictions of the ancient authors, I have always felt something very much the reverse from the same fictions when appearing in the works of the moderns. The scenes which nature lays before us, and the actions of those men who are placed in interesting situations, when well described, and naturally represented, must ever be delightful; but, when in a modern author I see nature left, as it were, behind, and borrowed description and allusion made use of, I have ever found my mind, instead of being gratified, cheated of that pleasure which it wished to enjoy. The delusion in which I was fond to indulge has been removed, and fanciful conceit has usurped the place of nature.

Another bad consequence of this servile imitation of the ancients, of this borrowing what was natural in them, but which is no longer so in us, has been to prevent modern authors from studying nature as it is, from attempting to draw it as it really appears; and, instead of giving genuine descriptions, it leads them to give those only which are false and artificial.

Every

Every reader acquainted with our modern authors will eaſily recall a variety of paſſages to illuſtrate theſe remarks.

To take an inſtance from the works of an author who does the higheſt honour to his country, what can be more abſurd than the following lines as a deſcription of Windſor Foreſt?

> See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
> Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
> Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
> And nodding tempt the jovial reaper's hand.

This is ſurely not a deſcription of Windſor Foreſt.

In the like manner, the deſcription in the ſame poem, of *Thames* ſhedding tears for *Cowley's* death, muſt ſurpaſs all modern credulity; and of an equally unnatural kind is the transformation of *Ladona*, the daughter of father Thames.

In the paſtorals of the ſame author, what ſtrange effects are produced by the mourning of a ſhepherd boy along the ſide of the Thames!

> There while he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
> The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
> The Naiads wept in every wat'ry bow'r,
> And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.

The ſame ſhepherd thus deſcribes the effects of his numbers:

> And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
> Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds my ſong.

It is unneceſſary to multiply examples; the deſcriptive poems of the moderns are full of them.

One author deſerves to be excepted, an author who has been juſtly deemed an original, and whoſe character of originality is in a great meaſure owing to his having painted nature as it is, and laid aſide the mythological alluſions of antiquity.—*Thomſon*, in his *Seaſons*, may be ſtyled the great Poet of Nature.

ture. In that poem he has deſcribed the whole varied year, and the different ſcenes which its variations produce.

"This author," ſays a diſtinguiſhed critic, "is entitled to one praiſe of the higheſt kind; his mode of thinking and of expreſſing his thoughts is original. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius: he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature beſtows only on a poet; the eye that diſtinguiſhes, in every thing preſented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vaſt, and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seaſons wonders that he never ſaw before what Thomſon ſhows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomſon expreſſes."

Great part of this high praiſe appears to me to have ariſen from what has been obſerved, of Thomſon's having ſtudied nature, and painted it as it is. Hardly, and with very few exceptions, will he be found endeavouring to adorn or heighten his deſcriptions with the religious fictions of antiquity.

As this author has drawn his pictures of nature from nature itſelf, ſo the nearer we bring his pictures to the originals from which he draws, the more will we admire them; the nearer our examination is, the more will our mind be filled and kindled with thoſe ſentiments which his deſcriptions produce. They reſemble thoſe ſtriking likeneſſes, thoſe highly-finiſhed portraits, which we examine by the ſide of the perſons who ſit for them. I am never more delighted with Thomſon's Winter, the beſt of his Seaſons, than when I read it in the month of December, and liſten to the "ſavage howl of the blaſt," and ſee the "ſky ſaddened with the gather'd ſtorm."

N° 38.——SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1785.

I Happened, a few evenings ago, to have an appointment with a friend of mine, a gentleman of the law, which ſome particular buſineſs prevented him from keeping with his uſual punctuality. While I waited for him in his ſtudy, I took down from one of his ſhelves a book at random, to amuſe myſelf with till he ſhould come in. In my character of Lounger, I have learned never to put back a book, becauſe its ſubject promiſes to be a dull one. Though this was a law folio, therefore, I ſat down contentedly to peruſe it; having often experienced, that in books where I looked for the leaſt entertainment, I have unexpectedly met with the moſt. So it happened in this law treatiſe; where on the chapter of *Marriage*, which chanced to turn up to me, I found the nice diſtinctions and ſubtleties of legal inveſtigation ſo illuminated with a variety of intereſting caſes, that I ſhall certainly recommend the book, and particularly the above-mentioned chapter of it, to all my young friends who are engaged in the ſtudy of that dry and intricate ſcience. I am perſuaded their imaginations will not be leſs exerciſed than their judgments, in following the learned author through the numerous pointed illuſtrations which he gives of the doctrines there laid down. Of thoſe doctrines the abſtract ſeems to be, that though certain ſmaller deceptions are not ſufficient for ſetting aſide a matrimonial engagement; yet a very high degree of deceit made uſe of by one of the parties to influence and inveigle the other, will render the marriage void and nul *ab initio*, as if no ſuch contract had ever been made.

I was deeply engaged in thoſe ſpeculations when my friend cut them ſhort by entering the room; and, as his time is precious, we had no leiſure to follow them together; though I had much inclination to have aſked his aſſiſtance in clearing up ſome legal doubts which the author's reaſoning had created in my mind. When I got home at night, the ſubject

recurred to my memory; but, beſide a warm fire in a cold evening, even the thoughts of marriage will not keep a man awake. I inſenſibly fell aſleep in my chair, when a dream took up (as is generally the caſe) the thread of my waking thoughts, and purſued it in the following whimſical manner.

Methought I was carried into a great hall, which, in its gloom, its antique ornaments, and its duſtineſs, reſemble ſome of our courts of juſtice, at the further end of which was ſeated, in the dreſs and with the *inſignia* of a judge, the learned and worthy author of the treatiſe above mentioned. By one of the attendants of the court I was informed, that his office was a ſort of chancellorſhip of matrimony, with the power of confirming or annulling all marriages, as in equity and good conſcience ſhould ſeem to him proper; that this was one of the days appointed for hearings; and that the parties, complainants and reſpondents, were waiting without, ready to be called in to ſtate their complaints and defences. I, who am a bachelor, (which I believe I formerly hinted to my readers), felicitated myſelf on this happy opportunity of inſtruction and entertainment, and ſat down on one of the benches, to hear with attention the different cauſes that ſhould be argued.

The firſt perſon who came to the bar was a man of rather an ungracious appearance, and a countenance not at all expreſſive of good humour. He exhibited his complaint, and prayed for a diſſolution of his marriage on the head of *deception* in his wife's *temper*; who, as he informed the judge, had made herſelf appear before marriage one of the ſweeteſt and moſt engaging young women in the world; that during her virgin ſtate ſhe had never been ſeen, at leaſt by the complainant, with a ſingle frown on her brow, and was the very life and ſoul of every company ſhe was in; but that ſhe had not been married

a week, when he diſcovered that ſhe was (ſaving the court's preſence) a very devil incarnate: that ſcarce a day paſſed in which ſhe did not abuſe himſelf, ill-treat his friends, and whip all the children round; and that he was obliged to change his ſervants every half-year, except one old croſs devil of a cookmaid, whom ſhe kept to vex and plague him. The lady being called upon for her defence, denied any *deception* by which the marriage had been brought about, or could now be annulled: for that all her acquaintance could teſtify how good-natured ſhe was when ſhe was not contradicted; and that before marriage her huſband had never contradicted her. She likewiſe pleaded recrimination in bar of his complaint, and offered to prove, that he himſelf was one of the moſt croſs-tempered men in the world. The judge diſmiſſed the complaint; but recommended to the parties, ſince they ſeemed equally diſſatisfied, to ſeparate by mutual conſent. The huſband ſeemed inclined to adopt this propoſition; but the lady rejected it; and, flinging out of court with a toſs up of one ſide of her hoop, ſaid, ſhe had more ſpirit than to indulge him in that. The huſband growled ſomething, which I could not hear, and followed her.

The ſecond complainant was dreſſed in a very ſhabby coat, and had a very indecent length of beard on his face. He prayed a diſſolution of his marriage, from a groſs deception in point of his wife's perſon and appearance. He was, he ſaid, chiefly induced to the match, from the beauty of her face and the elegance of her figure, which firſt had made her his toaſt, then his miſtreſs, and laſtly his wife: that for ſome little time after his marriage, this deception was perfectly kept up: That in a few months, however, he began to be ſenſible of it; and, after her becoming pregnant of her firſt child, it was apparent to every body: That, ſubſequent to that period, his wife totally neglected all attention to her ſhape and complexion; and had ever ſince been ſo

ſo perfect a ſlattern as to have forfeited all pretenſions to thoſe qualities, on the faith of which he had married her. The lady made no appearance, which ſome one in court ſuggeſted was owing to its being ſo early an hour, as ſhe ſeldom roſe till twelve, and never was dreſſed till three. Indeed, upon ſome queſtion of the judge, it came out, that the huſband had never ſeen her before marriage at an earlier hour, and ſeldom even then, but at great dinners, private balls, and public aſſemblies. His Lordſhip delayed the further conſideration of the cauſe till another day, recommending to the gentleman, when he appeared there again, to ſhew the reſpect due to the court, by having his beard ſhaved, and putting on a clean ſhirt.

The third proſecutor was an elderly gentleman with a wrinkled face, and a body ſeemingly very infirm, who came forward to the bar by the help of a ſtaff, or rather crutch. He repreſented to the court, that he had married a few years before, after having lived a bachelor till he was turned of ſixty, a young innocent girl, as he imagined, who had been bred up, at her father's houſe in the country, in perfect ignorance of the town, its expences and amuſements, who knew only how to knit, work fringes, and border an apron, to aſſiſt at making of a pudding, and conſtructing a gooſeberry-pye; whoſe greateſt expence was a ſilk gown once in two years, with a callico of her own making for morning wear; and whoſe higheſt pleaſure conſiſted in dancing at a country-wedding, or a Chriſtmas gambol. But that, not long after ſhe was married, ſhe contrived to have him bring her to town, where ſhe ſpent as much money in one month as it had coſt her father to keep her all her life before; and actually wore, at this moment, a cap and feathers, the price of which would have clothed her for a whole year in the country: That ſhe was ſcarcely ever at home, except when he had aſked a dozen fine people to dinner or ſupper, and was ſeldom in bed till three in the

morning: That ſhe would not ſuffer any of his former companions to approach her, but kept company only with diſſipated young people of the other ſex, or extravagant and giddy women of her own. And therefore, from all thoſe circumſtances, ſhewing the higheſt degree of deception under which he had been inveigled to marry, he prayed a diſſolution of the matrimonial engagement, dropping ſome hints, at the ſame time, that the young lady might do very well for a younger and a gayer huſband, and that he would come down handſomely, to make her worth another man's taking. To this complaint it was anſwered, on the part of the lady, that there was no ſort of deception in the caſe; that ſhe had all along declared ſhe did not care a farthing for her intended huſband, but, on the contrary, hated and abhorred him: That he had bribed her parents, who had partly frightened and partly cajoled her into the match, by the offer of large ſettlements, and the flattering proſpect of being the wife of a very rich man; ſo that, in the very nature of the contract, ſhe gave up her perſon to her ſaid huſband in exchange for the enjoyment of ſuch pleaſures as his fortune could enable her to command for the preſent, and the hopes of what a large jointure might procure for the future: That, therefore, all the finery, amuſements, and expence, which he complained of, were only parts of the firſt clauſe of the agreement; and that, whatever vexation or uneaſineſs her conduct might create to him, were but juſtifiable means of fulfilling the accompliſhment of the ſecond. The Chancellor delivered his opinion in favour of the reſpondent; but propoſed, in compaſſion to the huſband, (which, however, the worthy judge declared his conduct had little merited), that they ſhould compromiſe matters, by the lady's renouncing her right to the man, on being immediately veſted in her jointure. The lady was deliberating on this propoſal, when her lord declared himſelf in the negative; and clearing his voice with a hem,

a hem, hobbled out of court in a ſtep ſomewhat firmer than that in which he entered, ſaying, No body could tell which of them might have the benefit of ſurvivorſhip.

The next caſe was pretty ſimilar to the foregoing, except that the plaintiff was the wife, and the defendant her huſband; an old lady of three-ſcore *verſus* a young ſtout fellow of five-and-twenty. She alledged, that when a virgin ſhe had been made to believe he loved her to deſperation; but had diſcovered, the very day of the wedding, that he was only enamoured of twenty thouſand pounds ſhe happened to poſſeſs in the *Long Annuities*. The huſband denied the charge of deceiving her; for that ſhe knew, from the beginning of their acquaintance, that he wiſhed to marry the Long Annuities, which he ſaid, ſmiling, he would endeavour to make ſhorter. The lady on this loſt temper. "Do you dare to ſay ſo, Sir," ſhe exclaimed; "you, whom I ſaved from a jail; you, who, before I took compaſſion on you, had not a coat to your back, nor a dinner to your belly? Do you dare to look in my face, and ſay you did not deceive me?"—"Madam," replied the ſpark, with an eaſy impudent air, "do you venture to ſhow that face, and to ſay ſo?" On this ſhe broke out into ſuch a violent paſſion, and was ſo vehement in her outcries, that the noiſe awaked me.—"'Twas but a Dream," ſaid I, ſtarting from my chair;—"and yet—'tis as well I am a bachelor"

N° 39.——SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1785.

A Judge is juſt, a Chancellor juſter ſtill,
A Gownman learn'd, a Biſhop what you will,
Wiſe if a Miniſter, &c. POPE.

IT is an old, and has been a frequent obſervation, that men of genius ſeldom ſucceed in the common buſineſs of life. I have no where, however, found it ſo happily illuſtrated, as by a queſtion of Swift's, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke;—"Did you never (ſays he) obſerve one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife fail to go the right way? whereas, if you had uſed a razor or a pen-knife, you had odds againſt you of ſpoiling a whole ſheet."

The very idea of genius and of fine parts, implies that they ſhould be rare and uncommon. The ordinary courſe of ſociety, therefore, has not been left to depend upon them; but it has been wiſely ordered, that the buſineſs of life, almoſt in all its departments, ſhould admit of being carried on by ſuch men, and with ſuch talents, as are every day to be met with.

The unexperienced and the vulgar are apt to judge of talents from the ſucceſs with which they are attended; to eſtimate the difficulty of ſituations from their ſuppoſed importance, or from the attention which they draw, and the rank which they confer in ſociety.

With them, the lawyer or the phyſician who has obtained high reputation, or arrived at high practice, is concluded to poſſeſs more than ordinary talents for his profeſſion; and if a perſon has commanded an army or a fleet with ſucceſs; if he has figured in either Houſe of Parliament; if he has made himſelf

ſelf of importance to government, and filled a high department in the ſtate; the public ſet no bounds to their admiration, and every one concludes the genius and talents of ſuch a man to be of the higheſt magnitude.

When we reſiſt, however, the glare of ſucceſs, and the impreſſion of public opinion, and call experience to our aid in the examination of particular inſtances, we ſhall find not only that all theſe ſituations have been attained, but that they have been filled, with credit to the poſſeſſors, and ſatisfaction to the public, by men whoſe talents and whoſe virtues were no ways extraordinary. Nay, perhaps, on a cloſer inveſtigation, we ſhall be convinced, that ſuch perſons owed to the mediocrity of their talents, and the defects or weakneſſes of their character, that elevation which to many has appeared the attainment of genius, and the reward of virtue.

Lelius poſſeſſed uncommon talents. He derived from nature a correct judgment, a ſound and penetrating underſtanding; and his natural endowments were cultivated by a liberal education, an early acquaintance with the beſt writers, and a familiar intercourſe with men of genius and of letters. There were few branches of public or of national buſineſs, reſpecting which he was not poſſeſſed of ample information. His views with regard to them were always liberal, generally profound, and ſeldom failed of being juſt and well founded.

As a ſpeaker, Lelius ſeldom addreſſed himſelf to the paſſions or the fancy of his audience. He had, however, an eaſy, and unembarraſſed elocution, a ſufficient command of language to communicate his views with clearneſs and perſpicuity. His ſtyle, though ſimple and unadorned, was pure and correct; and his manner, though plain, was forcible and manly. He had obtained a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons, at a time of life when his reputation for knowledge was generally eſtabliſhed, when his talents were in their fulleſt vigour; and if at any time

he offered his ſentiments, he never failed of being liſtened to with attention, or of finding them received with that reſpect to which they were ſo well entitled.

The talents of Lelius, however were of a kind which very ſeldom diſpoſed him to make that effort. Accuſtomed to inveſtigate with accuracy, to view his ſubject in every poſſible light, and to ſee the force of every difficulty which preſented itſelf, he was not eaſily ſatisfied with the extent of his information, nor convinced of the juſtice of his opinions; and men of more limited views and ſhallower underſtandings, but of bolder or of raſher ſpirits, were generally allowed to carry away the reputation of that knowledge, and of thoſe talents, the extent of which would not allow Lelius to diſplay them.

Cornelius had obtained an education equally liberal, and had the ſame opportunities to improve himſelf by books and converſation; nor were his knowledge and information leſs extenſive than that of Lelius. He was not perhaps altogether his equal in acuteneſs of underſtanding or ſtrength of judgment; but, if he fell ſhort in theſe, he no leſs ſurpaſſed him in a brilliancy of fancy and vigour of imagination, improved by an early acquaintance with whatever is beautiful or ſublime in the claſſical productions of ancient or of modern times.

Full of ſentiment and feeling, enlivened by fancy, enriched by imagery, and often flowing in a ſtyle of the moſt claſſic beauty, the eloquence of Cornelius could not fail to command attention, and to be liſtened to with pleaſure.

But, while his knowledge and his eloquence gained to Cornelius the reputation of an accompliſhed ſcholar, and a fine ſpeaker, his ideas were often too refined, and his views too looſe for buſineſs. His eloquence loſt its power of perſuaſion, from an idea that it was calculated to dazzle rather than to inform; and though he often ſpoke with applauſe, and ſometimes with ſucceſs, it never procured him the

the reputation of a man of buſineſs, nor raiſed him to any conſiderable ſhare of public truſt or public power. If it had, we ſhould in all probability have ſeen how widely that fancy and imagination, by which Cornelius was ſo well qualified to diſplay ſuppoſed advantages or blemiſhes in the meaſures and the conduct of others, differ from that cool judgment and thoſe plain talents which are fit to direct men in the choice of their own.

Claudius had neither the profound knowledge of Lelius, nor the genius and imagination of Cornelius, and he had received an education much leſs liberal than that of either.

Claudius, however, with little knowledge, no fineneſs of genius, and a taſte altogether uncultivated, had derived from nature a quickneſs of parts and readineſs of apprehenſion, which, for the common purpoſes of life, are of ineſtimable advantage. The reach of his underſtanding, and the rage of his ideas were limited; but it was an underſtanding of that kind which within theſe limits diſcerned its object with clearneſs, and formed its opinions on all occaſions with celerity and deciſion.

Claudius's eloquence could neither compare in purity or correctneſs with that of Lelius, nor in eloquence and beauty with that of Cornelius. The ſame caſt of mind, however, which gave to Claudius a quickneſs in forming his opinions, gave him a readineſs in calling up and bringing together thoſe views and arguments which ſeemed fitted to ſupport them, as well as a facility of cloathing his ideas in language, which, though generally incorrect, and ſeldom elegant, was always clear, and derived from the ſanguine and ardent mind of the ſpeaker a certain degree of warmth and force, the effects of which, in a popular aſſembly, are often found ſuperior to the juſteſt reaſoning, and the moſt finiſhed eloquence.

If the ſpeeches of Claudius were leſs beautiful than thoſe of Cornelius, they ſeldomer wandered from

from the ſubject; and they were not only better adapted to their object, but had more the appearance of plainneſs and ſincerity. Though they afforded leſs pleaſure, they had a ſtronger tendency to convince; and had often credit for more ſolidity, not from their greater weight of argument, but from a want of thoſe ornaments by which the arguments of Cornelius were accompanied. If he thought with leſs preciſion, and had leſs knowledge of his ſubject than Lelius, he never heſitated like him, amidſt the labour of illuſtration, or with an anxiouſneſs for perſpicuity, but preſſed forward on his hearers with a boldneſs which they often miſtook for proof, and a confidence that paſſed for demonſtration.

The ſame turn of mind which enſured the ſucceſs of Claudius as a ſpeaker, not only obtained him a higher reputation, but in reality conferred upon him a greater capacity for the conduct of public buſineſs, for the ordinary detail of which his plain good ſenſe was more adapted, than the lively fancy and fine genius of Cornelius; for ſuch buſineſs his bold and deciſive temper was better fitted, than that underſtanding which in Lelius was attended with an indeciſion, and an undetermined anxiety, which the hurry of buſineſs, and the courſe of affairs will not admit of.

On a review of theſe characters, therefore, while we reſpect the ſuperior underſtanding of Lelius, and admire the fine genius and accompliſhments of Cornelius, we at the ſame time ſee that they were leſs fitted for the conduct of affairs, and the buſtle of life, than the active, tho' leſs profound underſtanding, and the ſound, tho' leſs brilliant and leſs cultivated talents of Claudius; we eaſily perceive why theſe not only did, but why they were likely, and indeed entitled to confer ſuperior ſucceſs in the attainment of thoſe objects at which they had choſen to aſpire.

Such examples, I believe, almoſt every period would afford, if of every period we were able to collect the hiſtory from impartial and unbiaſſed teſtimony. Were the characters of thoſe who have attained

attained ſtations of eminence always drawn by well informed or faithful relators, whoſe views were not dazzled by grandeur, or their praiſe ſecured by patronage, we ſhould find the elevation of ſuch men aſcribable to talents of a much lower rank than thoſe lofty attributes with which their panegyriſts inveſt them; and could the unſucceſsful find hiſtorians, their relations would frequently convince us, that, independently of the numberleſs accidents which diſturb the courſe of ſociety, and diſappoint the beſt founded hopes, and moſt probable means of ſucceſs, even in thoſe departments of life where genius and talents may be ſuppoſed moſt neceſſary, men are as apt to fail from too large as from too ſmall a ſhare of thoſe envied endowments.

And if we take into the account that dignity of ſoul, often the attendant of high talents, which places them above the accommodating compliances of inferior minds; or the effect of thoſe delicate feelings from which the man of genius will often find himſelf hurt by incidents to which common ſpirits can eaſily ſubmit; we ſhall diſcover many additional ſources of that diſappointment which he is apt to meet with, and be ſtill more ſatisfied, that ſuperior talents and fine genius are inſtruments too finely tempered for the common drudgery of life, and were not meant to reap their reward from the ſucceſsful purſuit of buſineſs or ambition.

N° 40.——Saturday, Nov. 5, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

In the works of your predeceſſors, as well as in every other book of didactic wiſdom, much ſtreſs is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From *Cicero* downwards, (and indeed much more anciently than Cicero), the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the ſureſt road to reſpect, to advancement, and to happineſs.

There was a time, Mr. Lounger, when this was my own opinion; and, ſeconded by the wiſhes of my parents, I early applied myſelf to every branch of learning which their circumſtances, rather narrow ones, could ſet within my reach. As I was intended for the church, I received an academical education ſuited to that profeſſion; and acquired, beſides a conſiderable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of ſcience not abſolutely requiſite to the ſituation of a clergyman. For the acquiſition of theſe I was indebted to the generous aſſiſtance of a gentleman whoſe godſon I happened to be. He uſed to ſay, that a clergyman in this country ſhould know ſomething more than divinity; that he muſt be the phyſician, the geographer, and the naturaliſt of his pariſh: And accordingly, to the ſcanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with thoſe ſtudies.

By

By the favour of the ſame gentleman, I lately procured a recommendation to a friend of his, a Baronet in my native county, who has in his gift the repreſentation to a conſiderable living, of which the preſent incumbent is in ſuch a valetudinary ſtate, as makes his ſurviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favourable anſwer was received, expreſſive of the great regard which the Baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patroniſed me, and accompanied with what we thought a very fortunate piece of condeſcenſion and politeneſs, an invitation for me to ſpend a week or two at the Baronet's country-ſeat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not ſay how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's houſe, and conſidered it as the return which they had always hoped for all their trouble and expence about my education. My own pride was not ſilent on the ſubject. I looked on this viſit as an opportunity afforded me of diſplaying the talents with which I flattered myſelf I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at ſuch pains to attain.

When I arrived at the Baronet's, I found him and his Lady a good deal diſappointed with my appearance and addreſs, which I now firſt perceived to want ſomething which was eſſential to good company. I felt an aukwardneſs, which my want of mixing with the world had occaſioned, and an embarraſſment which all my knowledge did not enable me to overcome. For theſe, however, Sir John and Lady F—— felt rather compaſſion than diſpleaſure, and delivered me over to the valet de chambre, to make me ſomewhat ſmarter, as they called it, by having my hair more modiſhly dreſſed, and the cut of my coat altered; an improvement which I rather felt as an indignity, than acknowledged as a favour. Theſe preliminaries being adjuſted, I was ſuffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for

for the deficiency of my exterior, by displaying the powers of my mind, and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had been altogether misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned languages, of classical authors, of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand; but it was found that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch, or make up one in a country dance. A young lady, a visitor of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the Lady's Magazine, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural history, Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for; but some of them reminded the baronet, in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best Bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil, (these were the gentleman's words,) and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may however be deemed innocent; but I find, from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not be easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when the company chuses to be frolicksome; he must wink at certain indecencies in language, and irregularities in behaviour; and once, when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me, that a clergyman, to be an honest fellow, must have nothing of religion about him.

In the seclusion of a college, I may perhaps have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world:

world: But as, on the ſcore of qualifications, I am incapable of what is deſired, and, in the article of indulgencies, will never ſubmit to what is expected: Is it not my duty, Mr. Lounger, to reſign my pretenſions to the living which was promiſed me? Though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the proſpect of having me ſo ſoon provided for had made happy; though I fear to offend my benefactor who recommended me to Sir John, and at the ſame time aſſured me that he was one of the beſt ſort of men he knew; yet ſurely to purchaſe patronage and favour by ſuch arts is unworthy, to inſure them by ſuch compliances is criminal. I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

In the courſe of my late excurſion to the country, I have ſeen ſome inſtances of the evil complained of by my correſpondent, which equally ſurpriſed and grieved me. The proprietor of a country pariſh, if he has the true pride and feeling of his ſtation, will conſider himſelf as a kind of ſovereign of the domain; bound, like all other ſovereigns, as much for his own ſake as for theirs, to promote the intereſts and the happineſs of his people. So much of both depend on the choice of their paſtor, that perhaps there is no appointment which he has the power of making, more material to the proſperity and good order of his eſtate. The advantages of rational religion, or the evils which ariſe from its abuſe, which are often the effects of a proper or improper nomination of a clergyman, form a character of the people of a diſtrict not more important to their morals and eternal intereſts, than to their temporal welfare and proſperity.

I was very much pleaſed, in my late viſit at *Colonel Cauſtic's*, with the appearance and deportment of the

the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visitor of my friend's and his sister's. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated in the early part of his life as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the Colonel's predilection in his favour; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form, but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery, in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him, a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was paternal, with something above the cares, but not the charities of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gaiety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life a language of kindness and indulgence.

"'Tis the religion of a gentleman," said Colonel Caustic.—"'Tis the religion of a philosopher," said I.—"'Tis something more useful than either," said his sister. "Did you know his labours as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: That

That to fill our ſtation well is in every ſtation to be happy."

"The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man ſay," continued the excellent ſiſter of my friend, "to whom refinement and fancy open a thouſand ſources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has ſcarce any exerciſe of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder if it ſometimes wanders into the gloom of ſuperſtition, or the wilds of enthuſiaſm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the goſpel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excuſing our duties, the guide at the ſame time, and the ſweetner of life: To diſpenſe this ſacred treaſure as the balm of diſtreſs, the cordial of diſeaſe, the conqueror of death! Theſe are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have uſed for the good of my people: They have hitherto ſhed ſatisfaction on my life, and I truſt will ſmooth its cloſe!"

"'Tis the religion of a Chriſtian!" ſaid Miſs Cauſtic.

Z.

№ 41.——SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1785.

Pandere res alta nocte et caligine merſas. VIRG.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH the preſent age is undoubtedly poſſeſſed of a great deal of knowledge and ſcience of which former periods could not boaſt, yet it muſt, on the other hand, be allowed, that we are apt to plume ourſelves upon our acquirements fully as much as we are entitled to. We pretend a ſuperiority over ancient times, not only on account of the diſcoveries we have made, but of the prejudices we have overcome, and ſmile with a contemptuous ſelf-importance on the eaſy faith of our anceſtors.

Of this latter ſort is the credit which almoſt every modern takes for a total diſbelief of ſpirits, apparitions, and witches. Not a ſchool-boy now-a-days who does not laugh at the exiſtence of *witchcraft* and *ſorcery*; and, if he has ever heard of the ſtatute-book, he ſilences every argument, by the quotation of the act of parliament which repealed the ancient laws by which thoſe crimes were puniſhable, and thus expreſſed the ſenſe of the legiſlature that no ſuch crimes exiſted.

Yet it is certain, that many of the wiſeſt and beſt-informed among our forefathers had a firm belief in the exiſtence of witchcraft and ſorcery, and one of the moſt learned of our monarchs actually wrote a treatiſe on the ſubject. To this ſome of the leſs aſſuming of our modern ſceptics anſwer, that though, at the time of paſſing the old laws now repealed, and

and of writing that royal and learned treatiſe above mentioned, ſuch a diabolical art and myſtery might really and truly prevail; yet now, in the 18th century, it is no longer practiſed, and that witchcraft, conjuration, and ſorcery, are entirely aboliſhed and unknown.

I, for my part, have more reverence for the penetration of our forefathers, than to ſuppoſe they could have been deceived as to what happened in their own time; and further, I am not aſhamed to confeſs my belief that even yet there exiſts ſuch an art as that of witchcraft; nor do I deſpair of bringing over my readers to this opinion, if they will liſten with candour to the proofs I propoſe in this paper to bring in ſupport of it.

I conceive the faireſt way of doing this to be, to cite, from the beſt authority among the old writers, the appearances they particularly remarked, and the facts they ſpecifically ſet forth, of the practice of this unchriſtian and diabolical art in their time; and then to appeal to the experience and obſervation of every unprejudiced perſon, whether ſuch appearances and facts are not at this day frequently and commonly ſeen and known. If this be allowed, it may, I think, fairly be preſumed, that the ſame cauſes produce the ſame effects, that theſe extraordinary phaenomena are now, as formerly, the effect of unnatural means, to wit, of witchcraft, ſorcery, or conjuration.

The treatiſe of *King James*, I ſhould certainly chuſe as the higheſt authority on this ſubject, were it not, from its dialogiſtic form, rather diffuſe, and not eaſily compreſſible into the ſhort limits of your paper. I ſhall therefore extract, from another writer, a contemporary of that wiſe and learned Monarch, a more brief account of the different ſorts of witchcraft, which however, is chiefly taken from, and in moſt particulars entirely agrees with the Dialogues of the King on that ſubject.

" I think

" I think it good," ſays that writer, " in this place, to ſet down the divers ſorts and claſſes of thoſe unlawful and accurſed dealers in witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and ſorcery, on whom the late wiſe and wholeſome law *(anno ſecundo, vulgo primo, Jacob. cap.* 12.) doth ſpecially attach.

" 1. There are who, moulding images of perſons on whom they mean to practiſe, and making up the ſame to ſomething of human ſimilitude, with wax, paint, hair, and other materials, do ſtick into the ſame, ſciſſars, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and at the laſt laying the ſame before a ſtrong fire, as the wax of the image melteth away, ſo doth the fleſh of the poor wight whom it repreſenteth (which was at firſt tortured and torn as with the wounding of ſuch ſharp inſtruments as aforeſaid) burn and conſume with ſtrange pains and pinings.

" 2. Others there be, exceeding rife in Lapland, Finland, and other wild parts of the world, who at their nightly meetings, by incantations and uncouth form of words, calling the arch fiend to their aid, and being ſometimes armed with charms, and amulets of ſtrange ſhape and divers colours, theſe withered and deviliſh hags do raiſe ſtorms, tempeſts, and angry appearances of the ſky, to the wreck of many goodly ſhips, and rich merchandize.

" 3. A third kind is of thoſe who being more ſtirred with the greed of lucre, than pricked on (as the two laſt-mentioned ſorts) with anger and revenge, do, by compact with the devil, procure to themſelves much wealth in gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones, which they find in cheſts, caſkets and other places, into which no man could put the ſame by any natural means. But herein oft-times is manifeſt the notable deceit of the great father of lies, that the ſaid gold and other precious things ſhall in a ſhort ſpace be turned again into ſtones, droſs, or other unvalued ſubſtances, whereof Satan (as may be conjectured) did firſt by his power and art make and faſhion the ſame.

" 4. There

"4. There is likewiſe to be noted a power which ſuch wizards and ſorcerers do poſſeſs, of tranſporting themſelves inviſibly, ſo that no man knoweth whence they came, nor whither they go, and of entering houſes, though the ſame be barred againſt them in all manner of uſual paſſage and acceſs, diſquieting and affraying the inhabitants thereof; though generally, (as our Royal Maſter well obſerveth in his moſt learned Dialogue on Demonologie, book 3. chap. 1.) when thoſe wizards or ſpirits (for their kind and ſpecies ſeemeth not well determined) haunt certain houſes that are dwelt in, it is a ſure token of groſſe ignorance, or of ſome groſſe and ſlanderous ſinnes amongſt the inhabitants thereof."

Now, to bring examples of the various kinds of witchcraft ſimilar to the above, which ſtill continue to be practiſed in modern times. Is not Miſs ——, to whoſe health I have drank ſo many bumpers, plainly a witch of the firſt claſs? Does ſhe not make up an image like a human one, with wax (otherwiſe pomatum) and paint (as is ſometimes alledged), hair, and other materials, ſtick into the ſame *ſciſſars*, *long pins*, and other piercing weapons, and which cauſeth thoſe on whom ſhe intends to practice to burn and conſume with ſtrange pains and pinings? I muſt further obſerve here, that my author, on this part of his ſubject, differs from his Royal Maſter on the queſtion, "Whether it is lawful, by the help of another witch, to cure the diſeaſe that is caſten on by the craft of the firſt?" which queſtion the King had anſwered in the negative; but this later writer argues for the lawfulneſs of that mode of cure. Our modern *bewitched* accordingly ſeem almoſt univerſally to agree in the latter opinion.

The nightly meetings of the older ſpecies of witch, mentioned by the above author in the ſecond place, have ſurely come within the knowledge of moſt of my readers. In the inner room of ſome very great ladies houſes, on what is called (by a phraſe probably borrowed from this very act of witchcraft) a *rout-*

a *rout*-night, are not certain magical ſounds and incantations uſed! Is not the arch-fiend frequently called on by name? Are there not, on a table, ſometimes in a little chaldron, amulets to be ſeen of ſtrange ſhapes and divers colours? Are there not ſtorms raiſed, and angry appearances? Undoubtedly all thoſe circumſtances are known to exiſt. That, however, no innocent perſon may ſuffer from my accuſation, and that the Lord of any ſuch great Lady may not, like the good *Duke of Glouceſter* of old, ſuffer for the witchcraft of his wife, I muſt in juſtice add, that the huſbands of theſe ladies are in general no conjurers.

Of the third kind of thoſe unlawful dealers with the devil, there is no want of examples among us. Do we not ſee men every day, who, by compact with the devil, (for we know not of any natural means by which they could accompliſh it), procure to themſelves much wealth, gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones! Is not Mr. ——, who was a few years ago worth nothing, but who now keeps his chariot, entertains people of the firſt faſhion, gives the moſt ſumptuous entertainments, and drinks the higheſt priced wines; in ſhort, vies in expence with men of the greateſt fortunes, evidently a conjurer of this claſs? As to the tranſmutation of this gold and other precious materials into their former ſtate of droſs, and other things of no value, I leave that point of ſimilitude to the evidence of thoſe gentlemen's creditors.

As to the ſpecies deſcribed in the 4th ſection of the learned author above quoted, I ſee in moſt houſes of faſhionable reſort wizards of a deſcription reſembling thoſe who poſſeſs the power of inviſible tranſportation mentioned by this writer; men whoſe deſcent no body knows, of whom no one can tell whence they came, and who themſelves confeſs their ignorance whither they ſhall go, who talk of intimacies with people of moſt diſtinguiſhed rank, both at home and abroad, and give hints of having been in the moſt private receſſes of palaces and hotels,

who

who muſt undoubtedly have been carried thither by ſome ſupernatural power, and who, according to the teſtimony of people who are known to have been in ſome of thoſe places at the time, muſt have actually been there in an inviſible ſtate. Is it not alſo commonly a token (as our author phraſes it) of "groſſe ignorance and ſlanderous ſinne" in the inhabitants of the houſes where ſuch wizards or ſpirits do for the moſt part haunt? Do not many of them get into ſuch houſes though the doors are barred againſt them, and all manner of uſual acceſs is denied? And is not the cure of ſuch a plague exactly the ſame in theſe days as in the time of King James, "by prayer to God uſed in the houſe," or "by the inhabitants thereof purging themſelves, by amendment of life, from ſuch ſinnes as have procured the extraordinary plague of thoſe evil ſpirits haunting the ſame?"

I think I have now fully evinced the truth of the propoſition with which I ſet out. I ſhall only add one other inſtance, of which I think, Sir, you are particularly qualified to atteſt the truth. An author of a periodical paper, who knows the minds of the ladies better than themſelves; who reads characters as a phyſician reads diſeaſes, by merely looking on the faces of his patients; who can prognoſticate the change of manners, the riſe of faſhions, the downfall of wits, and the decay of beauties;—if ſuch a man is not a conjurer, he is abſolutely good for nothing.

I am, &c.

ANTIQUO-MODERNUS.

N° 42.——Saturday, Nov. 19, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I WAS much pleaſed with the mention, made by your friend Colonel Cauſtic, of our poet *Hamilton* of Bangour. I have always regarded him as holding a diſtinguiſhed rank among the fine writers of his age, and as having done ſignal credit to the genius of his country. Yet his works do not appear to me to be ſo well known, nor to be held in ſuch high eſteem, as they deſerve. Permit me, therefore, to recommend them to your readers.

The poems of Hamilton diſplay regular deſign, juſt ſentiments, fanciful invention, pleaſing ſenſibility, elegant diction, and ſmooth verſification. His genius was aided by taſte, and his taſte was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the moſt elegant modern writers, but with thoſe of antiquity. Of theſe remarks, his poem, entitled *Contemplation*, or *The Triumph of Love*, affords ſufficient illuſtration.

The deſign of this Poem is regular. The poet diſplays in it the ſtruggles, relapſes, recoveries, and final diſcomfiture of a mind ſtriving with an obſtinate and habituated paſſion. It has, in the language of the critics, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It exhibits an action in its riſe, progreſs, and termination. The Poet repreſents himſelf as wiſhing to withdraw his thoughts from inferior ſubjects, and fix them on ſuch as he holds better ſuited to a rational, and ſtill more to a philoſophical ſpirit. He muſt be aided in this high exerciſe by Contemplation; and the

the assistance of this august personage must be duly solicited. Accordingly, the Poem opens with a fine address to the "Voice divine," the Power of Poetry.

Go forth, invok'd, O Voice divine!
And issue from thy sacred shrine!
Go, search each solitude around
Where Contemplation may be found, &c.

But Contemplation must not only be duly solicited, but properly received and attended; and therefore a company of various but suitable associates are invited.

Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
That joins this earth to distant skies, &c.—
Devotion, high above that soars,
And sings exulting, and adores, &c.——
Last, to crown all, with these be join'd
The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,
Whom Innocence, e'er yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy shade;
Resign'd, contented, meek, and mild,
Of blameless mother, blameless child.

In like manner, such passions as are adverse to Contemplation are very properly prohibited; and in this catalogue are included, among others, Superstition, Zeal, Hypocrisy, Malice, and all inhuman affections. The Poet seems chiefly solicitous to prohibit Love. Of him and his intrusion he appears particularly apprehensive. Yet, in the confidence of his present mood, he would disguise his apprehensions, and treats this formidable adversary, not only with defiance, but with contempt.

But chiefly Love, Love far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy.

'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r,
Weak tyrant of a fev'riſh hour,
Fickle, and ever in extremes,
My radiant day of Reaſon beams;
And ſober Contemplation's ear
Diſdains thy ſyren tongue to hear.
Speed thee on changeful wings away
To where thy willing ſlaves obey.
Go, herd amongſt thy wonted train,
The falſe, th' inconſtant and the vain;
Thou haſt no ſubject here; begone!
Contemplation comes anon.

The action proceeds. The Poet attends to ſolemn objects; engages in important enquiries; conſiders the diverſified condition of human life; dwells on the ample proviſion made by nature for human happineſs; dwells on the happineſs of ſocial affections; is thus led imperceptibly to think of love; mentions Monimia, and relapſes.

Ah me! What, helpleſs, have I ſaid?
Unhappy, by myſelf betrayed!
I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
From the dear image to refrain, &c.

He makes another effort, but with equal ſucceſs; he makes another, and another; he will exalt his mind by acts of devotion, or plunge into the gloom of melancholy. But the influences of the predominant paſſion ſtill return to the charge, and reſtore their object: on the heights of devotion, or in the ſhades of melancholy, he ſtill meets with Monimia. Such is the progreſs of the Poem; and in the concluſion, we have an intereſting view of the Poet, yielding to his adverſary, but ſtriving to be reſigned.

Paſs but ſome fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart ſhall beat no more, &c.

The

The juſtneſs of the Poet's ſentiments is next to be mentioned. He illuſtrates the power of habituated paſſion over reaſon and reflection. Farther, he illuſtrates, that though the attention be engaged with objects of the moſt oppoſite kind to that of the reigning paſſion, yet ſtill it returns. He ſhews too, that this happens, notwithſtanding the moſt determined reſolutions and purpoſes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect inſinuation. He alſo illuſtrates a curious proceſs in the conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of ſtrong emotion. He ſhews the manner by which prevailing paſſions influence our thoughts in the aſſociation of ideas; that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progreſs; for that, how different ſoever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated paſſion renders the mind acute in diſcerning among them common qualities, or circumſtances of agreement or correſpondence, otherwiſe latent, or not obvious: That theſe common qualities are dexterouſly uſed by the mind, as uniting links, or means of tranſition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection moſt commonly of reſemblance, the ruling paſſion brings its own object to the fore ground, and into perfect view. Thus our Poet, in the progreſs of his action, has recourſe to friendſhip. He dwells on the happineſs that connection beſtows; he wiſhes for a faithful friend; his imagination figures ſuch a perſon,

> In whoſe ſoft and gentle breaſt,
> His weary ſoul may take her reſt;

and then, by eaſy tranſition, inveſts this friend with a female form, with the form of Monimia:

> Grant, Heaven, if Heaven means bliſs for me,
> Monimia ſuch and long may be.

In like manner, having recourſe to devotion, in a ſpirit of rational piety, he ſolicits the aid of Heaven to render him virtuous. He perſonifies Virtue; places her in a triumphal car, attended by a ſuitable train; one of her attendants, a female diſtinguiſhed by high pre-eminence, muſt alſo be diſtinguiſhed by ſuperior beauty, muſt reſemble the faireſt of human beings, muſt reſemble Monimia:

While chief in beauty, as in place,
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
Monimia ſtill, here once again!
O! fatal name; O dubious ſtrain, &c.
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.
In vain, Love's fugitive, I try
From the commanding power to fly, &c —
Why didſt thou, cruel Love, again
Thus drag me back to earth and pain?
Well hop'd I, Love, thou wouldſt retire
Before the bleſs'd Jeſſean lyre,
Devotion's harp would charm to reſt,
The evil ſpirit in my breaſt.
But the deaf adder ſtill diſdains
To liſten to the chanter's ſtrains.

The whole Poem illuſtrates the difficulty and neceſſity of governing our thoughts, no leſs than our paſſions.

In enumerating the moſt remarkable qualities in Hamilton's poetical works, beſides regularity of deſign, and juſtneſs of thought or ſentiment, I mentioned fanciful invention; and of this particular I ſhall, in like manner, offer ſome illuſtration.

Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, diſtinguiſhes, and is chiefly characteriſtic of poetical compoſition. The beauties of deſign, ſentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing: But invention alone creates the Poet, and is a term nearly of the ſame ſignification with poetical

poetical genius. A poet is ſaid to have more or leſs genius, according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton poſſeſſes a conſiderable portion of this talent, is manifeſt in many of his compoſitions, and particularly ſo in his *Contemplation*. This appears evident from ſome paſſages already quoted. But, though our poet poſſeſſes powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with thoſe of every kind. His genius ſeems qualified for deſcribing ſome beautiful ſcenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating with the embelliſhments of allegory, ſome paſſions and affections of the human mind.

Still, however, his imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent images; and even when he preſents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more ſolemn than ſublime, as in the following paſſage.

Now ſee! the ſpreading gates unfold,
Diſplay'd the ſacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair
To the ſolemn houſe of prayer;
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breaſt,
A mild and venerable gueſt!
Put off, in contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground;
And cautious tread with awful fear
The courts of heaven;—for God is here.
Now my grateful voice I raiſe,
Ye angels, ſwell a mortal's praiſe,
To charm with your own harmony
The ear of him who ſits on high.

It was alſo ſaid, that our poet poſſeſſed pleaſing ſenſibility. It is not aſſerted that he diſplays thoſe vehement tumults and ecſtacies of paſſion, that be-

long to the higher kinds of Lyric and Dramatic compoſition. He is not ſhaken with exceſſive rage, nor melted with overwhelming ſorrow; yet when he treats of grave or affecting ſubjects, he expreſſes a plaintive and engaging ſoftneſs. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the "Braes of Yarrow," one of the fineſt ballads ever written, may put in a claim to ſuperior diſtinction. But, even with this exception, I ſhould think our Poet more remarkable for engaging tenderneſs, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this his epitaph, beginning with "Could this fair marble," affords illuſtration.

In like manner, when he expreſſes joyful ſentiments, or deſcribes ſcenes and objects of feſtivity, which he does very often, he diſplays good humour and eaſy cheerfulneſs, rather than the tranſports of mirth, or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the beſt of his Poems, addreſſed to Lady Mary Montgomery, he adorns ſprightlineſs of thought, graceful eaſe, and good humour, with correſponding language and numbers. In this performance, a number of female characters are deſcribed in the liveliest manner, characteriſed with judgment, and diſtinguiſhed with acute diſcernment. Thus, in the following indirect deſcription, we have the dignity of female excellence.

——Heavenly Charlotte, from divine,
Love's univerſal kingdom's thine:
Anointed Queen! all unconfin'd,
Thine is the homage of mankind.

In another paſſage, we have a fine picture of the gentler and livelier graces:

In everlaſting bluſhes ſeen,
Such Pringle ſhines, of ſprightly mien:
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the ſoft ſucceſsful arts,

That

That beſt the lover's fires provoke,
The lively ſtep, the mirthful joke;
The ſpeaking glance, the am'rous wile,
The ſportful laugh, the winning ſmile;
Her ſoul awak'ning every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth ſtill to ſurvive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Elſewhere we have a melodious beauty.

Artiſt divine! to her belong
The heavenly lay, and magic ſong, &c.——
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, the joy of all,
Soft the ſilver accents fall, &c.

The tranſitions in this poem are peculiarly happy. Such are the following:

Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inſpire, &c.——
But who is ſhe, the general gaze
Of ſighing crowds, the world's amaze,
Who looks forth as the bluſhing morn,
On mountains of the eaſt new born, &c.—
Fair is the lilly, ſweet the roſe,
That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows, &c.

I have dwelt ſo long, and I could not avoid it, on the preceding particulars, that I have not left myſelf room for illuſtrations of our Poet's language and verſification. I obſerved, in general, that theſe were elegant and melodious; and ſo every reader of genuine taſte will feel them. They are not, however, unexceptionable; and if, in another letter, I ſhould give farther illuſtration of our author's poe-

tical character, I ſhall hold myſelf bound, not only to mention ſome excellencies, but alſo ſome blemiſhes in his verſe and diction. I am, &c.

PHILOMUSOS.

I have given the above letter, which I received ſome time ago from an unknown correſpondent, to my readers, from a belief that they will feel themſelves intereſted in the Works of a Poet, who not only was born and reſided in *Scotland*, but whoſe pencil was particularly employed in delineating the eminent characters of both ſexes in our native country at the time in which he lived. It will not, methinks, require the enthuſiaſm of a "laudator temporis acti," like Colonel Cauſtic, to receive a peculiar ſatisfaction in tracing the virtues and the beauty of a former age, in the verſes of one who appears to have ſo warmly caught the ſpirit of the firſt, to have ſo warmly felt the power of the latter. Nor may it be altogether without a moral uſe, to ſee, in the poetical record of a former period, the manners of our own country in times of leſs luxury, but not perhaps of leſs refinement; when faſhion ſeems to have conferred ſuperiorities fully as intrinſic as any ſhe can boaſt at preſent; to have added dignity of ſentiment to pride of birth, and to have inveſted ſuperior beauty with ſuperior grace and higher accompliſhments.

Z.

N° 43.——Saturday, Nov. 26, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR, ——*ſhire, Oct.* 1785.

AT the age of thirty-five I ſucceeded, by the death of a near relation, to a conſiderable land eſtate. Upon this event I reſolved to fix my reſidence at the family manſion-houſe. I was very little acquainted with that part of the country where it was ſituated; but I was told it was in an uncommonly *good neighbourhood*; and that I ſhould be particularly fortunate in having it in my power to enjoy an excellent ſociety. I found a tolerable library of old books, to which I added a pretty extenſive collection of modern ones: From the peruſal of them, from the attention which I propoſed to give to the culture of a part of my eſtate which I meant to farm myſelf, and from the enjoyment which I expected to reap from the company and converſation of my good neighbours, I was in hopes that my life would ſlide on in a very agreeable manner.

Being naturally of an eaſy temper, and deſirous of being on good terms with every one around me, as ſoon as I came to fix my abode, I made it a principal object to get acquainted with my neighbours, and to eſtabliſh a familiar intercourſe between us. Our firſt viſits were rather formal and diſtant; but this gradually wore off, and our correſpondence became frequent and repeated. Their invitations to me were numerous; and I did not fail to aſk them in return. I endeavoured to make my welcome as warm as theirs, and to treat them with the ſame marks of hoſpitality which I received.

But, Sir, I now find that what I expected would have been one of the bleſſings of my ſituation, has become

become one of my greateſt misfortunes. My neighbours having once found the way to my houſe, are now ſcarce ever out of it. When they are idle in the mornings, which is almoſt always the caſe, they direct their ride or their walk my way, and pay a friendly viſit to their neighbour *Dalton*. I am by this means interrupted in my attention to my farm, and have not time left to give the neceſſary orders. It is vain to think of making uſe of my library: When I ſit down to read, I am diſturbed before I get the length of a few pages, and am obliged to break off in the midſt of an intereſting ſtory, or an inſtructive piece of reaſoning. I cannot deny myſelf, or order my ſervants to tell I am not at home. This is one of your privileges in town; but, in the country, if one's horſes are in the ſtable, or one's chaiſe in the coach-houſe, one is of neceſſity bound to receive all intruders. In this manner are my mornings conſtantly loſt, and I am not allowed to have a ſingle half-hour to myſelf.

This, however, is one of the ſlighteſt of my diſtreſſes; the morning intruſions are nothing to the more formal viſitations of the afternoons. Hardly a day paſſes without my being obliged to have a great dinner for the reception of my neighbours; and when they are not with me, good neighbourhood, I am told, requires I ſhould be with them, and give them my viſitations in return. Even of the very beſt company, where the very beſt converſation takes place, a man is apt, at leaſt I have felt this in myſelf, ſometimes, to tire and to wiſh for the indulgence of that littleſſneſs, that ſort of dreaming indolence, which you, Sir, are ſo well acquainted with, and which can only be had alone. But to be conſtantly expoſed to be in a crowd, a crowd ſelected from no other circumſtance than from their reſiding within ten miles of you;—the keeper of an inn is not, in point of company, in a worſe ſituation!

But

But the merely being obliged to ſpend my mornings in the way I have deſcribed, and my afternoons in a conſtant crowd of promiſcuous company, is not the only evil I have to complain of. The manner in which I am obliged to ſpend it in that company is ſtill more diſagreeable. Hoſpitality in this part of the country does not conſiſt ſolely in keeping an open houſe, and receiving all your neighbours for many miles around; but one muſt fill them drunk, and get drunk with them one's ſelf. Having no fund of converſation with which they can entertain their landlord or each other, they are obliged to have recourſe to their glaſs to make up for every other want, and deficiency of matter is ſupplied by repeated bumpers. It is a favourite maxim here, that *Converſation ſpoils good company*; and this maxim is moſt invariably followed in practice, unleſs noiſe and vociferation, after the ſwallowing of more than one bottle, can be called converſation. Without injuſtice it may be ſaid of moſt of my neighbours, that when ſober they are ſilent, and when not ſober, it were better they remained ſilent. I have frequently made efforts to check the riot and intemperance of my gueſts, and to with-hold the bottle from them, when I have thought they have drunk fully as much as was good for them; but I have always found myſelf unable to do it. I ſhould hate to be called a ſtingy fellow; and I know, if I were to eſtabliſh ſobriety, I ſhould be called ſtingy. When I cannot keep my gueſts ſober, I ſometimes try to eſcape the glaſs, and to be ſober myſelf: But, when I do this, I find ſome of them look upon me with an evil eye, as if I meant to be a ſpy upon the unguarded moments of my gueſts; others laugh at me for giving myſelf airs, as they call it; and I cannot bear to be laughed at.

But riot and drunkenneſs are not all the ills I have to ſubmit to. After we have drunk oceans of liquor, cards are commonly propoſed; and gambling and drunkenneſs, though very unfit companions, are joined

joined together. We do not play for a very deep ſtake, but ſtill we play for ſomething conſiderable. I do not like to loſe, and yet it is equally diſagreeable to win. I am commonly pretty lucky; and, in a run of luck, often ſuffer a good deal in gaining their guineas from people who I know well cannot afford to loſe them. It is a mortifying ſpectacle, to ſee thoſe who are frequently together, and ſeem to be the greateſt friends when the bottle is going round, after they have drunk as much as they can hold, ſit down to pilfer one another of ſums which they cannot eaſily pay, and which, in their ſober moments, they will feel the diſtreſs of paying.

Sometimes, to avoid play, I counterfeit ſleepineſs, and eſcape to bed. But this does not break up the party;—they are only left more at their liberty; and the morning is far advanced before matters are brought to a concluſion. The evil conſequences of this to my domeſtic œconomy are obvious. My family is diſturbed with noiſe during the whole night, and my ſervants are prevented from going to bed. My houſe is thus rendered a ſcene of confuſion, and every houſehold-concern is neglected. I wiſh to get up betimes in the morning, and to have breakfaſt at an early hour: But this cannot be accompliſhed; for when I ring for John to bring up the tea-kettle, I am told he has not been above an hour in bed.

The corruption of the higher orders of the family I find is ſpreading among the lower. Going into the ſervants hall one night at a late hour, when I had eſcaped from the gambling party in the drawing-room, I found the whole ſervants engaged at *brag*. I could hardly be angry at them; they were only doing on a ſmaller ſcale what was a-doing on a larger above ſtairs; and being forced to ſit up all night, they were obliged to fill up their time with ſomething.

I have thus, Sir, laid before you ſome of the diſtreſſes of my ſituation, all of which ſeem to proceed

ceed from my having a good neighbourhood. I have frequently reſolved to exert myſelf manfully to put a ſtop to theſe grievances, to quarrel with all my neighbours, and to tell them, that for the future I am to lock up my doors, and neither to give nor receive their viſits. But my reſolution has hitherto failed me. One of the comforts I expected to have received from living in the country, was, that I might live undiſturbed; that the eaſineſs of my temper ſhould not be broke in upon; and that I ſhould have no occaſion for vigorous exertion. Deſirous of being on a good footing with every body, and unable to bear either the cenſure or the deriſion of others, I have not been able, nor do I believe I ever ſhall be able, to ſummon up as much reſolution as to expoſe myſelf to the ſcorn or to the hatred of thoſe around me.

In this ſituation it has occurred to me, that if you think proper to publiſh this letter, it may poſſibly, without my taking any ſtronger meaſure, have a good effect; it may perhaps afford a hint to my neighbours, which may relieve me in ſome meaſure, without any further ſtir of mine. But if this ſhall not happen, and if my grievances ſhall ſtill continue, I find I ſhall be obliged, however unwillingly, to give up my habitation in the country, and to take a houſe in town, in order that I may ſometimes enjoy the pleaſures of ſolitude and retirement, and eſcape the evils of a *good neighbourhood.*

I am, &c.

GEORGE DALTON.

No 44.——Saturday, Dec. 3, 1785.

To the Lounger.

SIR,

I HAVE obſerved, that the greateſt part of your correſpondents have given you a detail of grievances and complaints. In diſcloſing their misfortunes, they have no doubt conveyed to your readers ſome uſeful leſſons, for avoiding thoſe errors of conduct which in general have been the cauſe of them: But the picture of happineſs may often prove as inſtructive as that of calamity or diſtreſs; and, in that view, while I gratify my own feelings by the following narrative, I flatter myſelf it may not be unprofitable to others.

My father, Sir, inherited an eſtate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom, a property once conſiderable, and which had been in his family for ſome generations; but which, during his life and that of my grandfather, had, from a certain eaſineſs of temper bordering upon improvidence, and their humane endeavours to aſſiſt their needy relations, been ſo greatly reduced, that at my father's death it was neceſſary to bring the eſtate to ſale for the payment of his debts. A trifling reverſion remained for the ſupport of my mother, myſelf, and an only ſiſter; and with this ſlender proviſion we betook ourſelves to a ſmall farm-houſe, which my mother rented from the new poſſeſſor of our paternal lands. Here, by her uncommon induſtry, and the exertions of a ſpirit ſuperior to our misfortunes, ſhe maintained her little houſehold decently and reſpectably, while ſhe gained the eſteem and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. My ſiſter, who

was

was ſome years younger than myſelf, was accuſtomed almoſt from infancy to bear her part in the management of the family. My mother had taught us reading, writing, and the firſt rudiments of arithmetic; and the clergyman of the pariſh was at pains to inſtruct me in the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, of which, in a few years, I obtained a competent knowledge. This worthy man, whoſe name was *Johnſon*, had been the friend and companion of my father from their earlieſt infancy, and thus conſidered himſelf as bound by duty to be a guardian and parent to his children. He had himſelf an only daughter, of equal age with my ſiſter, and whom, in thoſe days of childhood and innocence, I regarded alike, with the affection of a brother. But on this firſt period of my life, though the recollection is delightful, I forbear to enlarge.

I had now attained my fifteenth year, and it became neceſſary to think of ſome profeſſion by which I might make my way in the world. My inclination led me to the ſtudy of medicine, which I had proſecuted for ſome time with great aſſiduity, when a near relation of my mother's, who warmly intereſted himſelf in our welfare, procured for me the commiſſion of a ſurgeon's mate on board an Indiaman. The ſhip to which I belonged was to ſail within a fortnight after I received intelligence of my appointment. My mother prepared for me a ſtock of linens, and other neceſſaries, to which ſhe added a purſe with fifteen guineas. The worthy Mr. Johnſon gave me a pocket-bible, with his bleſſing. My ſiſter, and his daughter *Emmy*, gave me their tears; for that was all they had to beſtow: But from the tears of the latter I felt an emotion of tenderneſs beyond what even the affection of a brother could produce. I had unconſciouſly nouriſhed an attachment of which this parting firſt taught me the force, but which, at the ſame time, it obliged me to ſtifle and conceal.

After

After a voyage of ſix months, our ſhip arrived in the Ganges. During my ſtay at Calcutta, I was fortunate enough to recommend myſelf to a countryman of my own, then high in the council; by whoſe intereſt, with my Captain's leave, I obtained an appointment of ſurgeon to a ſmall ſettlement of the Company's, which bordered on the territory of the Nabob of ——. Various, Sir, are the methods of acquiring wealth in India. Of theſe the obvious and apparent are ſo well known, that they need not be mentioned: The more myſterious courſes to affluence, as I never was ſolicitous myſelf to unravel, ſo I am not well qualified to explain. It is enough for me to ſay, that, with a good conſcience, and during a twelve years exerciſe of a profeſſion ſerviceable to my fellow creatures, I acquired what to me appeared a competency. In ſhort, Sir, being now poſſeſſed of a fortune of 25,000*l.* I began to think of returning to my native country. I had, from time to time, during the laſt years of my ſtay in India, remitted ſuch ſums to my mother as I judged might enable her to exchange her toilſome and parſimonious mode of life for eaſe and comfort; but ſhe wrote to me, that induſtry was now become familiar, and even agreeable, that ſhe could not reliſh the bread of idleneſs, and that it was ſufficient happineſs for her and for my ſiſter to be aſſured of my health and proſperity. By the laſt opportunity that preceded my leaving India, I had acquainted my mother of my intention of returning home in the following ſpring. This intention I put in execution; and bringing with me the beſt part of my fortune, landed in ſafety on the coaſt of Britain, after an abſence of thirteen years and a half.

A few days travelling brought me once more to the ſpot of my nativity. I ſtopped in the afternoon within a few miles of the place, and wrote the following billet:

"Jack Truman ſends the bearer, his ſervant, to "acquaint his deareſt mother and ſiſter, that he is "within

" within a day's journey of Brookland farm, and " propoſes, by God's bleſſing, to be with them this " evening."

This note was meant to give them time to prepare for our meeting; but I had not patience to wait my man's return, and ſet out a few minutes after him. I need not deſcribe the emotions I felt at ſight of my native fields, the recollection of which diſtance of place and length of time had rather endeared than impaired. I had little leiſure to indulge the remembrance: My mother and ſiſter, equally impatient with myſelf, had come out to watch the road by which I was to arrive. Our meeting was ſuch as might be expected from affection, heightened by the anxieties of abſence; our joy, ſuch as proſperity can give to thoſe to whom proſperity has not always been known, to thoſe whom proſperity enables to make others happy.

You will eaſily figure, Sir, thoſe topics, which, after ſo long an abſence, would naturally be the ſubject of our converſation. One of the firſt inquiries I made was about the worthy Mr. Johnſon and his amiable daughter. My mother informed me that this good man was then in the laſt ſtage of a painful diſeaſe, under which he had languiſhed above three years, and which his conſtitution could not thus long have reſiſted but for the tender care and dutiful attention of his daughter Emmy; but this affectionate child had, as was thought from that motive alone, rejected ſeveral advantageous offers of marriage. To this, my ſiſter added, that ſhe was one of the loveliеſt and moſt accompliſhed of women.

On my way to the farm, I had remarked the ruinous appearance of the manſion-houſe, which had been the ſeat of my forefathers. My mother informed me, that the gentleman who purchaſed the eſtate from our family had been ſome years dead; and that his ſon, by a courſe of extravagance, had ſo embarraſſed his fortune, that it was thought he would

would ſoon be obliged to ſell the greateſt part of his landed property. An opportunity thus preſenting itſelf of recovering my paternal eſtate, I determined to offer immediately to become the purchaſer, and flattered myſelf with the proſpect (I hope it was an honeſt pride) of re-eſtabliſhing our ancient family in the domain of their anceſtors.

The firſt viſit I paid to Mr. Johnſon led me to form ſchemes of a nature yet more delightful to my imagination. Long abſence, and the buſtle of an active life, had lulled aſleep without extinguiſhing that affection with which his lovely daughter had inſpired me in my early years. The ſight of the beautiful Emma revived that paſſion in its utmoſt force, and convinced me that ſhe was the arbitreſs of my future happineſs or miſery. I thought I perceived in the tender confuſion, the diffidence and modeſty of her demeanor, and in the ſimplicity of a heart untaught to diſguiſe its emotions, that I was far from being indifferent to her; nor was I deceived in this flattering idea. Her father's diſſolution was faſt approaching. He ſurvived my return but a few months; and the laſt act of his public duty was the union of our hands.

Five years have elapſed ſince that event; and I hope, Sir, you will not think my narrative tedious, if I give a ſhort ſketch of the manner in which I have paſſed that happy period.

The tranſaction for the purchaſe of our eſtate was attended with very little difficulty; and the reſtoration of the family to its ancient territories was celebrated by all the tenants and cottagers with high feſtivity, and every mark of heart-felt ſatisfaction. I began immediately to repair the deſolated manſion-houſe; and having myſelf ſome taſte in architecture, contrived to render it a moſt commodious habitation, without injuring the antiquity of its appearance, which I venerated. The apartments were repaired

repaired in the modern faſhion; and the elegance of my Emma's taſte diſplayed itſelf in their furniture and decorations. In a few particulars I indulged perhaps a little caprice. The wide-extended chimney of the hall, which its late proprietor had contracted to the modern ſcale, and decorated with Dutch porcelaine, I enlarged once more to its original dimenſions. It was a venerable monument of ancient hoſpitality. My grandfather's oaken chair was found mouldering in a garret. It was reſtored to its place. The top of a ſquare tower I fitted up into a library, lighted by a large Gothic window with leaden caſements; from whence by day I command a beautiful landſcape of the country, and by night can explore the heavens with my teleſcope; and here, in my favourite ſtudies of philoſophy, general phyſics, and claſſical literature, of which I have a pretty numerous collection of the beſt authors, I paſs many delightful hours. In another part of the building I have a ſmall laboratory for chemical experiments, and the compoſition of medicines. Thoſe reſearches to which I was formerly led by my profeſſion, ſtill furniſh me with an amuſing, and even an uſeful employment; for, while Providence bleſſes me with health, I will always be the poor man's phyſician.

As I am rather unwilling to occupy myſelf with practical huſbandry, a ſcience which without a peculiar bent and inclination, I have always thought was not raſhly to be engaged in, I limit my ruſtic employments to planting and gardening. The fields which ſurround my houſe owe their principal beauties to nature. The upland and barren ſpots I have covered with wood, which in a few years will afford both beauty and ſhelter. Aſſiſted by my Emma's judgment, I have laid out a large garden, which promiſes ſoon to furniſh me with a profuſion of the moſt delicate fruits. A fine trouting ſtream waſhes its border. My hills paſture my mutton, and ſupply my game; of which the firſt is excellent, and the laſt is plentiful.

Soon

Soon after our eſtabliſhment at the manſion-houſe, my mother and ſiſter quitted their habitation, and became members of our family. The farm, which had become a very profitable ſubject, has been tranſferred to an old domeſtic, who remained attached to the family in all the changes of its fortune, and who merited that reward of his ſervices and fidelity. My mother, whoſe active mind would languiſh if deprived of an object of exertion, has now found another occupation not leſs ſuited to her taſte, and yet more pleaſing in its nature. My Emma has brought me three children; two charming girls, and a ſtout healthy boy. Theſe ſhe has ſuckled herſelf, a part of the duty of a mother which ſhe finds too agreeable to be relinquiſhed to a hireling. The two eldeſt are now in charge to their grandmother, who has undertaken for them the ſame office ſhe performed to myſelf; and in this the good woman flatters herſelf with a renewal of her years. My ſiſter was wont for ſome time to ſhare in the ſame occupation; but I don't know how, her diſpoſition ſeems a good deal changed of late. In place of her work, ſhe has taken to reading poetry; and borrows a good deal of time from her cares of the dairy, to beſtow it on her books and her toilet. It is true, my neighbour *Hearty's* ſon Tom is a ſcholar, and when he comes here with his family (and they are very frequent viſitors of ours), my ſiſter and he ſeem very ſolicitous to pleaſe each other; a circumſtance I am not at all ſorry to obſerve. Tom is a very worthy young man, and my ſiſter an excellent girl: She has one quality to which Tom is a ſtranger; I have taken care that ſhe ſhall be entitled to 1500*l.* on the day of her marriage.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is my manner of life; and as I perceive from ſome of your late papers, that you can contrive to paſs a few weeks in the country, without diſcontinuing to amuſe the town, if you will do me the honour of a viſit, I promiſe you the beſt bed in my houſe, a bottle of my beſt wine, and

and the beſt welcome I can give. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

JOHN TRUEMAN.

I am aware that people are apt to be faſtidious in the peruſal of tales of happineſs; but feeling an intereſt in the good family whoſe ſtory is told in the foregoing letter, I have ventured to inſert it, ſimple as it is, and not perhaps leading to any important concluſion. One leſſon, however, it may ſerve to inculcate, that moderation, in point of wealth, is productive of the greateſt comfort and the pureſt felicity. Had Mr. Truman returned from India with the enormous fortune of ſome other Aſiatic adventurers, he would probably have been much leſs happy than he is, even without conſidering the means by which it is poſſible ſuch a fortune might have been acquired. In the poſſeſſion of ſuch overgrown wealth, however attained, there is generally more oſtentation than pleaſure; more pride than enjoyment: I can but gueſs at the feelings which accompany it, when reaped from deſolated provinces, when covered with the blood of ſlaughtered myriads.

Z.

N° 45.——SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

PERHAPS it is vanity in me to ſuppoſe that you have been expecting to hear from me, and it is poſſible, from my firſt account of myſelf, may have ſuppoſed that there were very melancholy reaſons for my ſilence. But I am, Sir, thank God! returned to my native country in no worſe condition, with reſpect to health, than when I left it. As to peace and happineſs, I can't ſay; my wife thinks her health much the better for our expedition.

Perhaps, Sir, I may in time learn to be reconciled to noiſe and diſturbance, and forget my old habits of quiet and care of my health, which my dear deceaſed friend Dr. *Doddipoll* had taught me. And yet I do not find that my journey has reconciled me much to the change, though I have had ſome practice in the way of buſtle and adventure, as you will find from a ſhort account of our excurſion.

As the motive of our journey was profeſſedly the re-eſtabliſhment of my health, I had reaſon to imagine that it would be conducted in the manner beſt ſuited for that purpoſe. I had made out a little *Pharmacopeia* of things neceſſary to be taken along with us on the road; but would you believe it, Sir, our new family-phyſician declared them altogether unneceſſary, and our whole medicine-cheſt was made up of one phial, containing two drachms of ſpirit of hartſhorn, and a bottle holding about as many pounds of French brandy. But my wife found room in the carriage for her favourite maid, her

her Spaniſh lapdog, and three band boxes. Her monkey, who arrived juſt before we ſet out, ſhe was with difficulty prevailed on to leave behind under the care of the houſekeeper; an acquaintance, indeed, who met us a few miles out of town on the road to England, rode up to my wife's ſide of the carriage, ſaid he ſuppoſed Mr. *Dy-ſoon* was following, and, pointing to the corner where I was ſtuck up among the band boxes, told her he was glad to find ſhe had taken little *Maſter Jackoo* along with her.

Though *Harrowgate* was the place of our deſtination, yet my wife (who was general of this expedition), thought it might be proper to ſtop at one of the more private watering places in Cumberland, to initiate us as it were into that ſort of life; as young recruits, I am told, are taught to ſtand their own fire by firſt flaſhing their muſkets in the pan. We accordingly made a halt at one of thoſe places, with the intention of ſtaying ſome weeks; but we very ſoon tired of it, as the ſociety was by no means genteel enough for my wife to mix in with any degree of ſatisfaction. The only people ſhe would allow us to conſort with were the family of *Sir John Dumplin*, a London merchant, who had been knighted for his eminence in commerce, who had arrived a few days before us with his Lady and three daughters, and a Captain in the army, who had come thither to recover the fatigues he had ſuffered during the ſiege of Gibraltar, and whom Mrs. Dy-ſoon took great delight in hearing recount his adventures. We amuſed ourſelves during our ſtay by making the other members of the party ridiculous, though they did not want for jokes againſt us too. They called me and my wife "Death and Sin;" the firſt I could underſtand from my feebleneſs and bad health; but how they applied the ſecond, neither the Captain nor I could ever comprehend;—they had ſeveral jeſts equally low and unjuſt againſt the family of Sir John Dumplin, who they pretended was only a ſugar-boiler in Wapping,

and had been knighted on occaſion of ſome city addreſs. Sir John himſelf, to do him juſtice, behaved in a very civil manner to every body, and, except ſometimes when he ſnored after dinner, never gave the ſmalleſt offence to the reſt of the company; and as for me, I was always, both in mind and body inclined to peace and quietneſs. But lady Dumplin and her daughters, with my Angelica and the Captain, were conſtantly at war with the other end of the table, which was divided into two hoſtile and irreconcileable provinces. Their differences might, indeed, have proceeded very diſagreeable lengths, had we not contrived to erect a ſort of barrier againſt hoſtilities, by placing between them Sir David Dumplin on one ſide, and a Mrs. *Dough*, wife of a rich baker of Liverpool, on the other, who was naturally of as placid a diſpoſition as Sir David, and had the advantage of being deaf into the bargain. By this politic interpoſition, the peace was tolerably well preſerved; but as the oppoſite party, the *ungenteels*, increaſed daily by new arrivals, and ours, the *genteels*, got no acceſſion that we were diſpoſed to allow of, the place became at laſt ſo diſagreeable, and the laugh ſo much louder againſt than for us, that we were obliged to leave it a good deal ſooner than we intended, and ſet off for Harrowgate, in company with our allies, the Dumplin family. The Captain found it convenient to remain, having previouſly deſerted from us, on ſome difference with one of the young Ladies, and made his peace with the oppoſite ſide, through the mediation of the good-natured Mrs. Dough, with whom (from being uſed to ſpeak at the ſiege of Gibraltar I ſuppoſe) he contrived frequently to carry on a converſation.

To Harrowgate our gentility attended us; but it was a little unfortunate in not being univerſally acknowledged. There were ſome London people of faſhion there who had ſeen Sir D. Dumplin before, and ſuch as had never ſeen us, did not immediately perceive in Mrs. Dy-ſoon's face and manner

ner that ſhe had ſo much good blood in her veins as did actually flow there. This, however, as ſhe was perfectly conſcious of it herſelf, produced numberleſs bickerings, and at laſt obliged us to leave the firſt houſe we had lodged at, where I had got an excellent quiet apartment, and go to another, where we were much worſe accommodated, but where Lady Dumplin and the Hon. Mrs. Dy-ſoon were the firſt quality of the ſet. Here ſhe very fortunately ſupplied the loſs of our Gibraltar Captain, by getting acquainted with an Iriſh gentleman, Colonel *O'Shannon*, a relation of ours, our anceſtors, as the Colonel and Mrs. Dy-ſoon diſcovered, having intermarried about the year 1300. The Colonel ſtill preſerved the kindneſs of a couſin, attended my wife wherever ſhe went, and made us immediately intimate with all the company in the houſe. But the kindneſs had very near proved fatal to me. Between the buſtle of his numerous introductions, the parties he formed for us at home, and the jaunts he made us take, to ſee every thing that was to be ſeen in the neighbourhood, my poor nerves were perfectly overcome; and though my wife was always telling me it was all for my good, I ſhould have certainly died in their hands, had they not at laſt diſcovered that my wife's ſeeing the ſights and taking the exerciſe would be as much for the benefit of my health, as if I drove about and viſited every thing in my own perſon; and ſo I verily believe it might, Mr. Lounger, had I been fortunate enough to be left to enjoy quiet, and take care of my health alone. But as my ill-ſtars would have it, I was generally left to the care of a Lady, with whom, from her having the ſame ſort of nervous complaints with myſelf, I had contracted an intimacy, the dowager of an old gentleman, who had, like me, married his wife for a nurſe, and who left her after a life of happineſs (as ſhe uſed to tell me) of 18 months, in poſſeſſion of his whole fortune. But then her nerves, ſhe ſaid, had been ſo ſhattered by his death, that ſhe could

find no enjoyment in any thing in this world. The diſorder in her nerves, however, was of a kind extremely different from mine. None of that weakneſs and relaxation which I had experienced from a child: her's, the phyſicians ſaid, was an extreme tenſion and irritability. She kept, it ſeems, a female attendant, who was of the greateſt uſe to her in this complaint; but that attendant had died juſt before her arrival at Harrowgate, and, in this unfortunate interval, my acquaintance with her began: So ſhe beſtowed all her tenſion and irritability on me. It makes me quake when I think of her, Mr. Lounger! and yet, though you will call it very ſilly, I could not for the life of me ſhake her off. She had become, I don't know how, a ſort of *Cicisbea* to me by the common conſent of our houſe, and I could not get rid of her without a degree of exertion that my weak conſtitution was unequal to. But her conſtitution, as ſhe told us, was always the better for exertion. She exerted it on me with a vengeance. I often thought of the ſimile of the vulgar people we had left at our laſt watering place. Mrs. *Raſp* would have compleated *Milton's* Trio to a hair.

I was very thankful when the end of the ſeaſon made me rid of her, though it did not reſtore me to home or to quiet. Mrs. Dy-ſoon, on looking over the road-book, perceived what a mere ſtep it was from Harrowgate to London, and calculated how much expence was ſaved by going to the metropolis, now when we were more than half of the way from Edinburgh. In this idea ſhe was much encouraged by her couſin, Col. O'Shannon, as well as by Lady Dumplin, and half a dozen other Ladies who had come from the capital, at whoſe houſes ſhe was to be moſt agreeably entertained if ſhe went thither. It was in vain that I urged my health, and the danger of a long journey; the journey would do me good, and London was 200 miles ſouth, which gave it a great advantage, in point of climate, to delicate people

people like me. So out we ſet the day after our friends the Dumplins, who were to travel faſter, (as indeed I am not able to make long journies), and kindly undertook to procure lodgings, and have them ready for our reception.

But their ſervices in that way were anticipated by our good friend Colonel O'Shannon, who travelled faſter than any of us, as he generally makes his journies in the ſtage-coach for the ſake of company, and ſometimes even takes a ſtage or two on the outſide to enjoy the air and the proſpect. We found on our arrival that he had provided us with a lodging in the houſe of a country-woman of his, a milliner in the Hay-market, who, he told us, had been reduced by misfortunes to keep a ſhop, though ſhe was deſcended from the great *O'Neil*, and could claim kindred with himſelf, and moſt of the noble families in Europe. She was very uſeful to my wife in letting her know the faſhions; and with her aſſiſtance, Mrs. Dy-ſoon contrived to fill, I don't know how many band-boxes and trunks, which, however, luckily for me, grew to ſuch a magnitude, as to require half a ſhip's room to convey them; and ſo they were ſent down to Scotland by ſea. As for the Colonel, he was indefatigable in his attentions, and breakfaſted, dined and ſupped with us almoſt every day. Indeed, we were the more dependent on his company, as we were diſappointed in getting into any other during our five or ſix weeks ſtay in town. We never could find any of our Harrowgate acquaintance at home; even the Dumplin family we ſaw but for two ſhort morning-calls at our lodgings; Sir David, indeed, muttered ſomething about our eating a bit of mutton with him; but Lady Dumplin ſaid ſhe was ſorry to ſay, that that would be very *ill-convenient* at their preſent houſe, which they were juſt about changing for one in *Bedford-ſquare*, where ſhe hoped for the honour of our company at her firſt rout, which was to be held the 5th of Jan. next.

They told us the town was quite empty at the ſeaſon when we were there; but I am ſure there was noiſe and buſtle enough of all conſcience; carts rumbling, coaches rattling, criers bawling, and bells ringing, from morning to night, and ſometimes, as my poor head felt, all night too. My wife, however, luckily found it very dull, otherwiſe we ſhould not probably have left it ſo ſoon as we did, though not before it had coſt us ſome hundred of guineas to find out that there was nothing in it worth ſeeing. Colonel O'Shannon carried us to ſome ſights ſuch as they were; he ſhewed us the Tower, St. Paul's, Bedlam, and the three Bridges; took us to the city Pantheon, the Dog and Duck, and the Swearing-houſe at High-gate. As for genteel company, he regretted exceedingly that almoſt all his acquaintance were in the country; but promiſed that when we came again he would introduce us to a director of the Bank, a Lord of the Treaſury, and the Maſter-general of the Ordnance, which laſt, he aſſured us, had a very particular friendſhip for him; but, in his abſence, he made us acquainted with a young gentleman, who, he ſaid, was one of that great man's firſt favourites, and a ſecretary in his office; an appointment which the Colonel had procured for him. My wife was very ſolicitous to cultivate Mr. *M'Phelim's* acquaintance, on account of two nephews of hers who are in the army, to whom the Colonel and he have promiſed their intereſt; and we have the greater reaſon to rely on their friendſhip, as the Colonel and his friend did us the honour of accepting a loan of 200*l.* from me, (which Mr. M'Phelim wanted to make up a ſum in the abſence of the Maſter-general of the Ordnance) on their joint ſecurity.

Not long after this tranſaction, we left London, and I found it ſome comfort, after all my diſtreſſes and diſturbances, to find myſelf again ſafe and ſound in my native country. Not that I am free of the diſquiet of my journey; it rings in my ears ſtill in the

the narration of my wife, who has ſuch talents for deſcription, that, if I had not witneſſed the circumſtances, I ſhould have ſuppoſed Sir D. Dumplin to be a knight of the Garter, Colonel O'Shannon a Lieutenant-general, and his friend Mr. M'Phelim a Privy-counſellor. She makes all our acquaintance take notice how much better I am for Harrowgate, though, in fact, I never drank a drop of the water, and, except the company of Mrs. Raſp, took no ſort of drug whatever. I muſt confeſs, however, that I am no worſe on the whole, and am not near ſo much afraid of dying as before I was married.

I am, &c.

JEREMIAH DY-SOON.

J.

N° 46.——SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1785.

MY Readers will have obſerved, that the office of the Lounger has of late been almoſt a ſinecure, his correſpondents having ſaved him the trouble of compoſition. The paper of to-day is alſo a communication, which, from the ſex and accompliſhments of the author, as well as the flattering manner in which ſhe expreſſes herſelf, gratifies my vanity as much as my indolence.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THE genteel but pointed irony with which you mention the follies of our ſex, and the pains you take, in your admired Eſſays, for our inſtruction and improvement, will, I make no doubt, have ſome influence on the minds of thoſe who are thoughtleſs, but not diſſipated; and who, though hurried down the ſtream of pleaſure, are not yet enough hardened to diſregard the admonitions of virtue.

Among young people of this deſcription, many ladies may be led to the attainment of mental accompliſhments, in hopes of recommending themſelves to the notice of the other ſex; who, from their ſuperior education, and more ſolid judgment, would, one might preſume, be more guided by the dictates of good ſenſe, than led by the blind caprices of Faſhion. But methinks, Sir, it would not be altogether fair to miſlead your inexperienced female readers with ſuch fallacious hopes. Tell them as much as you pleaſe of the internal rewards that belong to virtue: That to embelliſh, in early life, their minds with taſte, and to enlighten their underſtandings with ſome degree of knowledge, will prove to them an inexhauſtible ſource of delight in the lonely hours of ſolitude, and procure veneration and reſpect to their declining years. But let them know, that on the fine fellows who, in our days, deign to mingle in the female world, ſuch accompliſhments will have as much influence, as the harmonious compoſition of Handel on the deaf pupils of Mr. *Braidwood*.

To be diſtinguiſhed by your ſex, is more or leſs the wiſh of every female heart. To ſolicit that diſtinction, Fancy is put to the torture to dreſs out the votaries of Faſhion; and, to deſerve it, the more judicious

dicious endeavour to adorn their minds with knowledge, taſte, and ſentiment. Which of theſe moſt frequently attain their end, you, Sir, who frequent the circles of the great and gay, can be at no loſs to determine.

As I was early taught to mark the characters, and make reflections on the events that paſſed before me in life, ſhort as that life has been, and few and ſimple as have been its tranquil ſcenes, perhaps a ſketch of it may not be altogether unworthy your peruſal.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, whoſe virtues adorn humanity, and whoſe character, in every reſpect, does honour to his profeſſion. A long attachment had ſubſiſted between him and my mother, before the pride of her relations (who piqued themſelves on their high deſcent) would conſent to her being made happy for ever by an union with one whom thoſe relations conſidered as her inferior: But the conſtancy of their affection at length ſubdued every obſtacle; and their life has ever ſince been one continued ſcene of domeſtic felicity. As I was their only child, my education was the prime object of their attention. To procure me the more elegant accompliſhments, they appropriated the ſavings of their œconomy; while, with the tendereſt ſolicitude, they themſelves endeavoured to form my manners, to cultivate my underſtanding, and to cheriſh the virtues of my heart.

The friendly terms on which we lived with the patron of our pariſh, whoſe lady took a particular liking to me, gave me frequent opportunities of mixing with polite company. The natural gaiety of my temper, and ſteady ſincerity of my heart, gained me the good-will of all my companions; with ſome of whom I early contracted the moſt tender friendſhip—a friendſhip which has increaſed with our increaſing years, and received ſtrength from every incident of pain or pleaſure that has befallen us in life.

By the gentlemen, I found myſelf almoſt invariably treated according to their ideas of my rank and conſequence. Of all the numbers who came to Caſtle———, excepting an old naval officer, many traits of whoſe character, though caſt in ſomewhat of a rougher mould, bore a ſtrong reſemblance to that of your worthy friend Colonel Cauſtic, I do not remember to have met with one who thought it poſſible the daughter of a country parſon could be as well informed upon any ſubject as the heireſs of a Baronet; and after I have, by Lady ———'s deſire, played on her forte piano, ſome of the fineſt concertos of Bach and Abel to an unliſtening audience, I have heard the ſame gentlemen applaud, with every mark of rapture, the faſhionable Miſs Fanny Flirter rattling over ſome inſipid fragment of a new opera tune.

At the earneſt ſolicitation of a ſiſter of my father's, married to a reſpectable merchant in the capital, I one winter ſpent a few months with her in town. I had here a more ample opportunity of obſerving that univerſal paſſion for what is called *ſtyle* in life, than I had hitherto met with. The notice taken of me by our patroneſs Lady ——————, who always paſſed the winter in the metropolis, and to whoſe parties, either at home or at public places, I had a general invitation, made me eſteemed quite the *ton* by the ſet of men who viſited my uncle. I was often diſtreſſed by their civilities, and put out of countenance by their eagerneſs to ſhew me attention; while by the gentlemen in her Ladyſhip's ſuit I was conſidered of no more importance than any other piece of furniture in the drawing-room: But, like yourſelf, Sir, though ſilent, I was not always idle; and, while unthought of, and unſpoke to, made ſuch remarks on the ſcene before me as I hope will be of ſervice to me through life.

From Edinburgh, at the requeſt of my mother's relations, I went to the county of ——. Theſe great relations had taken no notice of her ſince her marriage,

marriage, but now received me in the moſt cordial manner. I was immediately introduced by them to their acquaintances in a genteel and populous neighbourhood, and was every where received with the reſpect due to the ally, and, what is more, the very probable heireſs of an ancient and wealthy family. Wherever I appeared, I was loaded with careſſes. A gentleman of the firſt diſtinction engaged me for his partner at an election-ball, which happened ſoon after my arrival in the country; and the attention paid me by him, and a few others of equal rank, ſoon brought me completely into faſhion. I was now diſcovered to poſſeſs qualifications which no one before had ever thought of imputing to me. My former friends had indeed ſometimes complimented me with the appellation of a lively ſenſible-enough ſort of girl; but now, to all the charms of elegance in manner, I added thoſe of the moſt brilliant wit; and though it was allowed I could not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be termed handſome, yet my features ſpoke ſuch animation, and my eyes beamed with ſo much ſenſibility, that Beauty herſelf would have had but little chance beſide me. Was it any wonder, that every latent ſpark of vanity in my heart ſhould have been kindled, on thus finding myſelf a diſtinguiſhed figure in a ſcene of higher life than any I had yet witneſſed. I was, alas! but too ſoon intoxicated with the adulation I received; and with the moſt poignant regret I took leave of people, who I thought had diſcovered ſuch juſt diſcernment of merit, although it was to return to the fond arms of my beloved parents.

The flattering ſcenes I left, had made too deep an impreſſion to be eaſily eraſed. I found the amuſements of my former life had become inſipid, its employments irkſome and fatiguing; and, as our great neighbours were now in London, I had little opportunity of diverting my chagrin by any change of company. It was even with difficulty I was prevailed on to accompany my moſt intimate friend to the county-

county-assembly, as I knew I would there find myself in a very different situation to that in which I figured at the balls in ——. But what was my delight, on seeing enter the assembly-room, along with a family of the first rank, two of my most intimate acquaintances in that loved county! As both the gentlemen had *there* honoured me with their particular attention, my heart beat with rapture at the idea of what delight they must receive from this unexpected interview. But I soon found these gentlemen wisely considered that I now moved in a different sphere. They avoided seeming to observe me as long as possible; and when at length obliged to do it, passed their compliments with a certain careless air, which may not improperly be styled a well-bred sort of incivility. A moment's reflection on this little striking incident restored me to my senses; and I returned home with the most cheerful alacrity, as to the certain asylum of happiness and tranquillity.

In a little time after I had thus recovered from the delirium of flattery and folly, our society received a considerable acquisition in our acquaintance with *Dorilas*. This gentleman, who had lately come to the country in pursuit of health and rural amusements, was first noticed by my father for his regular attendance at church; and, by the politeness of his manners, and solidity of his conversation, soon recommended himself to his particular regard. He appeared to be one of those favourites of Nature, whom she has endowed with her best gifts, a good understanding, and a benevolent heart. His mind seemed enlightened by science, enlarged by a knowledge of the world, and, we were told, had been softened by the correcting hand of misfortune. He came frequently to the parsonage-house, to which he had at all times a general invitation, and where he was ever welcomed by the unaffected kindness of plain, but genuine hospitality. As Dorilas seemed to pique himself on his retirement from the more dissipated

ſipated ſcenes of life, he always appeared pleaſed with our rural ſimplicity; but no ſooner did Dorilas get intimately acquainted with the families of higher rank, and found himſelf eſtabliſhed in a circle of greater *ſtyle*, than he omitted his viſits at the parſonage-houſe, and even mentioned its inhabitants with that ſort of contemptuous ridicule, which, though it may be a very faſhionable *maniere de parler*, gives a deeper wound to the feelings, than the envenomed ſting of calumny can inflict. We were all hurt at being thus diſappointed in a character of which we had formed ſo high an idea; and when on a viſit to my friend at the county-town, I accidentally met with Dorilas, I found it impoſſible to conceal the reſentment with which his conduct had inſpired me. But when I ſaw his ſurpriſe at the apparent coldneſs of my manner, I began to reflect, that, ſhould we be miſtaken, or miſinformed, I might, by my ſeeming caprice, have done an injury to feelings, perhaps no leſs delicately ſuſceptible of it than my own. I therefore reſolved to acquaint him with what we had heard, and frankly to tell him our opinion of his behaviour; but in the only opportunity that ever after offered, I was ſo embarraſſed by the ſtately diſtance of his manner, and the difficulty of introducing the ſubject with becoming delicacy and ſpirit, that I found it impoſſible to fulfil my intention. The little converſation that paſſed only ſerved him with a pretence to put an entire end to our acquaintance; and, in ſix months after, Dorilas ſet out on a gay party to the German Spa, without deigning to enquire even for my father.

Such is the incenſe offered at the ſhrine of Faſhion! not only by the vain and giddy, but even by the ſentimental and judicious! and ſuch the attentions people who ſhine not in that brilliant ſphere may expect to meet with in the world! But happy! thrice happy they! according to the wiſe maxims of my venerable parent, who are endowed with that true greatneſs of mind, which can look down with equal indifference

indifference on the ſoothing praiſe of flattery, or the ſcornful ſneer of pride; who, independent of the favour of the fickle, and the regard of the inconſtant, derive a happineſs from the humble conſciouſneſs of ſuperior virtue, that infinitely tranſcends all which the world can beſtow.

Afraid of having already too long treſpaſſed on your patience, I now haſten to conclude, with aſſuring you how much I am

Your admiring reader,

ALMERIA.

Nº 47.——Saturday, Dec. 24, 1785.

HERODOTUS tells us, that Amaſis King of Egypt eſtabliſhed a law, commanding, that every Egyptian ſhould annually declare, before the Governor of the province, by what means he maintained himſelf; which, if he omitted to do, or if, on ſuch examination, he gave not a ſatisfactory account of his way of living, he ſhould be puniſhed with death.

Happening to meet with this paſſage one night lately, it ſuggeſted ſome ideas as to the wiſdom of ſuch an inſtitution, and I amuſed myſelf for half an hour before I went to bed with reflecting on the effects it might have, if introduced into this iſland. Theſe thoughts recurred in my ſleep, and produced a Dream, of which I ſhall endeavour to give ſome account, after premiſing, that, when I awaked in the morning, it was ſome time before I could with certainty determine whether my imagination had tranſported me to Egypt, or if the objects it had preſented to my view in my ſleep were the conſequence

quence of the promulgation of a ſimilar law in our own country.

Upon the appointed day, I fancied that I accompanied the whole inhabitants of the province to the palace of the Governor. On our arrival we were ſhown into a hall of vaſt extent, at one end of which, on ſomething like a throne, ſat the Governor, ſurrounded by clerks, whoſe buſineſs it was to take down the account which every perſon in his turn ſhould give. Silence being proclaimed, we were directed to approach the throne one by one, in a certain order, to give an account of our way of *living*, and to ſay by what means each of us maintained himſelf. This ſummons appeared the more awful, for this reaſon, that the law of Amaſis, like many other good inſtitutions, had been allowed to go into diſuſe; and, after being neglected for ages, was now revived on account of ſome recent enormities, which call forth the attention of Government. I fancied, too, that the law was ſo far altered, that inſtead of death in all caſes, the Governor was authoriſed to inflict ſuch puniſhments upon delinquents as their offences ſhould ſeem to merit.

The firſt whoſe lot it was to anſwer the awful queſtions, was a handſome man cloathed in a garment of bright ſcarlet embroidered with gold. He approached the throne with an aſſured countenance, and, with a look of ſelf-approbation, informed the Governor, that he lived by the moſt honourable of all profeſſions; that his ſole buſineſs was to kill and deſtroy his own ſpecies, to butcher men who had never injured him, whom perhaps he had never ſeen before, or for whom he entertained the higheſt eſteem and regard. For doing this, ſaid he, my country gives me a daily allowance, on which I live with eaſe and comfort.

At this account, I obſerved a momentary bluſh to croſs the face of the governor. He diſmiſſed the young man with a look in which I could diſcern marks of diſſatisfaction, not with the individual before

fore his eyes, but with thoſe abſurd and unjuſt meaſures of government which were ſuppoſed to make ſuch inſtitutions neceſſary.

The officer was ſucceeded by a young man ſtill more gaily dreſſed. As he approached the throne, I could perceive in his countenance marks of anxiety and apprehenſion, which he ſeemed deſirous to conceal by an appearance of eaſe and indifference. When the uſual queſtions were put to him, he heſitated for ſome time; but at length was obliged to declare, that he was the ſon of an honeſt and induſtrious tradeſman; that, deſpiſing the occupation of his father, he left his houſe, and removed to *Memphis*, where, by the ſplendour of his appearance, he contrived to get into the ſociety of perſons of high diſtinction; and that he ſupported the expence of this mode of life, by playing with thoſe perſons for large ſums of money at games, in which, by much labour and conſtant attention, he had attained a ſuperior degree of excellence. The Governor, having heard him to an end, ſentenced the unfortunate youth to be ſent back to the houſe of his father, to aſſiſt him in his labour. The father, who was preſent in the hall, at the ſame time received orders to keep his ſon in cloſe confinement, till he had acquired a habit of application, and a ſufficient degree of ſkill in the buſineſs to which he was now to apply himſelf.

He was followed by a perſon not unlike him in manner and appearance, though ſomewhat more advanced in years. The account this perſon gave of himſelf was nearly in theſe words: I was born to an independent fortune, to which I ſucceeded at the age of eighteen by the death of my father. From that moment, my ſole object was the enjoyment of my fortune, of which I thought I ſhould never be able to ſee an end. I joined in every party of pleaſure, and indulged in every ſpecies of expenſive diſſipation. At the end of ſeven years, I found my fortune gone, and the only comfort that remained for

for me was, that I had ſpent it in a manner ſuitable to my rank, and in the ſociety of the firſt and nobleſt perſons in Egypt. Happily for me, thoſe great perſons conceived that it would be unbecoming to expoſe one who had paſſed ſo many hours in their company, to poverty and want; at the ſame time they juſtly conſidered, that it might degrade a perſon who could boaſt of once having been their equal and companion, to ſubſiſt on the bounty of private individuals. They therefore humbly beſought our mighty Sovereign, to beſtow upon me an office at once honourable and lucrative. To this requeſt he was pleaſed to lend a favourable ear. The emoluments of my office are conſiderable; but I am obliged to give a portion of them to a creature who performs the duties of it, and upon the remainder I can ſtill afford to live in luxury not much inferior to that of my former opulence."—Upon hearing this account, the Governor inquired into the character of the deputy, and finding he was a worthy and reſpectable citizen, who had long done the buſineſs of a laborious and important office, for the ſmall pittance allowed him by the gentleman before him, he pronounced a ſentence which to me appeared highly equitable. He ordered, that the deputy ſhould in future draw the whole emoluments, paying only to the principal the ſame allowance which formerly the deputy had received.

The next perſon who approached the throne, addreſſed the Governor with an unembarraſſed and a ſteady countenance, in the following words: "By ſome fortunate circumſtances," ſaid he, "I was early in life introduced into the ſociety of many perſons of the firſt diſtinction. At their tables I acquired a taſte for good living, which I came to conſider as the firſt of all enjoyments; but poſſeſſing no fortune, this paſſion might have proved a curſe inſtead of a bleſſing, had I not happily diſcovered a method of gratifying it, at once eaſy and agreeable. By my intercourſe with the great, I ſoon diſcovered that

that it was in my power to give, in return for the dainties of their table, ſomething which to them was more precious, while it coſt me nothing. At the board of *Sethos*, I harrangue in praiſe of learning and learned men, well knowing that, amidſt all his opulence and ſplendour, the chief ambition of *Sethos* is to be conſidered as a man of letters. At the elegant repaſts of *Oſoroth*, I join him in declaiming againſt the luxury of modern times; while each of us, with equal ſolicitude, looks around for ſome new delicacy to provoke a ſatiated appetite. At the houſe of the rich *Suſennes*, whoſe vanity lies in the ſplendour of his entertainments, and in the excellence of his table, I openly praiſe every diſh that is ſerved up, and tell Suſennes, that his wine of Perſia is the fineſt in the world, and that his gardens produce fruits of unrivalled excellence. In this vocation or calling of mine, as it may be termed, there is one circumſtance which, it muſt be confeſſed, is ſometimes a little unpleaſant. When at the table of one great friend I happen to deliver ſentiments and opinions diametrically oppoſite to thoſe I had ſupported the day before at another place, a pert viſitor may be ſo rude as to remark this ſudden change, or by a broad grin to ſhow that it has not paſſed unobſerved. But nevertheleſs," continued he, "I contrive to live happily, and to enjoy all the advantages of a great fortune, without the trouble and embarraſſment of it.—"Live then," ſaid the Governor, with a look of ineffable contempt, "if you can ſubmit to live on ſuch terms."

Upon the removal of this gentleman, there appeared a tall, thin, meagre figure, which ſtalked up with wonderful dignity to the preſence of the Governor, and thus addreſſed him: "I am the repreſentative of the nobleſt and moſt ancient family in Egypt. My forefathers were the companions of the victories of Seſoſtris and Semiramis. It is true, that owing to the princely generoſity of my great anceſtors, I am at preſent obliged to honour ſome wealthy inhabitants of this province, ſo far as to receive

ceive from them the means of ſubſiſtence. Emboldened, perhaps, by this circumſtance, one of thoſe perſons lately preſumed to aſk my daughter in marriage, telling me, that their hearts had long been united by every tie of the moſt tender affection. But I drove the vile plebeian from my preſence; and, had I not been prevented, would have ſacrificed him to my juſt indignation."

At the cloſe of this narative, the Governor heſitated for a moment, and then ordered the guards to conduct this noble perſonage to the hoſpital ſet apart for the reception of lunatics.

A gentleman, whoſe train and whoſe appearance beſpoke his conſequence, now approached the throne, with a look and manner poliſhed at the ſame time and aſſured. "I preſume," ſaid he to the Governor, "you are not unacquainted with the name of *Zoroes*. In that council which the wiſdom of our Sovereign has eſtabliſhed for the government of his Ethiopian dominions, I hold a diſtinguiſhed place; a ſituation which I owe to my own talents, having neither the influence of hereditary wealth, nor the pride of illuſtrious anceſtry, to ſupport me. But in the college of the prieſts at Memphis, I was early taught qualities by which to compenſate the want of thoſe advantages; penetration to diſcover the weakneſſes, and pliancy to conciliate the affections of men. In that ſeminary, likewiſe, I acquired a power of eloquence to lead the paſſions, a ſubtlety of argument to confound the judgment. Endowed with ſuch accompliſhments, I obtained a ſeat in that council, which by the ſuperiority of my talents I have ſince been enabled to guide. Amidſt the diviſions with which that council has been agitated, amidſt the factions with which our province has been torn, the art of Zoroes has drawn from thoſe diviſions and thoſe factions, his power and his emoluments: He has wielded to his purpoſes the furious zeal of the multitude, and the jarring intereſts of their leaders; and has riſen, by his command over the

the fluctuating opinions of mankind, to rank, to office, and to wealth."—The Governor looked ſternly at him, and his face reddened with indignation: "I am not indeed," ſaid he, "a ſtranger to the name of Zoroes; I have heard of ſuch a man, who lives on the miſchiefs of faction, who foments diviſions, that he may increaſe his own conſequence, and creates parties, that he may guide them in the blindneſs of their courſe; who ſows public contention, that he may reap private advantage; and thrives amidſt the ſtorms that wreck the peace of his country." He gave the ſignal to the guards, who hurried Zoroes to his fate. His puniſhment was cruel, but ſomewhat analogous to his character and his crimes. He was expoſed, in an iſland of the Nile, to the crocodiles that inhabit it.

After witneſſing this diſagreeable exerciſe of juſtice, it was with pleaſure I beheld a beautiful female, dreſſed with equal elegance and ſplendour, tripping towards the throne, and ſeemingly pleaſed with the admiration of the ſurrounding multitude. In a ſweet accent, though with a manner rather infantine, ſhe informed the Governor, that ſome months ago ſhe had married a man of fourſcore, who had nothing to recommend him but his immenſe wealth, of which ſhe previouſly ſtipulated, that ſhe ſhould have the abſolute diſpoſal. "You ſee," ſaid ſhe, "the uſe I make of it. Theſe jewels are eſteemed the fineſt in the province; and I hope ſoon to poſſeſs a ſet ſtill more precious. The Governor, without hearing more of her prattle, pronounced a ſentence which I confeſs I thought ſomewhat ſevere. He ordered her to be ſtript of all her coſtly ornaments, and to be ſent home in a plain garment to the houſe of her huſband, with inſtructions, that, during the remainder of his days, ſhe ſhould be conſtrained to live conſtantly with him, and permitted to ſee no other company whatever.

While I was commiſerating the hard fate of this fair unfortunate, the crier pronounced my own name,

name, in a deep and hollow tone of voice. This alarmed me ſo much, that I awaked in no ſmall conſternation, and was very well pleaſed to find myſelf quietly in my own bed in the Good Town of Edinburgh. Of all men living, a Lounger muſt ever be the moſt puzzled to give an account of his life, converſation, and mode of living; and, therefore, however wiſe the law of Amaſis may be, I fairly own that I was happy to find I was not ſubject to it.

M.

N° 48.——Saturday, Dec. 31, 1785.

Diſcipulus eſt prioris poſterior dies. Sen.

THE Lounger having now "rounded one revolving year," may conſider himſelf as an acquaintance of ſome ſtanding with his readers, and, at this period of gratulations, may venture to pay them the compliments of the ſeaſon with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendſhip. In the life of a periodical Eſſayiſt, a twelve-month is a conſiderable age That part of the world in which his ſubject lies, he has then had an opportunity of viewing in all its different ſituations; he has ſeen it in the hurry of buſineſs, in the heyday of amuſement, in the quiet of the country; and he now attends

tends it in its courſe of Chriſtmas feſtivity and holiday merriment.

Yet I know not how it is, that amidſt the gratulations and feſtivity of this returning ſeaſon, I am ſometimes diſpoſed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain ſerioufneſs of mind not well ſuited to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me with an eye of thought, and to impreſs, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wiſh me many happy years.

As men advance in life, the great diviſions of time may indeed furniſh matter for ſerious reflection, as he who counts the money he has ſpent, naturally thinks of how much a ſmaller ſum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is leſs from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this "mood of penſiveneſs." In my hours of thoughtful indolence, I am not apt to conjure up phantoms of the future; 'tis with a milder ſort of melancholy that I ſometimes indulge in recalling the ſhades of the paſt. To this perhaps the Lounger's manner and habits of life naturally incline him. To him leiſure gives frequent occaſion to review his time, and to compare his thoughts. By the Lounger a few ideas, natural and congenial to his mind, are traced through all their connections; while the man of profeſſional induſtry and active purſuit has many that preſs upon him in ſucceſſion, and are quickly diſmiſſed. He who lives in a crowd gains an extenſive acquaintance, but little intimacy; the man who poſſeſſes but a few friends, enjoys them much, and thinks of them often.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine.—Things in themſelves indifferent acquire a certain tenderneſs in recollection; and the ſcenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance or feeling, riſe up to our memory dignified at the ſame time and endeare. As countrymen in a diſtant land acknowledge one another as friends, ſo objects, to which when

when preſent we gave but little attention, are nouriſhed in diſtant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn ſtill cloſer, and we recall them with an enthuſiaſm of feeling which the ſame objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghoſts of our departed affections are ſeen through that ſoftening medium, which, though it dims their brightneſs, does not impair their attraction; like the ſhade of *Dido* appearing to *Æneas*.

" Agnovitque per umbram
" Obſcuram, qualem primo qui ſurgere menſe
" Aut videt, aut vidiſſe putat per nubila lunam;
" Demiſit lacrymas, dulcique affatus amore eſt."

The hum of a little tune to which in our infancy we have often liſtened; the courſe of a brook which, in our childhood, we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almoſt entire; theſe remembrances ſweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderneſs and melancholy, at whoſe bidding the pleaſures, the buſineſs, the ambition of the preſent moment fade and diſappear.

Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, ſeveral uſes might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worſhip it aright, might lend its aid to our happineſs as well as to our virtue.

An amiable and ingenious philoſopher has remarked, that in *caſtle-building* no man is a villain *. In like manner it may perhaps be pronounced, that every man is virtuous in recollection; he reſts with

* Dr. Reid, in his " Eſſays on the intellectual powers of Man."

peculiar

peculiar ſatisfaction on the remembrance of ſuch actions as are moſt congenial to the better parts of his nature, on ſuch pleaſures as were innocent, on ſuch deſigns as were laudable. It were well if, amidſt the ardor of purſuit, or the hopes of gratification, we ſometimes conſidered that the preſent will be future, as well as that the future will be preſent, that we anticipated reflection as well as enjoyment. Not only in thoſe greater and more important concerns, which are what Shakeſpeare calls "Stuff o' the conſcience," but in the leſſer and more trivial offices of life, we ſhould be more apt to conduct ourſelves aright, did we think that we were one day to read the drama in which we now perform, and that of ourſelves, and the other perſonages of the ſcene, we were to judge with a critical ſeverity.

This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would blunt the angry and diſcordant paſſions that often prey on our own quiet as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is ſo hard of heart as to feel himſelf an enemy over the grave of his foe; and the remembrance of conteſts, however juſt, with thoſe who are now no more, comes acroſs an ingenuous mind with a ſort of ſelf-accuſation. The progreſs of time, though it may not have ſwept our adverſaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumſtances ſuch as to allay, if not to extinguiſh, our reſentment. Proſperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have ſoothed our anger into quiet, or ſoftened it into pity. The leſſons of Time may have taught us, what Wiſdom or Prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the ſtruggle of the conteſt, that we miſtook the value of the prize, or did injuſtice to the motives of our competitors; or perhaps we have altered thoſe ſentiments in which we were formerly ſo warm, and forſaken thoſe tenets we were once ſo poſitive to maintain. The hand of Time, imperceptible in its touch, ſteals the colour from our opinions; and like thoſe who look on faded

ed

ed pictures, we wonder at having formerly been ſtruck with their force.

Though it is wiſely ordered by Providence, that we ſhould not pauſe in the purſuits of life to think of its ſhortneſs, or undervalue every attainment from the uncertainty of its duration when attained; yet ſuch a conſideration may fairly enough mitigate a blameable eagerneſs in the chace, or a blameable depreſſion from its diſappointment. I was very well pleaſed with the philoſophy of an old ſoldier, whom I once met with in the environs of London, leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than ſoliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me, not without ſome importunity on my part, the hardſhips and the dangers he had encountered; the number of his campaigns, the obſtinacy of his engagements, the length of his ſieges; "yet I failed in getting Chelſea," ſaid he, "becauſe I was rendered incapable of the ſervice in conſequence of a rheumatiſm contracted in a winter encampment; and, more than all that, becauſe my wife, ſomehow or other, had diſobliged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the ſaying is; and, thanks to ſuch as your Honour, I can make ſhift to live. It is true, I have ſeen others get halberts, ay, and commiſſions too, that were not better men than myſelf:—but that don't ſignify. *It will be all the ſame an hundred years hence.*" Without all the happy Stoiciſm of the ſoldier, we may often ſoothe the pangs of envy, and the pinings of diſcontent, by the conſideration of that period, when they ſhall ceaſe to diſquiet, when time ſhall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

Nor will this philoſophy of time convey a leſs important leſſon to the ſucceſsful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and reſtrain the wanton or uſeleſs exertions of the powerful. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a ſucceſſion of

envied poſſeſſors of wealth and influence, whoſe luxury a thouſand flatterers were wiſhing to ſhare, whoſe favour a crowd of dependents were ſtriving to obtain. Let thoſe who now occupy their place, attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of thoſe favours beſtowed. Let them caſt up the ſum of pleaſure which was produced by the one, of gratitude or ſelf-ſatisfaction procured by the other. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power rendered inſolent, let them think how long that elevation can endure, how far that power can extend; let them conſider in how ſhort a ſpace the influence of their predeceſſors has ceaſed to be felt, how ſoon their appointments have made room for the appointments of others; how few of their dependents and favourites ſurvive, and of thoſe few how very ſmall a part acknowledge their benefactor. If ſome of the actions of ſuch eminent perſons there are which the world ſtill remembers with approbation, and individuals own with gratitude, they are probably ſuch as, in this review of the paſt, it will be uſeful for their ſucceſſors to obſerve and to imitate. Thoſe have obtained a victory over time, which is the nobleſt excitement and animation to virtue; that honeſt fame, of which the conſciouſneſs gives its higheſt enjoyment to the preſent, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

Z.

N° 49.——SATURDAY, JAN. 7, 1785.

NO ſubject tends to throw more light on the hiſtory of mankind, or their progreſs in the different ſituations of ſociety, than their public amuſements, or the ſtate of thoſe arts which contribute to their entertainment.

Comedy, which conſiſts in the dramatic repreſentation of human characters in a ridiculous point of view, makes a diſtinguiſhed figure among the amuſements of mankind. The following reflections are thrown together on the hiſtory of Comedy, as they may afford ſome uſeful obſervations on the progreſs of manners and of arts, as well as introduce a continuation of the remarks I formerly made on the moral effects of the drama.

The firſt and original method in which Ridicule exerciſed itſelf in dramatic repreſentation, appears to have conſiſted, not ſo much in giving a view of the character of the perſon to be exhibited on the ſtage, as in repreſenting a particular individual in a ludicrous ſituation. To point out the feelings of the character—to repreſent the turn of mind—to diſplay the humour or internal features of the man, was not ſo much the object, as to bring the perſon himſelf on the ſtage, and to raiſe ridicule in the audience, by making him commit ſome action abſurd, droll, out of place, or inconſiſtent. A man reſpected for dignity, and in a reputable ſituation, is brought upon the ſtage, not to exhibit his dignity as falſe and affected, not to repreſent the real or internal feelings of his mind, or to point out thoſe features by which his aſſumed character may be expoſed, but merely with a view to make him commit ſome abſurd or mean action, inconſiſtent with the gravity and reſpectable tenor of his uſual conduct.

Such is the exhibition of Ariſtophanes's Socrates. No hiſtory of human character is given, no diſplay of the character of Socrates in particular; nor is any principle or feature of his mind repreſented. The author confines himſelf ſingly to making Socrates do things upon the ſtage unworthy of himſelf, or of his character; and the audience is entertained with the contraſt, is amuſed with this performance of mean or little actions, by a man of a grave and ſerious deportment. The ridicule in this caſe does not give a view of the character, but is confined to the joke ariſing from the action performed, compared with that of the man who performs it. Socrates is not made ridiculous by doing what is like, but what is unlike himſelf.

This obſervation need not be confined to the *Clouds* of Ariſtophanes, but may be farther extended, and appears indeed to comprehend the general characteriſtic of all early Comedies, written or repreſented before people have arrived at a great degree of refinement.

Two reaſons may be aſſigned for this being the general characteriſtic of early Comedies.

1*ſt*, Men in an early age are not reaſoners.—The bulk of the people at leaſt are not accuſtomed to make general concluſions and reflections on human character. They would not therefore be amuſed by general exhibitions of character, by Comedies which repreſented actions as diſplaying only the internal features and original cauſes of human conduct. Such an exhibition would not be adapted to their taſte, or the ſtate of their minds. The rude repreſentation of a particular perſon, who does actions abſurd in themſelves, or abſurd in him to perform, is the only thing which can produce their laughter, or afford them a comic entertainment.

2*d*, Men in an early age, who have not made much progreſs in refinement, will receive a peculiar pleaſure in ſeeing the character of an individual, of a perſon known to themſelves, exhibited on the ſtage; whereas,

whereas, when men advance in refinement, they will come to feel uneaſy at this repreſentation of real characters; their delicacy will be ſhocked at the exhibition of ſo coarſe an entertainment, and ſomething of a purer kind will be ſubſtituted in its room. Hence what was called the *middle Comedy* was ſubſtituted among the Greeks in place of the *old*. The *middle Comedy* was leſs coarſe than the *old*, becauſe the *old* repreſented real perſons on the ſtage, under their real names; in the *middle*, feigned names were given to the real perſons; but this improvement ſoon gave way to a much higher one, the *new Comedy*, where both real names and real living perſons were baniſhed from the ſtage.

Should it be ſaid, that at the time Ariſtophanes wrote, the Greeks were in a ſtate of great advancement, were a learned and intelligent people; and that therefore Ariſtophanes ſhould not be given as an example of a Comic author in an early and unrefined period; it may be obſerved, that though the Greeks were certainly at the time of Ariſtophanes a very wiſe people, and poſſeſſed of the moſt eloquent and philoſophical writers, yet at that time the Athenians were remarkably deficient in delicacy and politeneſs. Perhaps in ſo violent and turbulent a democracy as that of Athens, the people, amidſt the acrimony of debate, and rude conteſts of ambition, remain long in a ſtate of barbariſm as to manners. This has been obſerved, and endeavoured to be accounted for by ſeveral ingenious authors; one* of whom, indeed, cites as an inſtance of it, this very circumſtance of the amuſement which the Athenians found in the loweſt ſpecies of Comedy. "They were ſo little judges," ſays he, "of propriety in wit and humour, as to reliſh the low ribaldry of an Ariſtophanes, at a period when they were entertained with the ſublime elo-

* Miller's Diſtinction of Ranks.

quence of a Demoſthenes, with the pathetic compoſitions of an Euripides, or a Sophocles."

As the body of the people, however, advance in refinement or delicacy, this ancient ſpecies of Comedy, as it did among the Greeks, will come to give diſguſt inſtead of entertainment.

Comic authors will then betake themſelves to a different ſpecies of writing; and the next ſtep ſeems to be, inſtead of the exhibition of a particular perſon, to give the hiſtory of ſome general paſſion, affection, or principle of the human mind. The bulk of men who frequent public places of amuſement, have then attained ſuch a degree of improvement, by experience and reflection, as to reliſh a general repreſentation of the hiſtory of the human heart in trying and intereſting ſcenes; and hence views of characters in thoſe ſituations will be reliſhed and underſtood.

When this ſpecies of writing, however, firſt begins, the repreſentations of character that are given will be confined to the more general views of the human mind, acting under the influence of ſome one leading principle. The nice features of that principle, the ſmall deviations to which it is ſubject, its various combinations with other principles, or its diſcriminations ariſing from peculiar circumſtances of ſituation or of habit, will not be attended to or held out to view. Before men go into particulars, they muſt be well acquainted with what is general; before they conſider the nice, they muſt be intimate with the groſs features.

Hence our early but improved writers, not only of Comedy, but of every ſpecies of writing which repreſents characters, give only general repreſentations. The ambitious, the envious, the avaricious man, is repreſented under the dominion of his guiding principle, but the nicer features of the principle are not delineated.—*Theophraſtus* wrote at a period of leſs delicacy, and when minute properties were leſs attended to, than *La Bruyere*; the characters therefore

therefore of the firſt are more general and leſs nice than of the latter.

Of all writers, indeed, the French ſeem to have paid moſt attention to the ſmall and minute views of character, and to the different proprieties of life and manners. Living in an age of refinement and politeneſs, under a monarchical government, where the *agreeable* are the qualities which conduce to advancement, the elegant and recommendatory virtues are chiefly cultivated. A new ſpecies of morals, unknown and unattended to among the ancients, the term for which, *petites morales*, cannot even be tranſlated into our language, has been introduced, and become a principal object both in conduct and philoſophy. Hence the nice perception which French authors have of all the delicate diſcriminations of character; hence their obſervance of all the deviations from what is becoming; and hence their talent of deſcribing and repreſenting all the proprieties and improprieties of human conduct. The Engliſh writers in general may be poſſeſſed of more metaphyſical profoundneſs; but they have not the ſame lively talent at deſcribing manners, nor the ſame delicate obſervation of the different tints and colourings in which they appear.

At the ſame time it may be obſerved, that even in Britain ſome authors have appeared, who have excelled in giving minute pictures of manners, and of the nice features of character. Of theſe *Addiſon* and *Sterne* may be mentioned as holding a diſtinguiſhed place.

This is the laſt improvement which ariſes in the repreſentation of human characters; when not only their general features, under certain great claſſes, are exhibited, but when writers deſcend to, and are able at the ſame time to point out the ſmaller diſcriminations into which thoſe general claſſes ſubdivide themſelves, and appear in different men. When characters are repreſented in this manner, the writing of Comedy is at its perfection; and as the moderns

ſeem to have poſſeſſed more of this talent than the ancients, ſo the Comedies of the former ſeem to excel thoſe of the latter. The ancient Comedies contain only the general characters of men and manners, young rakes, old men, paraſites, lovers, ſlaves: But every old man is the ſame, every young rake is like every other rake; their purſuits are without diſtinction; and their ſlaves have no other diſcrimination, than that the one half of them are old, faithful, truſty ſervants, and the other half lying, plotting, witty raſcals.

It may, however, be obſerved, that this ſpecies of writing, in which the moderns have ſo greatly excelled, is much expoſed to corruption and abuſe. While the ancient manner of drawing characters is defective, by being too general, there is danger leſt this other ſpecies become faulty, by being too particular. Men attentive to repreſent the minute lines, may neglect the more important, and, inſtead of repreſenting a character which belongs to human kind, they may come to repreſent only thoſe particular characters which diſtinguiſh individuals. Thus, according to the phraſe, that *extremes always agree*, it may happen that the laſt improvement in Comedy may degenerate into that very abuſe for which the rudeſt and moſt ancient may be cenſured. Particular perſons may come to be repreſented on the ſtage inſtead of general characters. Something of this kind was ſome time ago introduced on the Engliſh ſtage; though it may be obſerved, that this mode of writing owed its ſucceſs more to the mimic qualities of its author, than to its being approved of by the taſte of the audience.

But this is not the only thing to be feared from men's giving minute attention to the ſmaller parts of character; there is alſo a danger of its having an improper effect on their own character and conduct. When their attention is chiefly beſtowed on the little parts of conduct, they may come to neglect or overlook

overlook the greater. Manner may be put in the place of ſubſtance; and what is frivolous may be preferred to what is manly. As this ſpecies of corruption may be conſidered as the greateſt in literary compoſition, ſo it is moſt certainly the greateſt in morals. When what is trifling is only regarded, there never can be any ſplendid exertions of genius, there never can be any real greatneſs of character. All ſublime and manly efforts will be at an end; all noble exertions in the field, and all genuine eloquence in the ſenate, will be extinguiſhed. Our battles will be bloodleſs, and in our ſpeeches prettineſs will be preferred to ſimplicity and force. 'Tis the leading object in a late ſeries of Letters on Education, to repreſent the manner of doing a thing as preferable to the thing itſelf; to point out the frivolous and exterior accompliſhments, the graces, as a ſurer road to advancement, than truth, integrity, or a ſpirit of independence, than the poſſeſſion of the greateſt knowledge, or the exertion of the moſt illuſtrious talents.

A.

N° 50.——SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1786.

"TRAGEDY (according to the ancient definition quoted in a former paper), purges the paſſions by exciting them." *Comedy* wiſhes to purge vices and follies by Ridicule. In a corrupt age,

reaſon is ſo weak as to be obliged to call in ſuch allies to her aſſiſtance: Let her beware that they do not, like the *Saxon* auxiliaries of our anceſtors, uſurp the government which they were called to defend.

In the earlieſt periods of life, ridicule is naturally employed againſt reaſon and propriety.—The child who obeys its mother, who is afraid of its governeſs, who will not be concerned in little plots to deceive both, is laughed at by its bolder and leſs ſcrupulous companions. At every age, reaſon and duty are grave and ſerious things, in which ridicule finds a contraſt that renders her attack more eaſy, and her ſallies more poignant.

The refinement of poliſhed times, as was obſerved in the foregoing Number, does not allow them to find amuſement in that groſs ridicule which provokes the laughter of a ruder people. But from this very ſource their ſubjects of Comedy are often of a dangerous kind. They trench upon ſacred grounds; I mean not as to religion, but in morals; they paint thoſe nicer ſhades of ridicule which are of an equivocal ſort between virtue and vice, and often give the ſpectator leave to laugh, according to his own humour, either at the firſt or the latter.

In the *Ecole des Femmes*, (and I ſhall hardly be reckoned unfair when I make the reference to *Moliere*), moſt of the maxims which *Arnolphe* makes *Agnes* read, are really good moral precepts, which a prudent wife would do well to follow, for her own ſake as well as her huſband's. There is juſt as much prudery and ſuſpicion thrown into them, as to allow thoſe who would wiſh to be leſs guarded than a good wife ought to be, to hold them in deriſion.

The *George Dandin* of the ſame author has been already criticiſed in this moral view by a very able writer. But he has not attended, ſay its defenders, to the proper moral of the piece; which is, to correct a very common piece of weakneſs, as well as of injuſtice, in old men of low birth and great wealth, who

who purchaſe alliance with decayed nobility, and are vain enough to imagine, that a wife bought from her neceſſities, or from the neceſſities of her family, is to love and reſpect the huſband who has purchaſed her. But beſides that this corrective is applied to the party who may be the weakeſt, but is certainly the leaſt wicked of the two, ſuch examples, conveyed through the medium of Comedy, are always more readily applied to thoſe whom they may miſlead, than to thoſe whom they may reform. The images which Comedy preſents, and the ridicule it excites, being almoſt always exaggerated, their reſemblance to real life is only acknowledged by thoſe whoſe weakneſſes they flatter, whoſe paſſions they excuſe. They who uſe the example of the ſcene for an apology, can eaſily twiſt it into that form; they who wiſh to eſcape its correction, eaſily diſcover the difference between the ſcenic ſituation and theirs. The *George Dandin*, and the *Cocu Imaginaire* of real life, neither meet with *Lubins* nor *Pictures* to abuſe them: but the girl who thinks herſelf intitled to be the *Angelique* of the piece, will find no difficulty in diſcovering her good man to be a *Dandin*; ſhe who wiſhes her huſband to be blind, will never forget the prudent advice of *Sganarelle*,

"Quand vous verriez tout, ne croyez jamais
"rien."

Harpagon is held up to deteſtation by Moliere, for the correction of the old, the avaricious, the uſurer, whom the world proſcribes, whom his children muſt hate for his criminal parſimony. Alas! miſers and uſurers neither read nor ſee Comedies; but the young and the thoughtleſs are taught to call prudence and œconomy, covetouſneſs and avarice, to be diſſipated and extravagant out of pure virtue.

In the *Cheats of Scapin*, the audience is always on the ſide of the rogue againſt the poor deluded and abuſed old man. It is ſo in all comic ſcenes of the

the kind, from the ſlaves of Terence down to the valets of *Moliere* and *Regnard*. Aſk my wife and diſcreet mother of a family, if ſhe would allow her children to aſſociate with the party-coloured gentlemen below ſtairs; ſhe will tell you, that it is of all things what ſhe is at pains to avoid; becauſe in their ſociety her children would learn low manners, habits of cunning, of trick, and of falſehood. Yet you bring them into ſuch company in the Comedies of the virtuous Moliere, where, if the valets are more clever and witty than thoſe of ordinary life, they are only the more expert and agreeable rogues. We don't bring them into ſuch ſociety, you ſay; we only exhibit it to their view. But you ſhew them people of equal rank with themſelves mixed with that ſociety, profiting by thoſe rogueries, applauding the invention which gives them birth. If the Drama is to have any effect at all, its operation in this caſe muſt be unfavourable to truth and to virtue.

In Tragedy, this effect does not require exhibition to give it force; on the contrary, it is perhaps in the reading that it faſtens moſt ſtrongly on young and ſuſceptible minds. The ſofter feelings to which it addreſſes itſelf are more acceſſible in ſolitude and ſilence than in ſociety. It is otherwiſe with Comedy, ridicule operating more powerfully in company and in a crowd. There is beſides no hero of a player equal to the hero of a Tragedy; but the handſome figure, the ſhewy garb, the aſſured countenance, the unimbarraſſed addreſs, the eaſy negligence, of many a Comedian, is fully equal to the character he is to repreſent. The fine gentleman of real life is a ſort of comic actor. When we conſider how much imitation, how much art, how much affectation go to make up his part, we ſhall not wonder, if even thoſe who have often ſeen ſuch exhibitions, ſhould ſometimes miſtake the player who perſonates for the character perſonated; but the young and the unexperienced naturally tranſfer the brilliancy of the character

racter to his mimic repreſentative. This gives a double force to the dialogue of the piece, and affords, in the perſon of a pretty fellow of a player, a very winning apology for whatever is exceptionable in the character he performs.

In the obſervations I formerly made on the moral effects of Tragedy, I took notice of the conſequences reſulting from the almoſt uniform introduction of love, as the ruling motive of tragic action. To this objection Comedy is equally liable; but there is an additional circumſtance in which it is ſtill more objectionable than the other department of the Drama. As love is the principal action, marriage is the conſtant end of Comedy. But the marriage of Comedy is generally of that ſort which holds forth the worſt example to the young; not an union the reſult of tried attachment, of ſober preference, ſanctified by virtue and by prudence. Theſe are the matches which Comedy ridicules. Her marriages are the frolics of the moment, made on the acquaintance of a day, or of ſome caſual encounter. In many Comedies, amidſt the difficulties of accompliſhing the marriage on which the intrigue of the piece turns, and in the courſe of which its incidents are diſplayed, the reſtraints of parents and guardians are introduced only to be deſpiſed and outwitted; age, wiſdom, experience, every thing which a well educated young perſon ſhould reſpect and venerate, is made a jeſt of; pertneſs, impudence, falſehood, and diſhoneſty, triumph and laugh; the audience triumph and laugh along with them; and it is not till within a few ſentences of the concluſion, that the voice of morality is uttered, not heard. The intereſt of the play is then over, the company is arranging its departure; and, if any one liſtens, 'tis but to obſerve how dull and common-place theſe reflections are. Virtue is thus doubly degraded; both when ſhe ſpeaks and when ſhe is ſilent.

The purity of the Britiſh Comedy in modern times has been often contraſted with the Drama of our forefathers,

forefathers, in thoſe days of licentiouſneſs and immorality, when Wycherly and Congreve wrote for the rakes and libertines of a profligate court. I forbear to cite, in contradiction to this, the ribaldry with which, for ſome time paſt, our ſtage has been infeſted, in the form of *Comic Operas* and *Burlettas*, by which the laugh and the applauſe of *Sadler's Wells* and *Bartholomew Fair* have been drawn from the audience of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. But I muſt obſerve, that in this comparative eſtimate no account has been taken of a kind of licentiouſneſs in which ſome of our lateſt Comedies have indulged, ſtill more dangerous than the indelicacy of the laſt century: thoſe ſometimes violated decency, but theſe attack principle; thoſe might put modeſty to the bluſh, or contaminate the purity of innocence; but theſe ſhake the very foundations of morality, and would harden the mind againſt the ſenſe of virtue.

It is ſomewhat remarkable, that the French ſtage, formerly ſo proud of its *bienſeance*, ſhould have, nearly at the ſame period with that of England, aſſumed the like pernicious licentiouſneſs. *Figaro*, though a leſs witty, is as immoral a play as the *School for Comedy*.

Dramas of this pernicious ſort aroſe upon the faſhionable ridicule againſt what is called *Sentimental Comedy*, which it had become cuſtomary to decry, as ſubverting the very intention of that department of the Stage, and uſurping a name, from which the gravity of its precepts, and the ſerioufneſs of its incidents, ſhould have excluded it. This judgment, however, ſeems to be founded neither on the critical definition of Comedy, nor on the practice of its writers in thoſe periods when it had attained its higheſt reputation. *Menander* and *Terence* wrote Comedies of ſentiment; nor does it ſeem eaſy to repreſent even follies naturally, without ſometimes bringing before us the ſerious evils which they may produce, and the reflections which ariſe on their conſequences

quences—Morality may no doubt be trite, and ſentiment dull, in the hands of authors of little genius; but profligacy and libertiniſm will as often be ſilly as wicked, though, in the impudence with which they unfold themſelves, there is frequently an air of ſmartneſs which paſſes for wit, and of aſſurance which looks like vivacity. The counterfeits, however, are not always detected at that time of life which is leſs afraid of being thought diſſipated than dull, and by that rank which holds regularity and ſobriety among the plebeian virtues. The people, indeed, are always true to virtue, and open to the impreſſions of virtuous ſentiment. With the people, the Comedies in which theſe are developed ſtill remain favourites; and Corruption muſt have ſtretched its empire far indeed, when the applauſes ſhall ceaſe with which they are received.

V.

N° 51.—SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I WAS much pleaſed with one of your late papers, publiſhed on the laſt day of laſt year, in which you ſuggeſted ſeveral uſes that might be made of a recollection of paſt events, and of a proper conſideration of the power of *Time*.

The

The neglect of the improvement of time is an evil of which every moraliſt has complained, on which therefore it were preſumption in me to attempt to enlarge. But, without repeating what has been ſo often and ſo well ſaid on its waſte or its abuſe, permit me to take notice of that forgetfulneſs of its progreſs, which affects the conduct and deportment of ſo many in the different relations of life. In matters of ſerious concern, we cannot violate the rights of time without rendering ourſelves unhappy; in objects of ſmaller importance, we cannot withdraw from its juriſdiction without making ourſelves ridiculous. Its progreſs, however, is unfortunately very apt to be unnoticed by ourſelves, to whom its daily motion is gradual and imperceptible; but by others it will hardly fail to be remarked, and they will expect a behaviour ſuitable to the character it ſhould ſtamp upon us.

How often do the old forget the period at which they are arrived, and keep up a behaviour ſuitable, or perhaps only excuſable to that which they have long ago paſſed? We ſee every day ſexagenary beaux, and gray-haired rakes, who mix with the gay and the diſſipated of the preſent time, and pride themſelves on the want of that thought and ſerioufneſs which years alone, if not wiſdom, ſhould have taught them. This is the pitiful ambition of the weak and the profligate; who, unable to attain the reſpect due to virtue, or the credit of uſefulneſs, wiſh to ſhew the vigour of their minds, and the ſoundneſs of their conſtitutions, at a late period of life, by ſupporting a character of folly or licentiouſneſs. But they ſhould be told, that they generally fail in their object, contemptible as it is; the world only allows them credit for an attempt at follies, for an affectation of vice. "What a fine wicked old dog your father is!"—ſaid a young fellow, in my hearing, at the door of a tavern a few nights ago. "Why, yes," replied his companion, with a tone of ſang froid, "he would if he could."

In

In the other ſex, I confeſs I feel myſelf more inclined to make allowance for thoſe rebels againſt time, who wiſh to extend the period of youth beyond its natural duration. The empire of beauty is a diſtinction ſo flattering, and its reſignation makes ſo mortifying a change in the ſtate of its poſſeſſor, that I am not much ſurpriſed if ſhe who has once enjoyed it, tries every art to prolong her reign. This indulgence, however, is only due to thoſe who have no other part to perform, no other character to ſupport. She who is a wife or a mother, has other objects to which her attention may be turned, from which her reſpectability may be drawn. I cannot therefore eaſily pardon thoſe whom we ſee at public places, the rivals of their daughters, with the airy gait, the flaunting dreſs, and the playful giggle of ſifteen. As to thoſe elderly ladies who continue to haunt the ſcenes of their early amuſements, who ſometimes exhibit themſelves there in all the gay colours of youth and faſhion, like thoſe unnatural fruit-trees that bloſſom in December, I am diſpoſed rather to pity than to blame them. In thus attending the triumphs of beauty, they may be of the ſame uſe with the monitor who followed the Roman heroes in their triumphal proceſſions, to put them in mind, amidſt the ſhouts of the people, and the parade of conqueſt, that, for all their glory, they were ſtill but men.

But the progreſs of time is often anticipated as it is forgotten, and youth uſurps the privileges of age as frequently as age would retain the privileges of youth. At no period, perhaps, was this prematurity of behaviour more conſpicuous than at preſent. We have boys diſcourſing politics, arguing metaphyſics, and ſupporting infidelity, at an age little beyond that when they uſed to be playing at taw and leap-frog. Nor are theſe the moſt hurtful of their pretenſions. In vice, as in ſelf-importance, they contrive to get beyond "the ignorant preſent time;" and, at the years of boyiſhneſs, to be perfect men in licentiouſneſs

licentiouſneſs and debauchery. It is much the ſame with the young people of the female world. Girls, who formerly uſed to be found in the nurſery, are now brought forward to all the prerogatives of womanhood. To figure at public places, to be gallanted at public walks, to laugh and talk loud at both, to have all the airs, and all the eaſe of a fine lady, are now the acquirements of miſſes, who, in my younger days, Mr. Lounger, were working their ſamplers, learning white ſeam, or were allowed to ſpoil a mince pie, by way of an exerciſe in paſtry: And it is no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to ſee in the corner of a ball-room at mid-night, leaning on the arm of her partner, and now and then anſwering ſome of his ſpeeches with a rap of her fan, the ſame ungrown girl, who, not a great many years ago, would have curteſy'd to the company, kiſſed Papa and Mamma, and gone to bed ſupperleſs between eight and nine in the evening. In both ſexes, the "ingenuus pudor," the becoming modeſty and reſerve, which were formerly the moſt pleaſing characteriſtics of youth, ſeem now to be exploded: They have forgot to bluſh; and the preſent rule of manners is ſuch, that their parents do not bluſh for them. I confeſs, Sir, it is not without ſome indignation that I frequently ſee fathers and mothers ſmiling with complacency and pride on their children, for ſaying and doing things for which, in my time, they would have been turned out of the room. —But I am an old man, apt, perhaps, to complain and be peeviſh. That I may not incur the other charge of the poet, the garrulity of age, I beg leave to conclude, by aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your admirer and humble ſervant,

SENEX.

After the ſeverity of *Senex's* reprehenſion of the preſent times, on which he certainly has not looked with a favourable eye, it may be a relief to my readers, to read a letter of a lighter ſort, received from another correſpondent, from whom the ſame Paper to which *Senex* refers has drawn the following propoſal.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of reading your Paper for the *New-year*, ſetting forth the natural reflections to which that returning period ſhould give riſe, and the moral uſes of the recollection of paſt events. I am one, Sir, not much given to ſerious reflections, yet I acknowledge the uſe of remembrance, provided it does not go back an unreaſonable time, and takes in only a certain ſet of events. I have long been an attendant and admirer of the faſhionable world; and do not, indeed, think it worth my while to carry my philoſophy down to the lower orders of the people. Of the faſhionable world, I preſume I need not inform you, Sir, that the New-year does not begin at the 1ſt of January; it uſed to be computed from the 18th; but this year, from ſome particular incidents, it is not, I believe, intended that it ſhould begin ſo early. About the beginning of February, people will think of dating the commencement of the New-year, and may perhaps indulge the propenſity you ſuppoſe, to recollect the events of the old. Of this perſons of faſhion have the greater need, that their years ſuffer an interruption unknown to the natural; they exiſt merely, in a ſtate

a ſtate of oblivion, in the country, for five or ſix months of ſummer and autumn, and may therefore be very well ſuppoſed to forget the tranſactions of the laſt year, which ended ſo long a while before the preſent began. I would propoſe, Sir, to help their memories by a ſort of moral *Memorandum-book*, which I doubt not, as you are a philoſopher and a moraliſt, will meet with your approbation. My memorandum-book, however, will conſiſt chiefly of things which they muſt remember to forget. I ſubjoin a few of the propoſed *Memoranda*, by which you may judge of the utility of the whole.

In the firſt place, then, people of faſhion will pleaſe to

——forget *Nature* as much as poſſible.

Such of them as have not had the advantage of keeping in practice the rules of a polite education, during the ſummer months, at ſome of the Watering places, will have been apt to let the ruſticity of nature creep upon them. They may have learned ſeveral bad habits, which they muſt now by all means forget; ſuch as, laughing at a merry, or crying at a moving, tale; being themſelves happy with happineſs, or ſad with ſorrow; being pleaſed with the attentions of others, or pleaſing others by their attentions; in ſhort, a great many *ſincerities* which might do well enough in the country, but which, like other natural productions, the winter always kills, among people of faſhion, in a town.

They will, ſecondly, remember to

——forget their Country-acquaintance.

They may have received or beſtowed many rural civilities, which it would be very improper to recollect here, and may meet with bows and curteſies from very odd or very good ſort of people, (for the terms are nearly ſynonymous), which they are to return only

only with a broad ſtare of ſurpriſe at the freedom uſed with them. If they have been ſo ruſticated as not to find courage for that, the thing may be accompliſhed by *forgetting* their *eye-ſight*: for which purpoſe they may reſume their opera-glaſſes, which it is probable have lain quietly in their drawers ſince their departure from town.

It is a memorandum ſimilar to the above, to put them in mind that married perſons of both ſexes are to

——forget their Huſbands, Wives, and Children.

There is a manifeſt indecorum, or rather, perhaps, indecency, in the remembrance of ſuch connections, of which no truly polite perſon will ever be guilty.

A direction ſomewhat akin to this is that of

——forgetting their Fortunes,

of which the remembrance, when it interferes with the demands of pleaſure, or of gaiety, is one of the moſt vulgar and mechanical things in the world. It will, at any rate, be time enough to indulge it at the end of the ſeaſon, when they may poſſibly be put in mind of it by other people. As they are, indeed, uniformly to ſhun all plebeian qualities, it is indiſpenſable for them to

——forget their Modeſty.

A proper confidence in ourſelves is one of the trueſt marks of having lived among perſons of condition. Neither knowledge, genius, valour, nor virtue can beſtow it; 'tis ſo purely the gift of faſhion and faſhionable ſociety, that the want of it is an abſolute diſqualification for the privileges which attend them.

Under

Under this head of mental endowments, I may ſuggeſt the propriety of

——forgetting their Religion.

It is poſſible that in the country they may have given way to ſome vulgar prejudices, which it were highly improper to retain in town. It may not be amiſs, however, to inform them, in this place, what they might otherwiſe have ſcrupled to believe, that the Church has of late become a place of faſhionable reſort in Edinburgh; and, what is ſtill more odd, that fine people actually attend to the ſermon. The eloquence of ſome of our preachers, like the dagger of *Macbeth*, has "murder'd ſleep" there; for which reaſon, it will not be ſo convenient as formerly, to go thither after a late ſupper, or a long party at whiſt, the night before.

In point of external Qualities, the Ladies are to

——forget their Complexions.

In the morning they are to be much paler, and in the evening much more blooming than they were in the country. If other people remember them from the one period to the other, there is no help for it; —as things go now, it does not much ſignify. *Very fine* Ladies may ſometimes forget to dreſs at all; it will ſhow eaſe, and a certain contempt for their company, to which people of high faſhion are entitled.

On the ſubject of Dreſs, I may add, by way of caution, that the Ladies would do well

——not to forget themſelves.

I don't mean this in the common acceptation of the phraſe, which it may be ſometimes very proper and convenient to do. What I mean is ſimply to put them in mind, that a Lady in town, in the modern dreſs, takes up ſo much more room than ſhe does in the

the country, that very ſerious conſequences might enſue from her not attending to the ſpace which ſhe neceſſarily occupies. An acquaintance of mine, who is ſomewhat of an antiquarian, obſerved to me, what an opinion our great-grandchildren might be led to form of the ſize of the Ladies' heads towards the cloſe of the 18th century, if any of the faſhionable *Hats* ſhould happen to be preſerved in the cabinets of the curious. But, in reply, I deſired him to take notice, that they would be ſet right as to the dimenſions of the race by examining the *Walking-ſticks* of the men, which are juſt as much below the medium ſtandard as the Hats of the other ſex are beyond it. By the Hats they might conjecture us to be bred of *Patagonians*; by the Sticks, they would conclude us to be a generation of *Laplanders*.

But I find I am wandering from my ſubject. I muſt put myſelf in mind, that it is time to conclude this haſty ſcrawl, by having the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf, with all poſſible conſideration and reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and

moſt devoted humble Servant,

MEMORY MODISH.

V.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.